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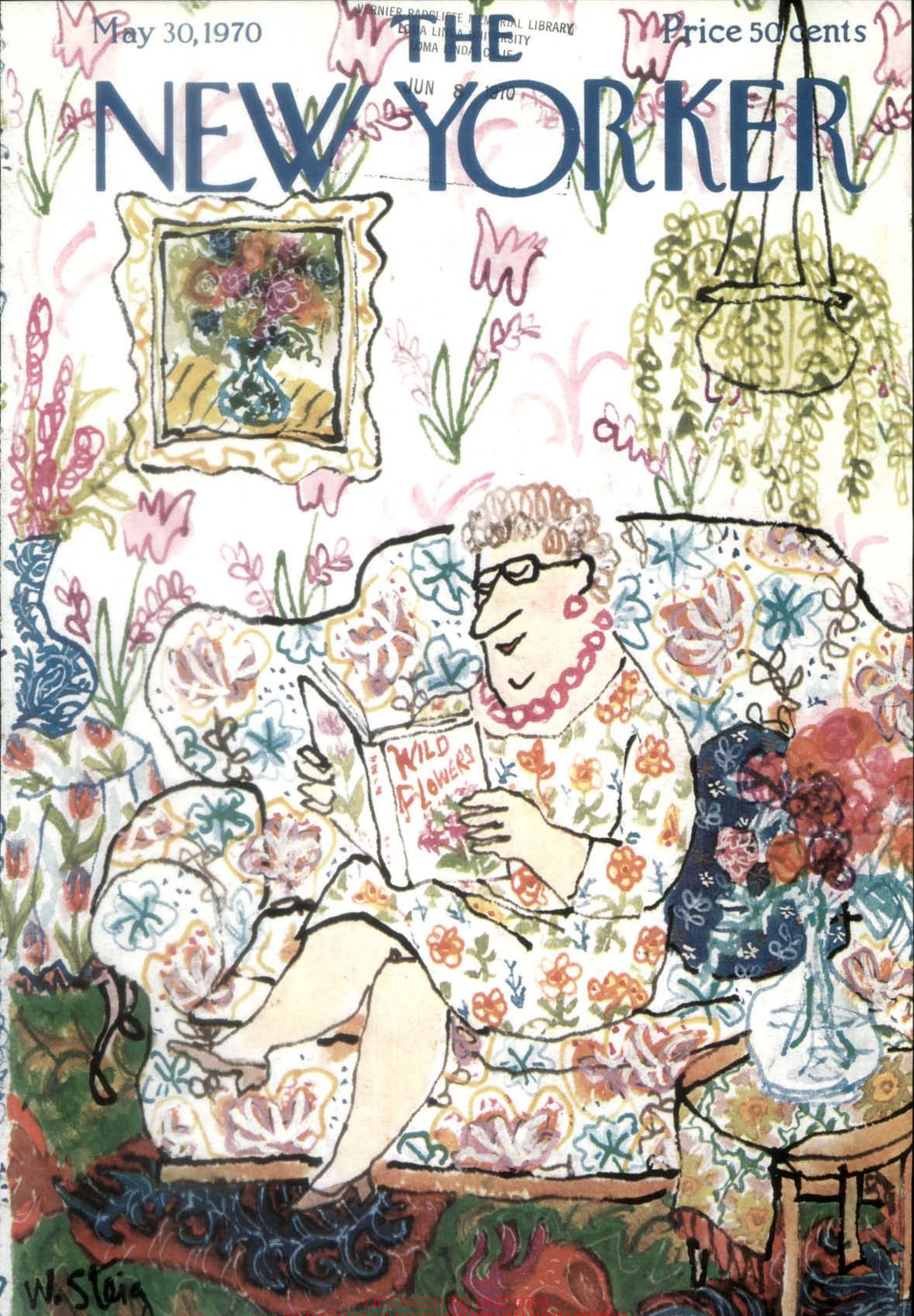
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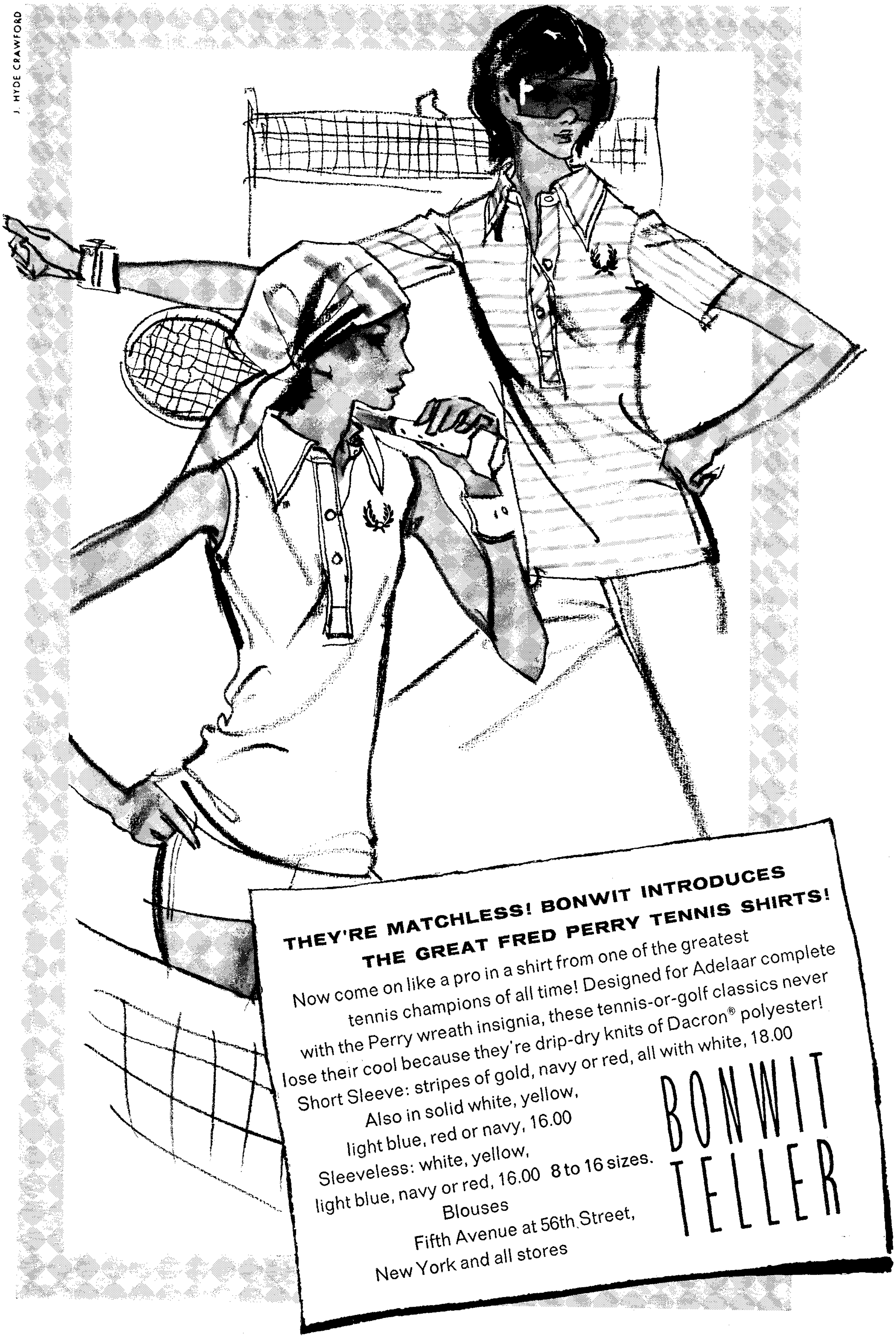

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Awake and Sing!—A revival of the Clifford Odets 1935 drama. Opens Wednesday, May 27. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Borstal Boy—Bringing back to life a Brendan Behan not in the least Lazarus-like but characteristically indignant and joyous. With Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Butterflies Are Free—A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with sure-fire jokes and the merest pinch of life. Well acted by Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Candaules, Commissioner—A play by Dan Gerould. Preview Wednesday, May 27. Opens officially on Thursday, May 28, at 7. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago 70—A Toronto Workshop production improvised from the transcript of the trial of the Chicago Seven and from "Alice in Wonderland." (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, May 28, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Colette—Zoe Caldwell gives a great and totally satisfying performance in this fine dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings, and she is ably supported by the rest of the cast. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of delightful songs, which are scattered throughout. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. There is a parking lot across the street from the theatre. A bus leaves the theatre after each performance and eventually winds up at Times Square.)

Dark of the Moon—A revival of the Howard Richardson-William Berney play. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Lemon Sky—In this pretty good play by Lanford Wilson, Christopher Walken gives a very good performance as a seventeen-year-old who goes to San Diego to visit his father and stepmother. The running commentary on daily living in Southern California, as delivered by Mr. Walken, is apt, cynical, and thoroughly satisfying. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Open Theatre—A three-week repertory of three plays. **terminal**, a collaborative piece by the group: Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, and Friday and Saturday, June 5-6. . . . ¶ Jean-Claude van Itallie's **the serpent**: Friday, May 29, and Tuesday, June 2. . . . ¶ Beckett's **endgame**: Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4. (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. 228-4321. Evenings at 8:30. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

The Pig Pen—A play by Ed Bullins. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 6.)

Private Lives—A very successful revival of Noël Coward's sleight-of-hand comedy about four people, three marriages, and a divorce that refuses to take. With Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, directed by Stephen Porter. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rabelais—A two-week engagement of the Jean-Louis Barrault production, which he wrote and directed, and in which he stars. Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, May 27, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, May 28-29, at 8; Saturday, May 30, at 2:30 and 8; and final performance Sunday, May 31, at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A deplorable revival of **beggar on horseback**, an old play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.). . . ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: **amphitryon**, adapted from the Greek legend by the German playwright Peter Hacks and translated by Ralph Manheim, will be the final production of the season. Preview Wednesday, May 27. Opens officially on Thursday, May 28 at 7:30, and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

will run through Saturday, June 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Room Service—Ron Leibman and a host of other high-strung characters rush through an admirable revival of this very funny classic. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—George Voskovec, Billy Dee Williams, and Madeline Miller are the entire cast of this revival of William Hanley's play. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

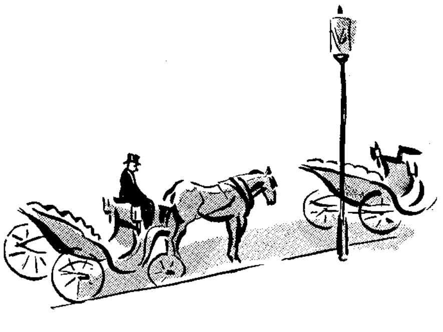
The White House Murder Case—Jules Feiffer's satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. *Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday,* May 31.)

Wilson in the Promise Land—A play by Roland Van Zandt, with music by Richard Cumming, presented by the Trinity Square Repertory Company of Providence. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays—except May 27—at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for June Allyson, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Akokawe—A program of dance, song, and poetry arranged and directed by Afolabi Ajayi, who also stars in it. The last in this season's series of offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Applause—A rousing, tireless, immensely skillful retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boy Friend—Judy Carne and Sandy Duncan enjoying a merry romp at a finishing school on the Riviera, back in the twittering twenties. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. It purports to be about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris and turns out to be about the great Katharine Hepburn of Hartford. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A marvellous cast, headed by Dean Jones, Susan Browning, and Elaine Stritch, in a fresh and funny show. George Furth did the excellent book, and Stephen Sondheim did the equally attractive music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to agreeable samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Minnie's Boys—An account of the Marx Brothers and their rise to fame and fortune. Trite and untuneful. Shelley Winters is Minnie, and Lewis J. Stadlen is an admirable Groucho. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

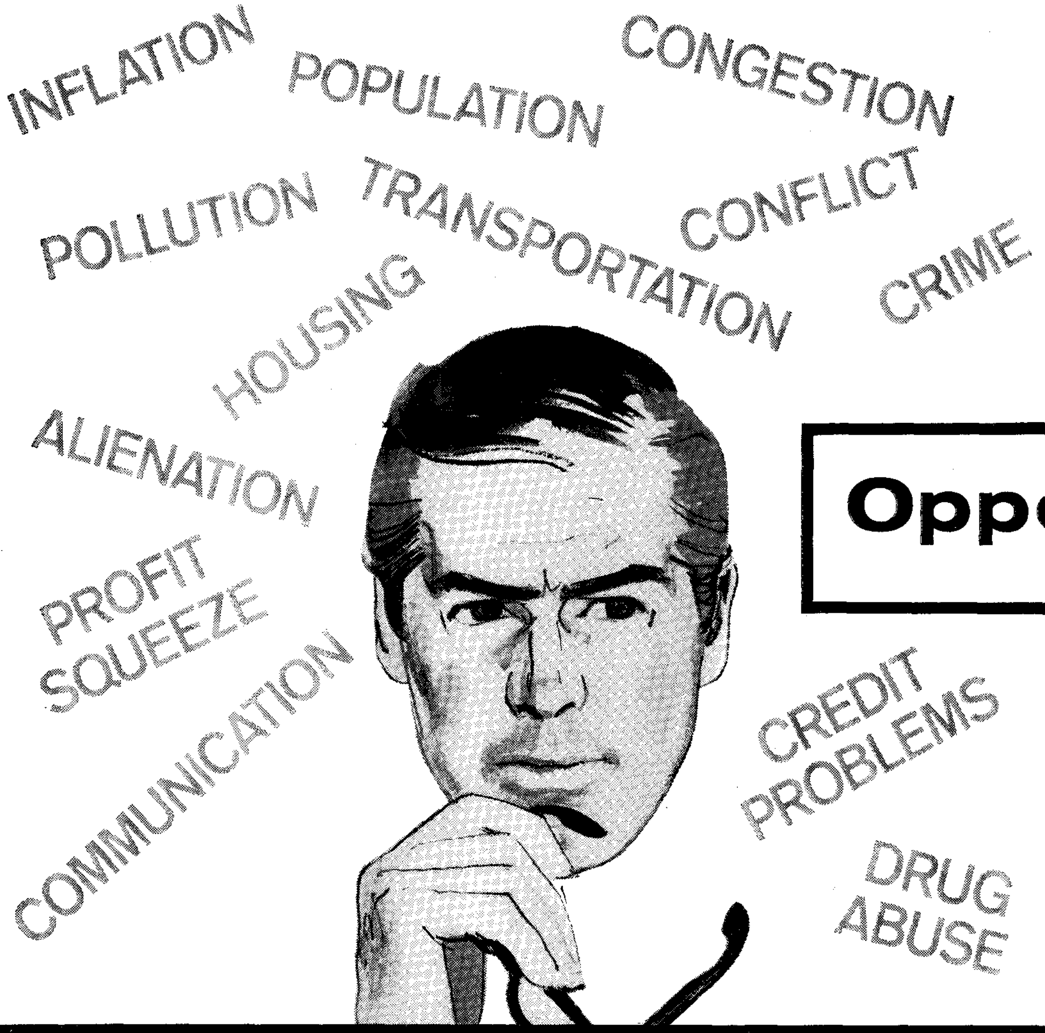
Mod Donna—A fierce, sporadically entertaining, but not very musical musical, which demonstrates and sets forth the ideas of the Women's Liberation movement. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," grown too big for its hand-me-down breeches. With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** A voice within the tower called loudly: —Are you up there, Mulligan? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —I'm coming, Buck Mulligan answered. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** He turned towards Stephen and said: —Look at the sea. What does it care about offences? Chuck Loyola, Kinch, and come on down. The Sassenach wants his morning rashers. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Charles West plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.) ... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 27, at 8:15: "Who Cares?," "Agon," and "Reveries."... ¶ Thursday, May 28, at 8:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "Firebird" (première), and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday, May 29, at 8:15: "Firebird," "Agon," "Sarabande and Danse," and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Saturday, May 30, at 2:15: "Firebird," "Sarabande and Danse," "Pas de Deux," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Saturday, May 30, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, May 31, at 1:15: "Sarabande and Danse," "Raymonda Variations," "Firebird," and "Agon."... ¶ Sunday, May 31, at 7:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "Tarantella," and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Tuesday, June 2, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Wednesday, June 3, at 8:15: "Firebird," "In the Night," and "Liebeslieder Walzer."... ¶ Thursday, June 4, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "Symphony in C." ... ¶ Friday, June 5, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, June 6, at 2:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Fantasies," "Tchaikovsky Suite," and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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Saturday, June 6, at 8:15: "Reveries," "Pas de Deux," "Four Temperaments," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 14.)

Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, May 27: "La Bayadère," "The Ropes of Time," and "Birthday Offering."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 28: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Friday evening, May 29: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 30, and Sunday matinée, May 31: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 31: A gala program of ballets by Frederick Ashton. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Martha Graham Center of Contemporary Dance—A program of three new works by Bertram Ross and one early Graham work, "El Penitente," danced by a company headed by, among others, Mr. Ross and Mary Hinkson. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 28, at 8:30.)

Larry Richardson—With his company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, June 6, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1970," with Peggy Fleming. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday at 2 and 7:30; Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 2 and 7:30; Saturday at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sunday at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Not for comfort-seekers, only for those who dig entertainment of a contemporary sort, like singer Townes Van Zandt and a rock group called the Chapins. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Gregariousness is evident in this wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music—turned out by Joe Beck on guitar and electric piano, with a bass player assisting him—is quietly lively, and it runs from eleven to three. Dinner is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight, mirrors, brick walls—a place of beauty is a joy for an evening. Jazz, on the cool side, from eleven to one on piano and bass. A distinctive menu. No live music Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Way West, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers intimacy, calmness, and cooking from the Old Kentucky (or Georgia or Mississippi) Home. Kenny Burrell's expert guitar is backed by Richie Johnson's bass. On Wednesday, June 3, Gene Bertoncini, guitar, and Ron Carter, bass, will arrive. Music Wednesday through Sunday from nine-thirty to three or four.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Bob Brookmeyer-Richie Kamuca quintet is onstage for a few days. Beginning Tuesday, June 2, Kai Winding, whose trombone is always true and often inventive, will lead a quartet. Fridays through Sundays, Anita O'Day joins in to sing old and new songs in her knowledgeable, throaty way. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old hangout, a dependable haven for traditional jazz. The musicians, most of the time, are Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi, and they carry on from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of

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Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia efflorescent. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

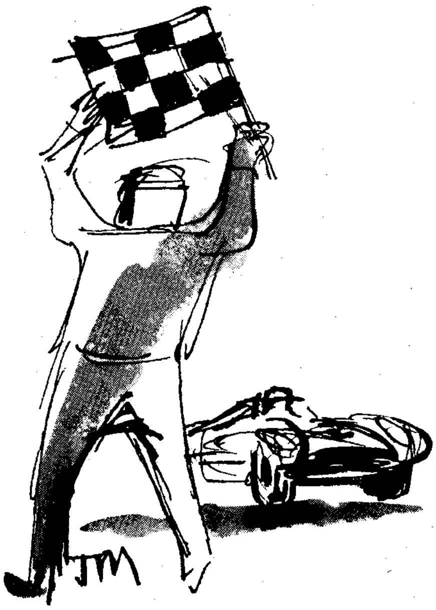
Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel peachy. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Condon's crew (Milt Hinton, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Mousey Alexander are in it) and Buck Clayton's fivesome (this involves Benny Morton, Jack Lesberg, Cliff Leeman, and Hank Jones) break camp on Monday, June 1, but the Messrs. Lesberg and Leeman will reappear next evening as part of Teddy Wilson's trio. The World's Greatest Jazz Band arrives the same evening, armed with such as Yank Lawson, Vic Dickenson, Bud Freeman, Bob Wilber, Billy Butterfield, and Lou McGarity. Music as early as five (tea dancing has come back to us), during the week, and as late as twelve-thirty or one. Saturdays, it begins at seven-thirty. Natalie Lamb, who represents the blues, does a seven-thirty stint, though not on Monday or Saturday. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Easterly the drift of traffic flow that takes the reveller to this most unlikely, and rather gloomy, part of town. The place of entertainment, it should be noted, is sufficiently cheerful in its simple way, and one may be assured of the continued patronage of Euterpe. The Elvin Jones trio plays until Tuesday, June 2, when the McCoy Tyner quintet will move in. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, where you can be as casual or as formal as you wish, the Mose Allison trio or—beginning Tuesday, June 2, the Billy Taylor trio—play for cocktails and dining. On Mondays, these people are off and new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: Fridays and Saturdays, May 29-30 and June 5-6, Miles Davis's quintet will play some intricate stuff.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Some of the finest jazz musicians have played—and still play—in this small and funky basement. The Thelonious Monk quartet (some history-makers there) plays until Tuesday, June 2, when the Charles Mingus quintet (more history-makers) moves in. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.



DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant, and the dinners and suppers are near-Lucullan. The crowd, a svelte one, dances on a little floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—If this is where it's at, then at it's where is this? Lots of moving lights and lissome people, along with indoor playground equipment that helps keep kids kidlike. On Sundays, as well as Wednesdays and Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live groups alternate with high-powered records. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Soft carpets, the names of famous Frenchmen etched on glass, and a relatively timeless atmosphere. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort. Dancing to records from eleven until three or four, but only on Fridays and Saturdays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Small, intimate enough for the collegiate crowd that comes here, and musically subdued. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. The supper menu is ample. Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Looking out the fifteenth-floor windows, you can see all manner of neon signs flashing, pulsing, and gleaming in the heart of the second biggest city in the world. The interior is all right, too. Dancing to music, both live and recorded, Mondays through Fridays from ten to three. Light suppers are served. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—A restaurant called the Penthouse Club by day, a discothèque by night. People dance to strong records from ten until three or four. Late dinners are available, and the view of the Park is fine. Sundays through Wednesdays, a group called Chartreuse plays. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—It would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, some polished entertainers called the Jesters Four come out and do things. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—Can be compared to a quaint old village street, with shops, lampposts, tables, and people sitting or strolling about. Not bad, if quaint old village streets are your bag. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Wheels on the doors, wheels on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. The live sounds of the Dream Company alternate with records through Saturday, May 30. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Hey, Jude, your mother shoulder know the fool on the hill. Yesterday, with a little help from my friends, lovely Rita let it be a day in the life. Michelle? She's leaving home. (Dancing to records from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.)

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays....

Do you speak Réplique?

(The perfume with a language all its own.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve, and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at nine on Saturdays and a trifle later the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the one revue in town, is brightened by fitful gleams of humor, of which it could use more. The cast is brightened to approximately the same degree. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song is sort of Israeli pop. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from six until one. Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The big bustle during dinner and supper in the Royal Box is Wayne Newton, All-American Boy (not quite Booth Tarkington, not quite Mickey Rooney, but a lineal descendant). He utters his final song on Saturday, May 30; on Monday, June 1, the declamatory B. B. King, who paints his songs in the deepest of blues, moves in. The Lee Evans orchestra, an invigorating dancing master, stays on to weather this storm. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave at 48th St. (752-8080)—No Spanish moss grows beneath the feet of Los Chavales de España, an army of singers and musicians always on the move, and (to judge by the sheep's-eyes they cast at their girl dancer) always on the make—but that's the old army life, and it's a busy one. No dark nights.... ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Juan Jimenez) and voice (José Sordilla). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—It's not the same old never-a-care prom time this year, but Paul Anka does his best (which is a pretty good one) to make his ballads for the young amount to something. On Thursday, May 28, the Temptations, as much a dance team as a chorus, succeed him. Every night, at least twice.... ¶ In the lounge, the music and the listeners are sort of home-on-the-range, out at that big ranch in Nevada.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Dakota Staton, a jazz singer who doesn't get around here often anymore, is being backed up by the Norman Simmons trio, and a jazz band involving such deserving men as Charlie Richards, Buddy Tate, Eddie Barefield, and Herman Autrey is sounding off. The milieu is ale-and-chophouse, as it should be. No dancing; closed Sundays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is offering all the comforts of home and several that are missing there (well, for two, the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte, which go on enjoying life to the full). During dinner and supper, there are ministrations by Vikki Carr (rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air). She stops singing on Tuesday, June 2. Next evening, at ten-fifteen, Doc Severinsen's band, expropriated from the television studios, replaces Miss Carr. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Gene Krupa, who may have scored more extra-base hits off the drums than anyone else in the major leagues, is in **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** along with his band. The activity of this crew is solely for eyes and ears; dancing occurs only when Marty Napoleon's really rollicking trio is in motion. Dinner and supper for all listeners. Events begin at eight; Mondays are dark.... ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to ten-thirty, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday.... ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano, eight to one, except Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—It's enough just to sit around in the spaceship and not even pay attention to the dance music (it begins at eight). The menu is as abundant as the spaciousness, but the songs that occur a couple of times an evening (Frank Sinatra, Jr., is the purveyor) are on a bland diet. Closed Sundays.

RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—A distinct view of the past, by arrangement with Sy Oliver. His band, using the tense, taut orchestrations he devised for more than one historic group, shares the podium with another of those rock-breaking gangs. The milieu is chophouse. Six to two weekdays, one to eight Sundays. No dancing.

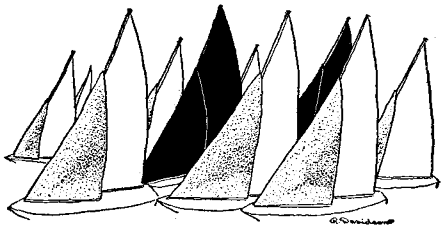
ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Him, He & Me, though obviously no grammarians, are able to carry a tune and converse intelligibly. They pop in and out, and so do a couple of dance bands, all evening long in the Maisonette. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... ¶ In La Boite, the next-door woodland glade, Julius Monk is celebrating his return to night life by indulging in rhapsodic interludes at the piano. Seven-thirty to one-thirty—the best hours for rhapsody. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Lettermen, specialists in close harmony and non-specialists in humor, end their stay in the Empire Room on Saturday, May 30. On Monday, June 1, Sonny & Cher, that nearly mythological mating of voices in the Newest World of music, begin one of their rare surfacings hereabouts. Charles Turecamo's orchestra fills up the rest of the evening with appropriate sound. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Whatever songs Bobby Short decants in this highly educational institution are in the Academy of the Immortals, but there is nothing academic about his performance of them. His aides-de-camp (and sometimes de-Camp) are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Friday through Sunday, May 29-31. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The set is right out of "Treasure Island," but the crew is calypso, not Long John Silver, and the native rum and edibles are not served on a dead man's chest. Closed Sundays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): College reunion, continual, coeducational, and convivial. The bar is straight and narrow; the dining room is as broad as it is long, and frequently filled by the music of a duo, led by Joel Shulman, which is in service every night but Sunday.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before and forevermore—Tibor Rakossy for officer of the watch, Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette*, which serves also as her *pied-à-piano*, from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Mirko, who has been a nostalgic guitarist for longer than anyone can remember, is now part of the entourage. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). Someone is almost always at the piano, and the best of this ground swell is Scott Reed, whose voice and mild piano carry on from nine-thirty until three, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti is the name of the cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the Donnybrook fairgrounds. Closed Mondays.... **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee all over the place (by, naturally, prowling violinists) and, for good (and hearty) measure, an occasional rehearing (by a quartet whose lead singer is Leyna Gabriele, prop.) of this or that operetta. From dinner until two, every night but Sunday. Closed Memorial Day. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Closed Sundays.... **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (283-8439): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays.

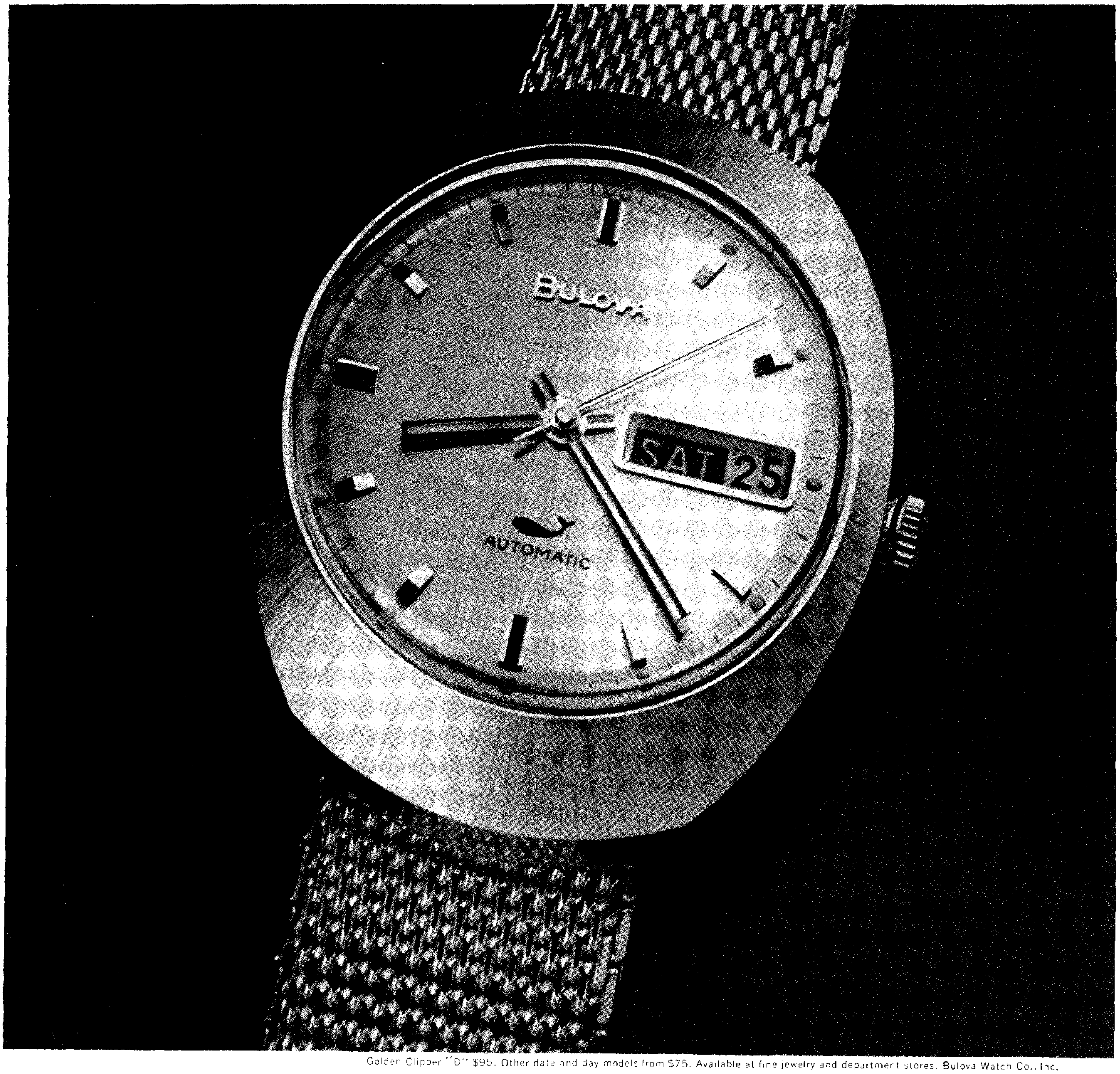


SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and post-prandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday.... **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays.... **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one absolutely every night. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle haunted not by ghosts but by live musicians, such as George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, heartfelt pianist. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. No music Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A buttery of a certain importance, wherein Dick Hankinson addresses the keyboard off and on from six until one; Sundays, this or that pianist serves as his lieutenant.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160):

Now, you'll never show up at the right time on the wrong day.



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Do it today...not "someday".

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A pretty formal occasion, and a just plain pretty one, too. George Feyer, dean of our Viennese musicologists, has the use of the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. No sound on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty—names that suggest their owners are Vienna Woodsmen, drawing the long bow and plying the piano. The names cannot, though, suggest the opulence of the setting in which, from six to midnight, they dwell. Sundays and Mondays, other music, to keep things going. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Dinner and supper to the tune of Ray Hartley's piano, whose felicities would be hard to top. Six to midnight. Closes for the season on Saturday, May 30. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): State occasion. Joe Miles is as quiet as a church mouse when he tends piano, which he does from eight-thirty to midnight, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar on the lower deck, and a menu full of other things. Every night. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL**, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Sit not at the mile-long bar but at the side tables if you have come to hear Wayne Sanders' piano, which has a keen sense of nostalgia, and a nourishing one. Five to ten, except Sundays. . . . **BLUE WHALE**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): A newly discovered island in the midst of Manhattan—one prepared to indulge the guests in reasonably eclectic shore dinners to the tunes of the piano run by Buddy Barnes, the sometime accompanist of Mabel Mercer. Eight-thirty until two. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Memorial Day.)

GALLERIES

GRETNA CAMPBELL—Landscapes and figure paintings; starting Sunday, May 31. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

JAN CARSMAN—A first one-man show, consisting of Pennsylvania landscapes; through Friday, June 5. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

HOWARD DAUM—Large freely painted abstractions; through Saturday, May 30. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

ERNEST DIERINGER—Ten six-foot-square geometric paintings; through June 19. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Saturdays.)

RICHARD FISHMAN—His first New York exhibition of bronzes; through Friday, June 5. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Abstract landscapes by a British painter; through June 12. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

NOBU FUKUI—Emblematic paintings with vibrating effects; through Wednesday, June 3. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

RED GROOMS—Watercolors and constructions for his film "Tappy Toes;" through June 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

ROBERT GROSVENOR—Three large painted wall sculptures; through Saturday, June 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Memorial Day.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Highly personal semi-Surrealist paintings; through Friday, May 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

GYORGY KEPES—Paintings by a well-known Constructivist; through Friday, May 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WILLIAM KING—Sheet-aluminum figurative sculptures, often witty caricatures; through Friday, June 5. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

LYMAN KIPP—Painted-steel sculptures; through Friday, May 29. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

MIRIAM LAUFER—Expressionist figure paintings; through Saturday, May 30. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

MANABU MABE—Abstract paintings by a Brazilian artist born in Japan; through Friday, June 5. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AGNES MARTIN—Drawings by an influential Minimalist; through June 10. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN MCCRACKEN—Sculptures by a specialist in boards and boxes; through June 13. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays; open Memorial Day.)

JOAN MIRÓ—New bronzes and ceramics, and graphics; through Friday, May 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Sculptures in marble and travertine done in the sixties; through Friday, May 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Bronzes, terra-cottas, and drawings by this veteran Expressionist sculptor; through June 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

DENNIS OPPENHEIM—Documentations by an earthworks artist; through Friday, May 29. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St.)

CHARLES O. PERRY—Complex geometrical sculptures; through Saturday, June 6. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JESSE REICHEK—Pattern paintings by a West Coast artist; through Friday, May 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

JAMES ROSENQUIST—One huge segmented painting; through Saturday, June 6. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL SAMPLE—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through Friday, May 29. (Van Der Straeten, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Plaster figures in a variety of realistic settings; through Friday, May 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

MICHAEL STEINER—Low-lying metal sculptures; through June 13. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEOPOLD SURVAGE (1879-1968)—Decorative paintings by a Russian who associated with Cubists in Paris; through Friday, May 29. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

DAVID E. THOMPSON—Paintings incorporating words, and sculptures in the form of letters; through Friday, May 29. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

FRED TROLLER—Metal and painted-wood constructions; through Thursday, June 4. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

VICTOR VASARELY—Paintings by the leading Optical artist; through Friday, May 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St.)

MAX WEBER (1881-1961)—Early oils and watercolors by a prominent American of the Paris School; through Friday, June 5. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

H. C. WESTERMANN—Twelve sculptures and a suite of drawings by this inventor of unusual combinations of images; through Saturday, June 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER (1834-1903)—Seventy etchings and lithographs; through Tuesday, June 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

ROBERT WHITE—Works by a former sculptor-in-residence at the American Academy in Rome; through Friday, May 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PAUL WUNDERLICH—Sculptures and paintings, some featuring the female figure, by a German Surrealist; through Friday, May 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The 1970 annual exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures, by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over

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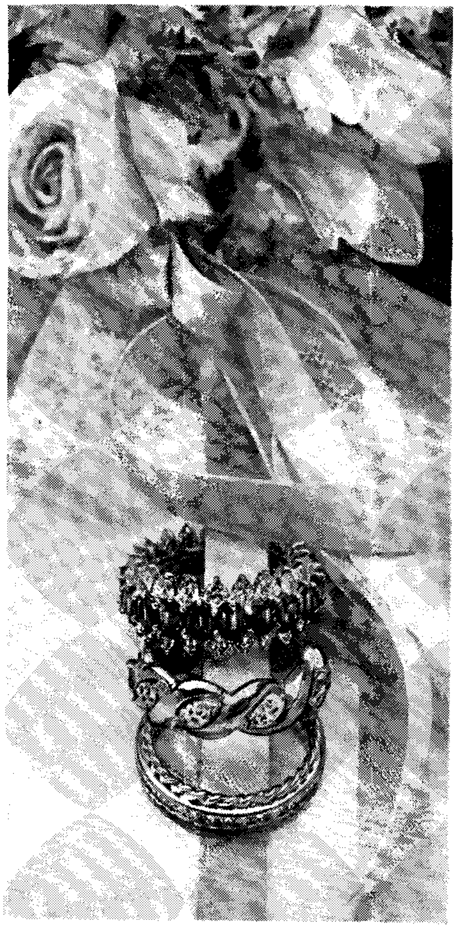
The iron wedding bands of the ancient Roman world carried the husband's seal, symbolizing that he shared his name and his rights with his wife. While you won't find just such a ring in the Cartier collection, you will find some of the most beautiful and distinctive wedding rings of the modern world. Whether of gold or adorned with jewels, the wedding band from Cartier is always a special symbol of your love. Three from our collection: 27 oval ruby buds entwined with 42 round diamonds in a platinum and gold setting, $4485. Nine marquise shaped diamonds in a rope of gold, $1100. Thirty-five round diamonds set between two delicate braids of gold, $400.



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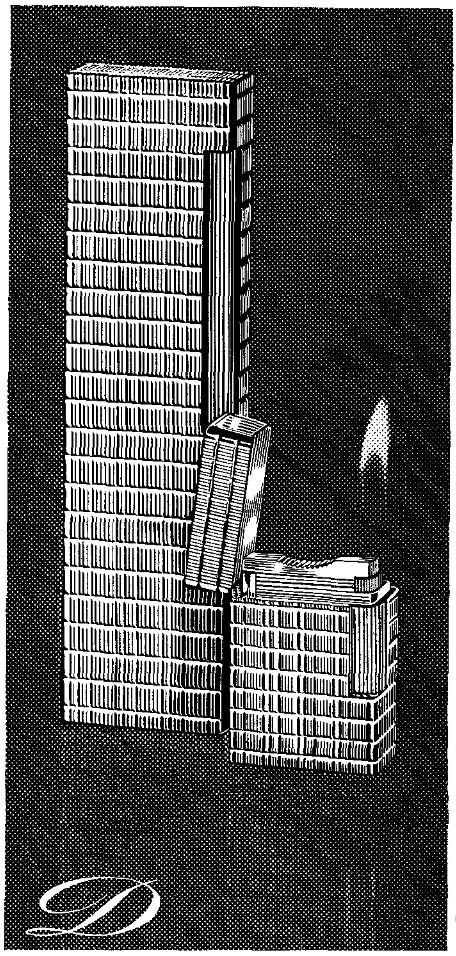

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

seven hundred; through Sunday, May 31. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5; open Memorial Day.)

Group Shows—At the **Bykert**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures; starting Tuesday, June 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Cordier & Ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Dubuffet, Ernst, Fahlström, Lindner, Man Ray, Noguchi, and Ossorio (to name a few); through Friday, June 5. . . . **Deitsch**, 24 E. 81st St.: Woodcuts by Beckmann, Feininger, Kirchner, Munch, Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through June 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Gallery of Israeli Art**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings and prints on the subject of Jerusalem, from the seventeenth century to the present; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **Hirschl & Adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century architectural paintings, landscapes, portraits, shields, emblems, and carvings; through June 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Forty-five American portraits from the eighteenth century through the early twentieth; through Friday, May 29. . . . **Lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Bierstadt, Sully, Kensett, and others; through June 19. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **Midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists; through June 12. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **O.K. Harris**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Paintings by John Clem Clarke, known for his copying of familiar paintings; mixed medium sculptures by Thomas Bang; and sculptural objects from the twenties and thirties. Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **Pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Larry Bell, Craig Kauffman, and Robert Irwin; through June 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by major twentieth-century Europeans, including Braque, Chagall, Gris, Miró, Modigliani, and Léger (a kinetic painted wood relief of Charlie Chaplin); through Friday, May 29. . . . **Sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by German Expressionists; through June 27. (Closed Mondays; open Memorial Day.) . . . **Sachs**, 29 W. 57th St.: Gimmicks for audience doings; starting Tuesday, June 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: American narrative paintings of the nineteenth century by, for example, Blythe, Rimmer, and Vedder; through Friday, June 5. . . . **Visual Arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Works by black artists; through Friday, May 29. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.) . . . **Doris Wiener**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: One hundred Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Saturday, June 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of a privately assembled collection that includes Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Gris, and Léger, as well as contemporaneous Americans, such as Prendergast, Marin, Demuth, and Hartley; through July 3. . . . **Wise**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works that the spectator does things to or that do things to him; through Friday, May 29.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through June 7.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, also period rooms and fixtures; through Sept. 7. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. . . . ¶ A hundred masterpieces (Duccio to Picasso) from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; starting Friday, May 29. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty paintings by Frank Stella, dating from 1959 and covering the entire range of his work; through Tuesday, June 2. . . . ¶ Drawings of architectural ideas by Theo van Doesburg, leading De Stijl painter; through June 7. . . . ¶ Works in which photographs are given the illusion of solidity through various mediums; through July 5. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth annual show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 6; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Trompe-l'oeil paintings by such American artists as Harnett, Peto, Haberle, and Raphaelle Peale; through July 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Two hundred works, including bronze and stone figures from Benin and the Congo and works from other regions. Several of these works are out of Africa for the first time. Through June 21. . . . ¶ The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; starting Tuesday, June 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifty-eight works of Asian art borrowed from museums and private collections in the United States, including Chinese and Japanese scrolls, sculptures in stone and bronze, precious objects, illuminated manuscripts, porcelains, and decorative arts; through June 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 11 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by, among others, Indiana, Nauman, and Ortman, in holography, a new technique for super-realistic images; through June 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Large steel and glass sculptures, models for projects, and prints by the Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman; through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Works executed directly on the Museum walls by Artschwager, Bollinger, Lewitt, Morris, and others; starting Monday, June 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Behind the scenes with Rouben Ter-Arutunian—original costume and stage designs; through June 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A new collection of folk art: paintings, furniture, carvings (including an unusual figure of Father Time), and the like; through July 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Fun and games, in which spectators are invited to join, by three Austrian object-makers; through June 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday and Friday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Stars of the New York Stage," that is, costumes and portraits of these personages; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one "conceptual" artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ "Hiroshima and Nagasaki," a collection of photographs which recorded the nuclear holocaust of more than a quarter of a century ago, and the aftermath of the event; through June 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A charming group of watercolors and sketches, done by Baroness Hyde de Neuville during her stays in the United States from 1807 to 1814 and 1816 to 1822, of landscapes and figures (many of Indians, understandably). . . . ¶ Paintings, lithographs, and engravings depicting New York Harbor in its early idyllic days, when the air was fair; through June 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Rare books and manuscripts drawn from the Library's Lenox Collection; through Wednesday, June 3. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through June 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6, Saturdays, except Memorial Day, and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420 and for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424).

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of a four-week non-subscription season, which will continue through Saturday, June 27—Monday evening, June 1: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 3: "La Traviata," with Pilar Lorengar, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 4: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 5: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 6: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 6: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Pillar Lorengar, Franco Corelli, Theodor Uppman, and Raymond Michalski. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season that will run through Saturday, June 20—A program of Russian and Spanish music on Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4, all at 8:30 (with Sherrill Milnes, baritone, and Alirio Diaz, guitar); a varied program on Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, and Tuesday, June 2, all at 8:30 (with Cyril Ritchard, narrator); and a program entitled "Lands of the Midnight Sun" on Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, at 8:30 (with Carol Neblett, soprano, and the Bil Baird Marionettes).

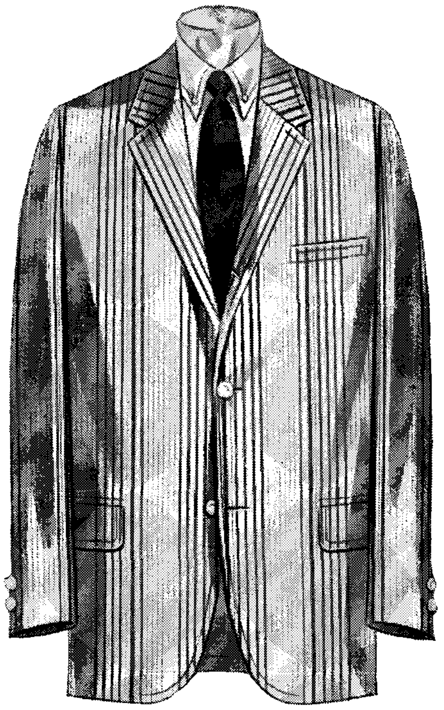
Mannes Orchestra and Chorus—Carl Bamberger directing, with Robert Rounseville, tenor. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, May 28, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Naumburg Orchestra—Boyd Neel conducting, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano. (Central Park Mall. Saturday, May 30, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Jesse Kregal—Timpani, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Wednesday, June 3, at 8:30.)

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, June 3, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Nina Simone and Mongo Santamaria—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, at 8 and 11:30.

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young—Fillmore East. Tuesday through Sunday, June 2-7, at 8:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, May 27, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 28, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, May 29, at 8:05; Saturday, May 30, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 31, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Kansas City, Tuesday through Thursday, June 2-4, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 5, at 8, and Saturday, June 6, at 2.

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 6.)

Golf—Hockster Memorial Tournament. (Quaker Ridge Golf Club, Scarsdale. Tuesday, June 2.) . . ¶ United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club, Rye, and Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 2-3.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Through Saturday, May 30.) . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. Sunday, May 31.) . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Sunday, May 31.) . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Middleburg, Va. Thursday through Sunday, June 4-7.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 27. The Mother Goose, Friday, May 29; the Metropolitan Handicap, Saturday, May 30; the Juvenile, Wednesday, June 3; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 6. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Saturday, May 30. The Jersey Derby, Saturday, May 30. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, June 1, through Saturday, Aug. 8. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer—Inter-Milan of Italy vs. Santos of Brazil, for the United States Cup of Champions. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday, May 29, at 8:45; a preliminary match between the New York Ecuadorian All-Stars and the New York Colombian All-Stars will start at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 524-9547.)

Sports-Car Racing—At LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, May 30, at 10:30. . . . WATKINS GLEN: Saturday, June 6, at noon, and Sunday, June 7, at 1:05.

Tennis—Madison Square Garden Tennis Champions Classic. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday and Tuesday, June 1-2, and Friday, June 5, all at 7:30.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43 on Fridays and Saturdays.) . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31, at 1 and 3:30.) . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, May 30, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, May 31, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31, at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31, at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Pinocchio," Saturday, May 30, at 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Princess and the Pea," Saturday, June 6, at 3:30. (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Zodiac: Realm of Wandering Stars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

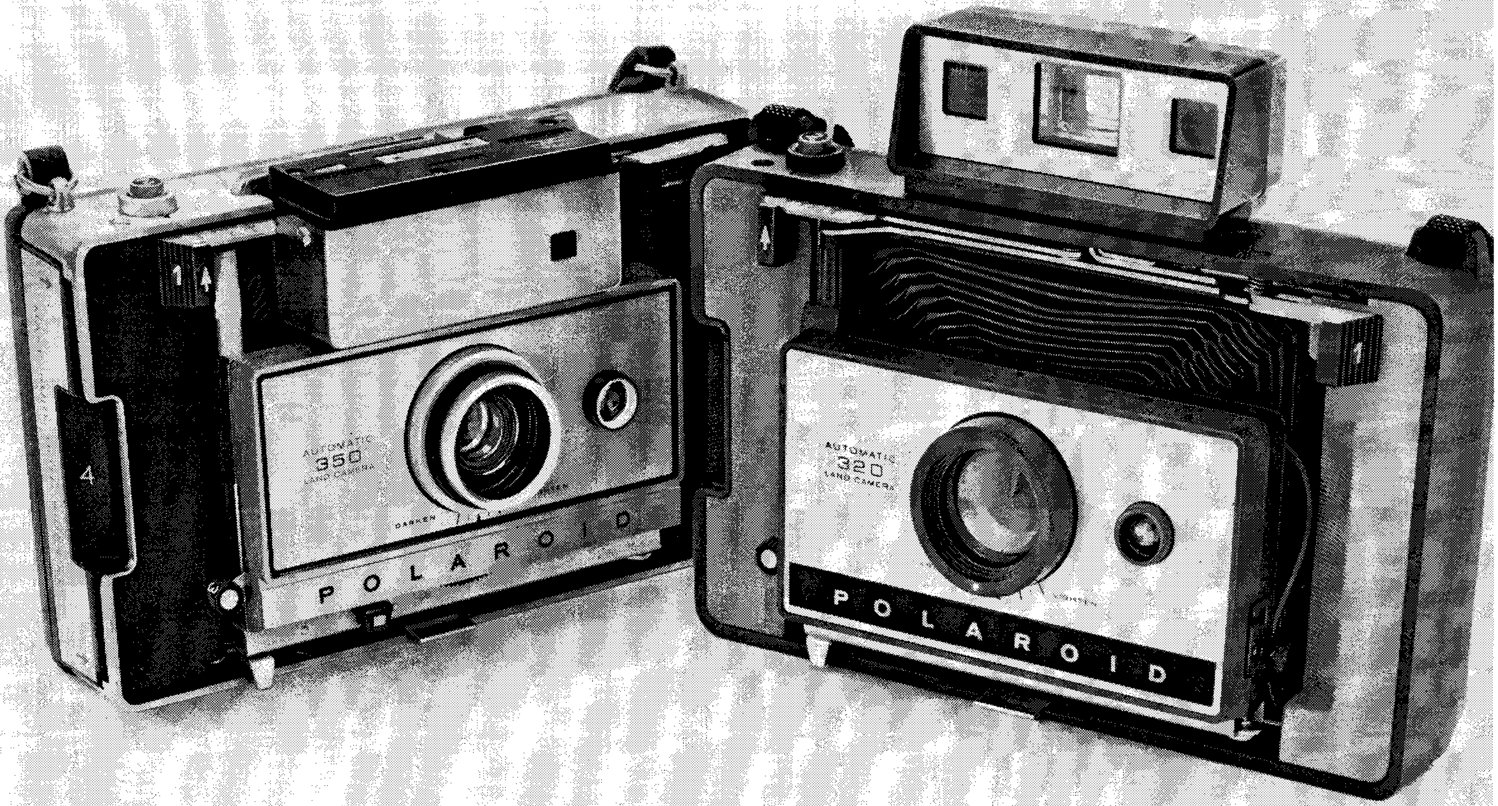
ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 27, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, May 28, at 10:15: Prints by Rembrandt, Miró, Matisse, and others; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 2, at 2: American, English, and Continental miniatures, together with pewter, bronzes, pottery, and other works of art; from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 3, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 4, at 2: English and Continental silver, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 28.

Commencement Dates—Smith and Vassar, Sunday, May 31; Barnard and Columbia, Tuesday, June 2; and Annapolis and West Point, Wednesday, June 3.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Seven programs in a series of Japanese films, some without English titles: May 27 at 2 and 5:30, "Before Dawn" (1955); May 28 at 2, "The Idiot" (1951); May 29 at 2 and 5:30, "The Billionaire" (1954); May 30 at 3 and 5:30, "Children of the Atom Bomb" (1952); May 31 at 2 and 5:30, "The Neighbor's Wife and Mine" (1931); June 1 at 8 and June 2 at 2, "Assassination" (1964); June 3 at 2 and 5:30, "And Yet We Live" (1951). . . . ¶ May 28 at 8: "The Bed of the Virgin" (1969), in French, directed by Philippe Garrel; no English titles. . . . ¶ May 30 at 11:30: "Duck Soup" (1933), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ June 1 at 2:30 and 5:30: "The Magic Box" (1951), with Robert Donat. . . . ¶ June 2 at 5:30: "Wheel of Ashes" (1968), directed by Peter Emanuel Goldman. . . . ¶ June 4 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Man with the Movie Camera" (1929), directed by Dziga Vertov. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.) . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through May 31: "Re-entry," "The Room," and six other films. . . . ¶ Starting June 3: "Momentum," "Arthur, Arthur," and four other films. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)



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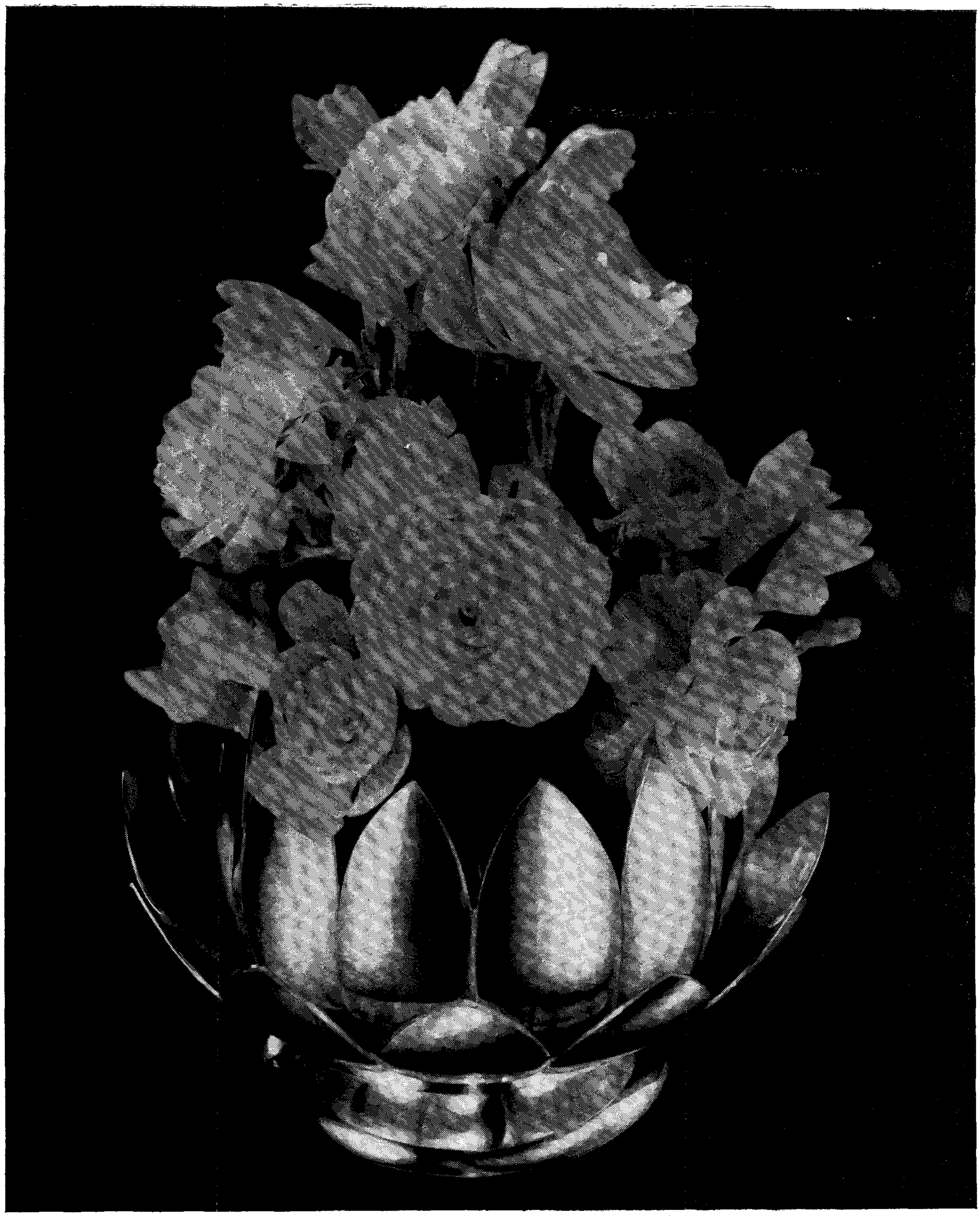

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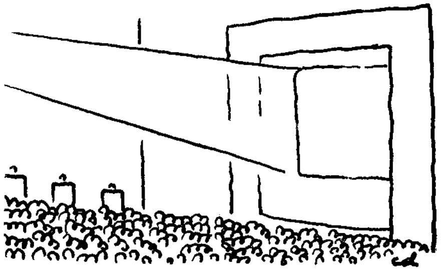
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4		

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 3.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as a mild Henry VIII, who lets himself be pushed around by Anne Boleyn (Genevieve Bujold). Well written, well acted, but rather wan. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 28.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon form the two couples (it's the latter one that will interest you). (U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Boys in the Band—A movie of Mart Crowley's play—written in faggot vernacular—about a gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party. The text has been preserved as if the quips were ageless; the movie disproves this supposition. Directed by William Friedkin, who emphasizes the suffering and heartbreak, and fails to freshen the comedy. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 2.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 2.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 3.)

Enter Laughing (1967)—Comedy about show business in the thirties, directed by Carl Reiner from his own novel, with José Ferrer and Elaine May. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 3.)

Fellini Satyricon—The pre-Christian Roman world as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. A tired, oppressive movie, with many freaky people exhibiting their grossness or abnormalities and making faces to tell us they're soulless. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

La Femme Infidèle—Claude Chabrol demonstrates how to make a civilized thriller; he serves up the sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through June 2.)

The Great Ziegfeld (1936)—The movie is a long way from great. William Powell plays Ziegfeld, Myrna Loy is Mrs. Ziegfeld, and Luise Rainer is Anna Held. Fanny Brice is herself, but she isn't on screen enough to vitalize this lavish, tedious, and ludicrously false musical biography. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; starting May 29.)

Hello, Dolly!—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers at their best, in an academic setting. With Thelma Todd as the college widow. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 29-June 1.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

M*A*S*H—The best American war comedy since sound came in. With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 2.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense, which features such songs as "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 29-June 1.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous film about four people in Clermont-Ferrand—a drolly solemn engineer (Jean-Louis Trintignant), a Marxist professor, a quizzical beauty qualified as a doctor who wraps herself naked in a white fur rug and listens to the engineer discussing Pascal half the night, and a blonde whom he knows he's going to marry. The film has some of the qualities of a great short story by de Maupassant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Patton—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don't just want to have their prejudices greased. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie (1969)—Maggie Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 2.)

Raven's End—Bo Widerberg's wonderfully simple, unromanticized film (dating from 1964, long before "Elvira Madigan"), recreating the thirties in Sweden. Widerberg's picture is about a poor family, headed by a ramshackled ex-salesman full of hopeless airs about cigars and contracts. The human detail of the film, full of visual asides and spurts of conviviality, is sometimes a bit like Renoir's. In Swedish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 3.)

See You at Mao and **Pravda**—Two new films by Godard, each about an hour long, that push documentary further than it has ever gone. This is not only radical politicking—to a degree that will drive some people mad with its deliberately battering didacticism—but also a peculiarly poetic new undertaking by an original whose voice always carries. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

The Sicilian Clan—Henri Verneuil's efficient thriller, which has flashes of humorous bile that are a little like Hitchcock's. There is a fine piece of hijacking in the plot, with a jet making a landing on a New York highway under construction. Jean Gabin, Alain Delon. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 28.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 2.)

Sympathy for the Devil—Jean-Luc Godard's film about revolution in motion. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the world outside, likewise fidgety, at work, changing, and constantly falling apart, seems to be rehearsing something too. Godard makes his own special use of interviews, readings in bookshops, political cant spilled into tape-recorders. This is a beautiful picture, ferocious and poetic. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 2.)

Tropic of Cancer—A trivial but entertaining sex comedy derived from the Henry Miller classic. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy's novel, in two parts. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600. Part II: through May 28.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of last summer's Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style, and the standard of sound recording is first-rate, but skeptics would be right to call the picture a media hype. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Z—A political thriller with a purpose. "Z" demonstrates how Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" and he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; starting May 29.)

Ziegfeld Girl (1941)—An odd, rather fascinating M-G-M musical that mixes melodrama with big production numbers. The performers include Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey, as a sadistic prize-fighter who gives Lana Turner a bad time. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; starting May 29.)

Note—The last two in a series of black-film programs. May 29 at 8: "Ephesus" (1965). . . . ¶ May 30 at 8: "St. Louis Blues" and "Black Music" (1968). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4		

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
TROPIC OF CANCER.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Blue)," in Swedish.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Last Summer" (1969), Barbara Hershey; and "Medium Cool" (1969), Robert Forster.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 2: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY**; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From June 3: **EASY RIDER**; and **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 2: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID**; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**
From June 3: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Marital Fulfillment," a semi-documentary film.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Watermelon Man," Godfrey Cambridge, Estelle Parsons.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serafino" (in Italian).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE SICILIAN CLAN (in French).

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Landlord," Beau Bridges, Lee Grant.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Way We Live Now," Nicholas Pryor.

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Monique," Sibylla Kay.

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"I Am Curious (Blue)," in Swedish.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"riverrun," Louise Ober.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (in French).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Paddy," Milo O'Shea.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Grasshopper," Jacqueline Bissett, Jim Brown.

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
May 27: "A Man Called Horse," Richard Harris, Judith Anderson.
From May 28: "Beneath the Planet of the Apes," James Franciscus, Kim Hunter.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
May 27: "Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.
From May 28: "A Man Called Horse," Richard Harris, Judith Anderson.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
May 27: "The Last Grenade," Stanley Baker, Alex Cord.
From May 28: "Let It Be," the Beatles.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
SEE YOU AT MAO; and **PRAVDA.**

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Naked Hearts" (in French); and "The Passenger" (in English and Polish).

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
"Brand X," Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Too Late the Hero," Michael Caine, Cliff Robertson.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
May 27: "Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.
From May 28: "The Out-of-Towners," Jack Lemmon, Sandy Dennis.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 28: **WAR AND PEACE.**
From May 29: **THE GREAT ZIEGFELD**; **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES**; and **ZIEGFELD GIRL.**

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
May 27: "Leo the Last," Marcello Mastroianni, Billie Whitelaw.
From May 28: "The Passion of Anna" (in Swedish), Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Forbin Project," Eric Braeden, Susan Clark.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Dreamer" (in Hebrew).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart," Don Johnson.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 2: "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.
From June 3: "Let It Be," the Beatles.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 2: **LA FEMME INFIDÈLE** (in French); and "Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."
From June 3: To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 3: **RAVEN'S END** (in Swedish); and "Letter from Siberia," a Chris Marker film.
From June 4: "Le Gai Savoir" (in French), Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Before the Revolution" (1965; in Italian), Adriana Asti.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 2: **THE CIRCUS** (silent); and **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.**
From June 3: **ENTER LAUGHING**; and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 28: **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**; and **SOME LIKE IT HOT.**
May 29-June 1: **MONKEY BUSINESS**; and **HORSEFEATHERS.**
June 2-4: "Belle of the Yukon" (1945), Gypsy Rose Lee, Randolph Scott; and "The Further Perils of Laurel and Hardy" (1968), excerpts from some of their movies.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ALL that can be said for certain about the Administration's motives in going into Cambodia is that few people, inside the Administration or outside it, can agree on what they are. This in itself is a disturbing situation. Stewart Alsop, whose column in *Newsweek* we often turn to for information on what our leaders in Washington are thinking, declares that "what the President is really doing is to conduct a great military retreat—the greatest in American history." In his view, the President's alarming remarks about resisting the forces of "anarchy" all over the world were nothing but a bellicose disguise for a policy of withdrawal, and the invasion of Cambodia is only "a limited spoiling attack, designed to protect the rear guard of the American retreat." As for the President's critics, they "don't want to admit that the President is engaged in a great retreat . . . because if they did they would have much less left to criticize." One of these critics is former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford, a man whom we would expect to have reliable information on what is happening in Washington. In an article in *Life*, he declares that "President Nixon, while he proclaims his dedication to a political settlement, by his actions still seeks to gain the military victory that cannot be won." In other words, Mr. Alsop says that the President is talking like a hawk and behaving like a dove, and Mr. Clifford says that the President is talking like a dove and behaving like a hawk. Several months ago, when Attorney General Mitchell told civil-rights leaders that in judging the Administration he belongs to they should "watch what we do instead of what we say," it seemed that he might be offering the public a useful guide for judging government policy in the era of the credibility gap. But how can one apply this standard when the most authoritative sources are unable to determine either what the Administration is doing *or* what it is saying?

As the press gropes through this tangle of uncertain rhetoric and uncertain intentions, many newsmen have decided that the invasion should be regarded as a Presidential "gamble," in which the President is weighing the military advantages that might be gained from it against the domestic and diplomatic costs. In this view, if the military succeeds in its stated objectives the President will "win" the gamble, whereas if it fails he will "lose." What strikes us most forcibly about the invasion, however, is that its military objectives appear to have been worthless in the first place. According to the President, the aim of the invasion is to protect America's troops as they withdraw from Vietnam by destroying the enemy's supplies in Cambodia and thus setting back the enemy's schedule for attacks on American troops. The President stated that he was particularly concerned about the safety of the two hundred and fifty thousand troops that would be left in Vietnam when his current plan of withdrawing one hundred and fifty thousand troops within a year had been carried out. Yet the military's most optimistic estimate of the setback in the enemy's schedule which can be gained by the invasion of Cambodia is eight months. Thus, the enemy will be back at full strength at least four months before the current twelve-month withdrawal is complete, and the American troops that remain in Vietnam will be as vulnerable to enemy attack as they would have been if the invasion had never taken place. It might be argued that eight months of reduced enemy activity would permit the training of the South Vietnamese Army to proceed more rapidly. However, this hope has now been destroyed by the South Vietnamese government's announcement that its troops will stay in Cambodia to fight the enemy after the American troops leave. If "Vietnamization" of the war in South Vietnam is the ultimate aim of these moves, it is hardly well served by having South Vietnamese troops in Cambodia. (We can well imagine the Vietnamese telling the United States that they will leave Cambodia just as soon as they have "Cambodianized" the war there. Perhaps they will even attack "sanctuaries" in Laos in order to protect their own withdrawal from Cambodia.)

However, according to the President and members of his Administration, the invasion was intended not simply to do something but also to prove something—something about America's "character" and "courage." The President said that the invasion would prove to the world that America would not act like "a pitiful, helpless giant" when free nations were threatened by totalitarian nations. And he said that the invasion would put America's enemies on notice that Americans were willing to take "decisive" action against them.

One might say that the invasion had a propagandistic intent as well as a strictly military intent, and this may help explain why the distinction between action and rhetoric which led Mr. Clifford and Mr. Alsop to such different conclusions is not a reliable guide to policy. Of course, there is nothing new about a government's making a "show of force," but usually a government makes it in order to threaten a specific enemy with a specific action. This Administration, on the other hand, has not specified just who is being threatened, or with what. Is it the North Vietnamese, and is our action a signal that we will invade North Vietnam if they persist in opposing us? Is it the Chinese? Or is it the Russians? Many observers believe that it is not only the Russians but the *Egyptians* as well. These observers see the invasion of Cambodia as our way of telling the Egyptians and the Russians that we are willing to come to the support of Israel. It also used to be thought that a show of force, to be useful, had to threaten the enemy with an action that would be *militarily effective*. But in Cambodia the military futility of our invasion undercuts any point we might be trying to make about the effectiveness of our power. We should have learned from our experience in Vietnam that you can't build confidence or "credibility" by stubbornly persisting in a futile venture. There can be no credibility unless the original cause is sound. A show of force in a futile cause amounts to a demonstration of futility, and the bitter ironies of our involvement in the war in Vietnam will follow us wherever we may extend that war. Yet the President's remarks about the risk of "defeat" for America suggest that he has almost come to believe that by widening the war, and by presenting it as part of a global conflict between the forces of freedom and the forces of totalitarianism, we could leave behind the ironies and frustrations that Alsop and Clifford are attempting to analyze. It is as though the President believed that a wider conflict would somehow become a simpler conflict. Ordinarily, governments seek to prove the consistency of their policies, but, according to one interpretation of our invasion of Cambodia—one that James Reston, in the *Times*, reported to have been advanced by the President's foreign-policy aides—the President's aim was to prove the "unpredictability" of our actions. As this theory has it, if we behave in surprising, irrational ways our enemies will not be able to guess what we are going to do next, and will deal cautiously with us, as one would with a madman. If this is why we invaded Cambodia, then the futility of the invasion begins to make a certain amount of sense, for what could be more unpredictable than a nation's taking actions against its own interests?

Two Gatherings

A Brand-New organization called the National Coalition for a Responsible Congress held a press conference last Wednesday afternoon at the Overseas Press Club, and we attended. James D. Barber, who is a professor of political science at Yale, started things off by saying, in part, "The Coalition is dedicated to electoral politics. We believe that a responsible Congress could stop the war by asserting its Constitutional powers—the power to raise and support armies, to decide when to make war, to appropriate money. We think the present Congress could do this. If it fails to do it, we intend to elect a better one that will." Dr. James Darnell, of the Biology Department of Columbia University, who was present on behalf of the Academic and Professional Lobby for a Responsible Congress, said that his group had been in existence only a fortnight but already had two hundred and fifty coördinators, in forty-five states, and several thousand associates. Gary Orfield, a youthful-looking political-science professor from Princeton, said *his* group, the Movement for a New Congress, had begun on the campus there on May 4th as a purely local undertaking. By May 9th, it had members on twenty-nine campuses; by May 20th, on four hundred and six. "We have tens of thousands of names and addresses of students to put on computer tapes and distribute next fall to twenty-four regional centers," he said. "This movement has suddenly mushroomed and captured the whole energy of the strike movement. We're already getting requests from congressional candidates for our support. We're being taken very seriously by politicians, some of whom have changed their positions dramatically after we have sent students into their districts. One New Jersey candidate told some students at Rutgers the other day that he hoped they'd be glad to hear that since May 1st he has had what they would consider a perfect voting record."

LEONARDO THINKS HE'S SO GREAT!

The National Universities Anti-War Fund, which was inaugurated by Harvard and M.I.T. professors (they have been urging their colleagues to give it from one to ten days' pay) and whose sponsors include eight Nobel laureates, was represented by one of these—Professor Salvador E. Luria, the M.I.T. biologist. "We already have coördinators in several hundred colleges, and we hope to hit two thousand," he said. "We also hope to raise several million dollars for the specific purpose of influencing the election of a Congress that's going to make sense, and we're confident we can raise between three and five million dollars. It will be the first time that an academic-based group has had that kind of money to bring to bear on an election. And we're going beyond the academic community. We just got a letter from a local of the Teamsters Union asking where to send us some money. We haven't heard yet from the construction workers of New York, but I'll bet that in the next few weeks, when they begin to look at their checkbooks and at the cost of things in supermarkets, they'll change their minds."

The next speaker was another political scientist—Professor Gordon Black, representing the National Petition Committee, a student-faculty group that was organized last month at the University of Rochester and that has been circulating petitions asking Congress to assert its Constitutional powers in matters of war and peace. "We collected seventy-five thousand signatures in Rochester alone," he said. "We've asked everybody who signs to contribute at least fifty cents, and so far we have seventy-five thousand dollars in the bank, even though our largest gift was two hundred and fifty dollars. Outside Rochester, we've picked up a hundred and forty thousand additional signatures and pledges of a hundred thousand dollars. We'll be running an institute at Rochester this summer to train political activists. To date, too much effort has gone into New York and California. We're lining up people in places like Idaho, South Dakota, and Kansas. If we can't turn those areas around, we're certainly not going to turn Congress around." Jeffrey Rudman, a Columbia student representing Action for Peace, which has occupied itself chiefly with circulating petitions for the Hatfield-McGovern Amendment, to cut off funds for military operations in Vietnam at the end of the year, said his group had four hundred thousand signatures as of that moment, and was delighted to be affiliated with the Coalition. "The undergraduate impulse to do one's own thing must be subsumed under some kind of umbrella," he said. Professor Dennis Sullivan, still another political scientist, spoke for the Continuing Presence in Washington—a group that began at his college, Dartmouth. "We're only two weeks old, and we're in sixty-five colleges and universities," he said. "Mostly, we do lobbying in Washington, and our office there is processing student lobbyists at the rate of a hundred and fifty a day. We're also part of another joint effort, which was formed in Washington a couple of days ago, but things have been moving so fast I can't remember its name." The man who more or less coalesced the Coalition, Professor Cyrus Levinthal, a Columbia biologist, said, "We're all doing related but not overlapping things. We hope that by bringing these various groups together we can be more significantly effective. When we first organized the Coalition, four days ago, there was absolutely no bickering or quarrelling about who was going to do what. First time in academic history *that* ever happened."

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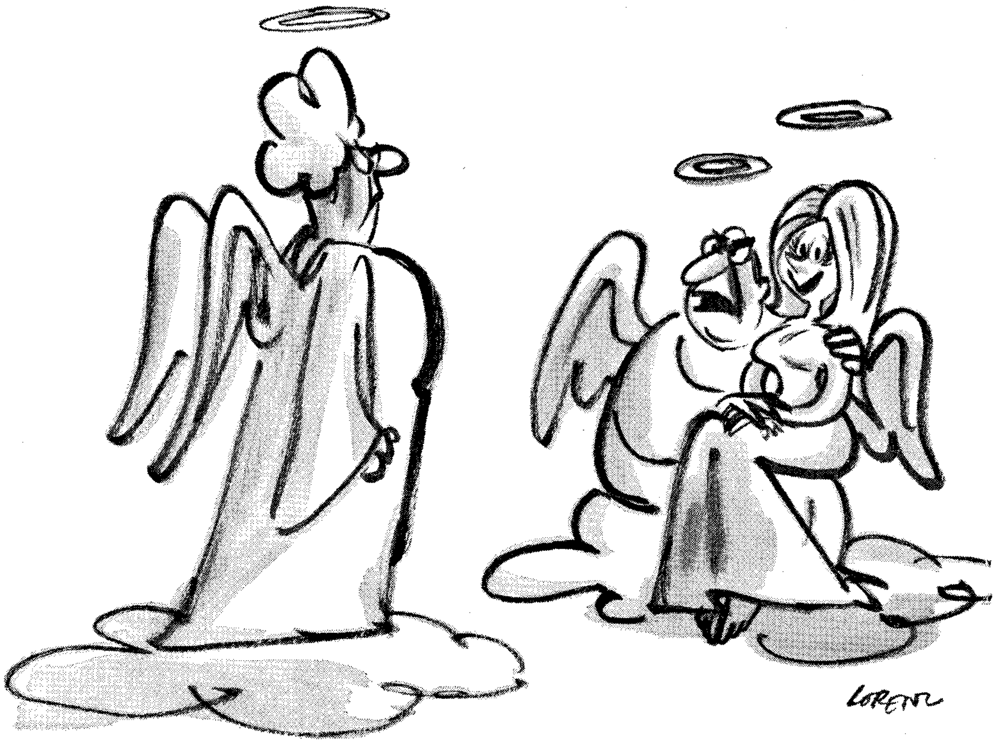


"Buzz off, Louise! That was only till death us did part."

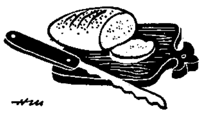
LAWYERS, generally speaking, value precedent. Last Wednesday, more than a thousand of them, mostly from large Wall Street and midtown firms, did something for which there was no precedent. They put aside their usual business and went to Washington to lobby for—in the words of an advertisement they inserted in the *Times* and the *New York Law Journal*—"immediate withdrawal from Cambodia, the earliest possible termination of our involvement in Indo-China, and a return to the rule of law at home and abroad." On the eve of their pilgrimage to the capital, the lawyers met in the large assembly hall at the House of the New York City Bar Association, on West Forty-fourth Street. The hall was full to overflowing. There was an atmosphere of Establishmentarian self-assurance, but also of subdued excitement, and of emotion.

The first speaker was Francis T. P. Plimpton, the president of the Bar Association. "When the President ordered American troops to invade Cambodia, he was acting on his own, in blithe and unilateral disregard of the Congress, which, under the Constitution, has the sole right to declare war and the sole right to raise and support armies," said Mr. Plimpton, a slender man in his late sixties with aristocratic features and an almost palpable air of urbanity. "There is no record in American history of any such Presidential presumption; in every single case of American forces' going into a foreign country where an immediate emergency was not involved, and almost invariably even then, prior or simultaneous approval of congressional leaders has been sought and obtained."

When Mr. Plimpton finished speaking, a group of about ten young men and women rose from their seats, and one of them, a man with a mop of curly hair, read a statement condemning the meeting as hypocritical, inadequate, unresponsive, and irrelevant, and demanding that those present close down their law firms indefinitely and "take steps toward more meaningful action." He identified himself as a member of the Law Workers Collective, and he and his friends gave the clenched-fist salute and left. The audience, which had listened quietly and curiously, turned back to the rostrum.

"I am glad that young man spoke out, because there is a great element of truth in what he had to say," the next speaker began. He was Bernard Botein, the former Presiding Justice of the New York State Supreme Court's Appellate Division in Manhattan, who this week succeeds Mr. Plimpton as president of the Bar Association. Mr. Botein looked at the wall opposite and raised his bushy eyebrows. "Aren't there usually portraits of former presidents of the Bar Association in those panels?" he asked. "They were probably removed because they would turn in their frames. For myself, I have never been so proud of being a member of the New York City bar as I am now."

Senator McGovern spoke, and then Mayor Lindsay. Finally, former Chief Justice Earl Warren entered the room, and everyone stood and joined in an ovation. In his address, Mr. Warren, who looked and sounded robust, said that in his fifty-six years as a lawyer he had closely followed the affairs of the organized bar. "As far as I can recall," he said, "never in those fifty-six years has any large aggregation of lawyers such as this gone to Washington in a body to make its political views known to our elected representatives on a great national issue." Mr. Warren said there were a number of times during his years as Chief Justice—times when serious attempts to cripple the Supreme Court came alarmingly close to success—when he had rather wished lawyers would take such action. “Those were real crises, but fortunately they eventually fell—or, hopefully, are falling—of their own weight. The crisis that brings you together is of much greater magnitude; in fact, there has been no crisis within the memory of living Americans to compare with it. We are torn by frustration, distrust, and rage to an extent unparalleled in my lifetime. . . . The war in Indo-China has brought to fever pitch our crisis, already heightened by racial tensions, crime, poverty, inflation, and pollution of the environment.” Mr. Warren spoke of the Constitutional issues raised by the war, and of the special duty of lawyers to address themselves to those issues. Then he spoke of the young people of the United States. “I admit to a feeling of compassion for the youth of our nation in this crisis,” he said. “They are our only hope for the future; more, they are all we have for the future. They were born, all of them who are under thirty years of age, into a world of violence and warfare. From the time they could first understand and before they could read, they . . . heard several times daily, through the news media, that a given number of Americans were killed that day but that we killed five times as many of the enemy. When they became of draft age, they were uprooted from their homes and torn from their dreams for the future. They have been confronted with violence and death and terrible suffering. Under our national policy in Indo-China, which we do not even dignify by calling it a war, forty thousand of them were killed, three hundred thousand were wounded, and the remainder have had their lives disrupted. If our present situation remains as it is, the younger ones, who are not yet eighteen, have only the same thing to which to look forward. Should we be surprised that they are disenchanted? Should we blame them too much for not being well adjusted to a society that claims to be the most affluent in world history, although a sixth of our people go to bed hungry every night? One need not approve of the excesses of some youths any more than we need approve of the excesses of some of our own generation. We need not point out specifically the excesses of either, because all of us know what they are and are saddened by them. But so long as youth carry the burden of the war while their elders seem in no hurry to end it, and, indeed, seem to profit financially from it, they have a right to complain, and so long as their elders are not responsive to their complaints, we may expect to have a generation gap that widens every day. The way to narrow that gap and eventually close it is for the older generation to commit itself to the movement to restore youth to a life of peace, which every mother has in her mind and heart for her children when they are born. . . . The pilgrimage you will make tomorrow in such numbers should be one of the proudest days of your life, and will, I am sure, be an important step in bringing our children back to us with the knowledge that we do care for our country and for them and their future.”



Dame Margot

THERE are only two prima ballerina assolutas in the world at the moment, and you’d have no difficulty whatever in recognizing one of them—Dame Margot Fonteyn de Arias, the black-haired, brown-eyed perennial star of London’s Royal Ballet, which is now completing a six-week engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House. (The other assoluta is Maya Plisetskaya, of the Bolshoi Ballet.) The title is granted once or twice in a generation, by general consent, to a ballerina who dominates her colleagues through an extraordinary combination of personality and technique and who also possesses a mysterious gift for transmitting powerful emotions to an audience through the stylized movements of classical ballet. Dame Margot, who gave dazzling performances of “Romeo and Juliet,” “Giselle,” and “Swan Lake” last week in celebration of her fifty-first birthday, has been at the head of the class most of her professional life, and has proved to be a more indestructible assoluta than Pavlova. She has created leading roles in scores of new ballets, has outlasted two celebrated partners (Robert Helpmann, now one of the two artistic directors of the Australian Ballet, and Michael Somes, now the assistant director of the Royal Ballet), and is currently dancing better than ever with Rudolf Nureyev, who is slightly more than half her age.

We dropped by the Opera House to meet Dame Margot around noon one day last week, and were told that she was taking her usual *barre* class with the company in a subbasement studio. Peering through a window, we spotted her—a small, serious figure in pink tights running expertly through the traditional warmup routine of *pliés* (knee bends), *battements tendus* (leg extensions), and *développés* (slow unfolding movements of the legs). When the class ended, at one, Dame Margot—a delicately boned, self-contained woman who has a radiant smile and an air of quiet determination—tucked up several strands of hair that had escaped from the bun on her head, gathered up a bag of ballet shoes, and invited us to watch her rehearse privately in a smaller room. “I need to practice my variations and break in several pairs of new shoes,” she explained, in a clear, crisp voice. “And Michael has promised to help me reconstruct a thirty-year-old ballet by Frederick Ashton that we hope to revive for a gala this summer.”

In the smaller room, Dame Margot tied on the first pair of shoes, dipped her heels and toes in a box of resin, and, after a signal to her pianist, began an intricate variation from “Giselle”—a series of fast turns in arabesque position, four *sissonnes* (or leaps) across the room, and a coda of pirouettes that brought her back to the piano. Clutching the edge of the piano, she bounced up and down on her toes with a grimace of disgust. “These shoes are *very* nasty,” she told the pianist. “I’m really not sure if they’re going to be good for anything at all. Shall we go on?”

Half an hour later, after Dame Margot had practiced a number of passages from “Swan Lake,” watching herself critically in the mirror (“I don’t think I’ve ever got through a whole performance and been satisfied with it. There’s always something”), Michael Somes, who now has the appearance of a distinguished, gray-haired executive, walked in, removed the jacket of his business suit, and began the complicated process of reconstructing the old Ashton ballet from memory and from the music. The pianist struck up a perky tune, and Dame Margot and Mr. Somes paced slowly around the center of the room in half-remembered patterns. Then Dame Margot rose on her toes, produced a series of fluttering kicks, and pirouetted toward Mr. Somes, who caught her absentmindedly around the waist. “I think I’ve got another bit, Michael,” she said, whirling rapidly around her partner with a grin. Mr. Somes raised his head and put his arms out, holding an imaginary ballerina. “Yes, that’s exactly right,” said Dame Margot. “There was a lift, but I can’t remember how I got up there.”

As the music picked up speed, Mr. Somes suddenly snapped his fingers and fell into step with his partner. “My God!” he said as Dame Margot landed in his arms for the second time. “It’s been thirty years! And I never danced this, you know—I only watched.”

“I think we can reconstruct enough to show what it was like,” Dame Margot said. “Besides, if we remember it with gaps, we can always put in a few steps.”

“The person who would probably know is Fred,” Mr. Somes remarked gloomily.

“But we can’t ask him,” said Dame Margot, putting both arms over her head and standing alone on one toe for what seemed like an impossibly long time. “After all, it’s being done as a surprise for *him*.”

Wm Hamilton

“Show more rage, Lance! Remember, his pulp mill threatens the ecology of the entire region.”

At the end of the rehearsal, we accompanied Dame Margot to her dressing room and asked her how the present Royal Ballet compared with the company she had joined at fourteen.

“The standard of dancing is immeasurably higher,” she replied quickly. “Any one of the girls in the corps de ballet is probably better than I was when I did my first major role. The company was much smaller—thirty-six dancers instead of a hundred and ten—and the top was so near that we all got pushed up. And, of course, the ballets themselves are much more difficult today. Every time there’s a new production of a classic, somebody feels compelled to add a few extra steps. Usually for the ballerina.”

“What are your favorite roles?” we asked.

Dame Margot smiled into her dressing-room mirror, removed three hairpins, and shook out her waist-length hair. “I tend to like the ballet I’m doing at the moment,” she said. “Juliet is easiest for me, because there is more acting and less dancing. Giselle is the most difficult technically—there’s more jumping and running about. And the Swan Queen is somewhere in between. ‘Swan Lake’ doesn’t have as much dancing as ‘Giselle,’ but what there is is more exacting.”

We asked about her future plans, and she replied that she would be dancing during the summer months in London, Stuttgart, Munich, Milan, Lausanne, and Amsterdam. “I don’t know what I’m going to do or where I’ll be after August,” she went on. “I’m not given to looking very far into the future, really. I’m too busy trying to get the present right. And the next performance rehearsed. You know, I always used to think that thirty-five would be a good age to retire. Well, I missed it. Then I thought maybe I’d retire after I had been dancing for thirty-five years, and I missed that, too. So I’ve stopped thinking about it at all. I can’t understand why people make such a fuss over my age. I never attach any importance to anything except dancing, and I do what I can with that.”

That evening, during an intermission, we stood in the wings at the Metropolitan and watched the public Dame Margot—a slim, incandescent figure in beige chiffon laced with gold—warm up onstage for the third-act bedroom scene of “Romeo and Juliet,” a ballet that she has danced more than fifty times with Mr. Nureyev. As spotlights flickered across the set, she walked delicately back and forth on her toes, testing her shoes for the final time that day. Then she tried several high kicks on *pointe* and, clutching her hip in mock anguish, pretended to limp back to the fourposter bed. Mr. Nureyev, who was hanging onto a bedpost and stretching his legs slowly and elegantly, laughed, and extended a helping hand. Dame Margot shook her head, rose again on her toes, and floated diagonally across the stage in a series of tiny *pas de bourrée*, patting her elaborate ponytail hairdo with both hands to make sure it was firmly in place. Mr. Nureyev bounded away from the bed with the grace of a large and dangerous cat and tried three airborne turns, which Dame Margot watched with wide-eyed approval. A stage manager handed her a green cape and asked gently how she was feeling. “Cheered,” she replied, lifting her chin and giving him her famous three-hundred-watt smile. “It seems to be going well.”

Music suddenly sounded on the other side of the curtain, and Mr. Nureyev, caught upstage, reached the bed in two enormous leaps and collapsed on it with a characteristic breathless whistle. Dame Margot, who had hopped demurely under the covers with plenty of time to spare, giggled like a schoolgirl and poked him in the ribs. Shaking with laughter, Romeo and Juliet exchanged a businesslike handshake and fell back motionless on the pillows as a ripple of applause eddied through the darkened auditorium.

TURTLETAUB AND THE FOUL DISTEMPER

THE facts concerning last winter's mystifying New England airplane accident—referred to variously in the press as the "Vanishing Pilot Case" or the "Pancaked Jetliner Puzzle"—are so fresh in the public mind that I hesitate to reopen the matter, lest I be found guilty of second-hand sensationalism. Yet the truth, or as much of it as perhaps we will ever know, deserves to be set forth, if only because it forms part of a far darker and more tangled tale that certain authorities wish to suppress. Foremost among these is my old friend Inspector Turtletaub, of the Special Assignments Bureau, who first told me the whole story and yet now claims concern for my health and whimpers that "the world is not ready" for the terrible truth. Lies, lies! My health has never been better—ha, ha!—and here, sipping champagne high above the Atlantic as I fly eastward to a new life, I pick up my pen and prepare to set down nothing less than a true history. I defy you, Lionel Turtletaub, to deny a syllable of it!

The details of the accident are easily set forth in précis. On a stormy March afternoon, a regularly scheduled airliner bound for Boston radioed the Logan tower to report a sudden failure of all navigational and directional instruments, as well as an undiagnosed and uncorrectable loss of power. The plane, in short, was lost and on the point of making a forced landing. This was the last radio contact. At 5:07 P.M. (E.S.T.), the inhabitants of Burbage Fens, Mass., a small village near Athol, heard the noise of a plane circling in low-lying clouds directly overhead—a roar that was abruptly silenced as the plane seemed to go into the ground in the environs of the Presumptionist Brothers monastery on a hillside just north of town. Hurrying there, the alarmed villagers were relieved to find the plane not only intact but entirely undamaged. The pilot, it could be seen, had made a brilliant wheels-up landing on the lawn of the monastery, formerly a large private estate. The monks, who had been at table in their refectory, were now trying to pry open the airliner's cabin doors. When they did so, they found the fifty-three passengers, the co-pilot, the engineer, and three stewardesses still strapped in their seats. None, it was quickly determined, had suffered so much as a bump or a scratch, yet all fifty-eight of them were semi-conscious. Moaning and shuddering, sometimes crying out in evident horror, they were quickly removed to a nearby hospital, where they were found to be suffering from shock. Recovery was rapid, and within twenty-four hours all of the survivors were released. To this day, however, not one of them has ventured a word of explanation as to the circumstances of the crash; if pressed by relatives or reporters, they grow pale, tremble uncontrollably, and make piteous attempts to leave the room. The findings of the National Transportation Safety Board have never been released. Nor has any information been given as to the whereabouts of the pilot, Captain Sebastian Moran, or of one of the monks, a novice known as Brother Larry, neither of whom has been seen since the moment of the crash.

There, as far as the public knows, the matter stands—just where it stood that evening six weeks ago when Inspector Turtletaub finished his press briefing and the last reporters, still muttering their complaints and questions, were led from his office. The last, that is, save I. Turtletaub looked up from his desk and saw me still in my accustomed chair.

"Didn't you hear me, Humberstone?" he growled. "That's all. There's the door."

"I heard you, Lionel," I said. I walked over to the door and snapped the lock. Then I threw my pencils and copy paper into the wastebasket. Then I held open my jacket for his inspection. "No visitors, no notes, no tapes," I said. "Now, Lionel, off the record . . ."

He rose and passed his hands nervously over his towering forehead. "I'd like to, Humberstone," he said unhappily. "But this, believe me, is a case like no other. It must remain forever veiled."

"Lionel," I said reproachfully. "This is me, Walt Humberstone—or rather, I. Have I ever violated a confidence?"

"You don't *understand!*" he burst out. "It's you I must protect, along with everybody else. Everyone out there!" He made a sweeping gesture with one hand. "They're not strong enough—*nobody* is strong enough to hear this!"

I smiled. "Remember the Shopworn Torso case?" I said. "Remember the Hoboken Glutton? I helped you with those, Lionel. I'm a tough old newshawk, so leave my feelings out of this. You've been on this case for weeks now, and I can see what it's doing to you. What was it—a new kind of hijack? Nerve gas, maybe? Weathermen? When will you make a collar?"

He shook his head again, threw himself into his chair, and then jumped up and resumed pacing. "No arrests, no arrests," he muttered to himself. "They're gone. Two twisted minds like that, once again loosed on the world . . . Who would believe it?"

"*I'd* believe it, Lionel," I said gently.

"Very well!" he cried, once more flinging himself behind his desk. "But remember—you begged me. Don't blame me later!" He took a bunch of keys from his side pocket, unlocked a drawer in his desk, and drew forth a bulging file.

"You said 'two twisted minds,' " I said. "Do you mean that the pilot and the monk were in it together?"

"Yes, of course," Turtletaub said, ruffling papers.

"But the monk was on the ground."

"Exactly. The co-pilot's evidence was perfectly clear about that. Seventeen passengers on the right-hand side of the plane confirmed his report. As the plane slithered across the lawn on its belly, the monk, later said to be 'Brother Larry,' ran forward from under a tree and seemed to be struck down by the right wing tip. They could all see him lying there as the plane stopped."

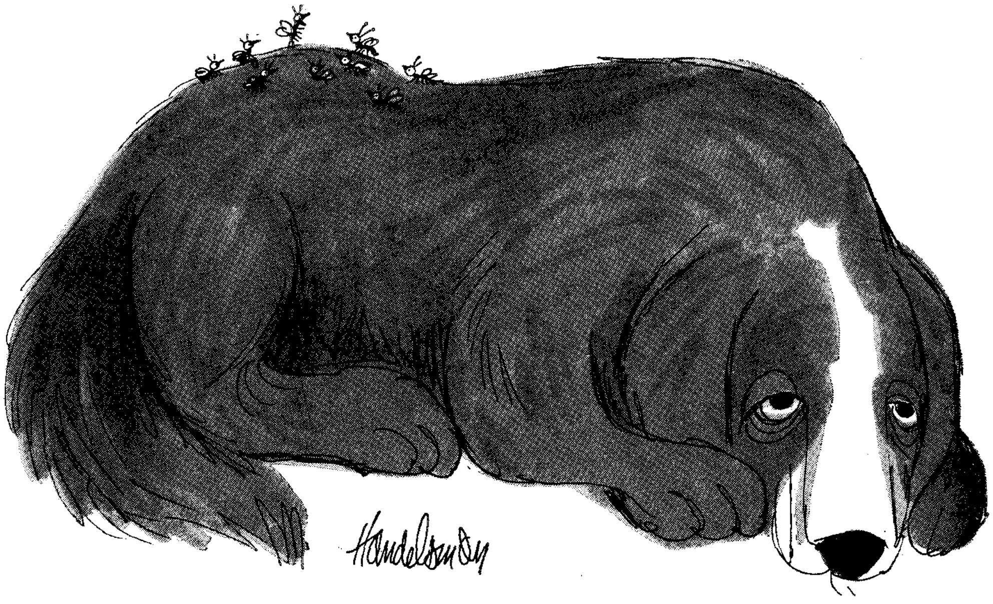
"But that sounds as if the monk was—" I began.

"Was *waiting* for the plane, yes," the Inspector said excitedly. "Was 'in it' with the pilot, yes. Was a joint planner and principal in a plot of truly diabolical premeditation! Was a criminal impostor of monstrous patience and cunning! Was, in short, a match for his partner in evil, the rascally Captain 'Sebastian Moran.' Ah, my friend, the arrogance of that name! The deranged brilliance of it!" He broke off and shook a sheaf of papers in my face. "They are the same pair!" he said fiercely. "The pattern is all too clear. Brother Larry is the North Woods Barrymore and Captain Moran is the Mad Editor. They have struck again!"

"What?" I cried, utterly dumbfounded now. "Who? When? Where?"

Inspector Turtletaub looked at me musingly. "Where shall we begin, Humberstone?" he said. "These are very deep waters."

HE began, a few minutes later, with the Moses Paulding disappearance. I remembered the story—a minor mystery of a decade before. Moses



"We younger fleas demand a bigger say in the running of this dog."

• •

Paulding, a respectable advertising account executive, had vanished after a cocktail party in Darien, where he lived. There had been a fracas of some kind. Paulding had walked out, never to be seen again.

"Moses Paulding," Turtletaub told me, "was suffering from Retardate Wildeanism, which means that he was never able to think of clever remarks until too late, usually the next morning. This is a commonplace ailment—we all have it to some degree—but Paulding's was a bad case. He was known in Darien as something of a dullard, yet at home in bed at night or while shaving the next morning he would suddenly burst out laughing as he thought of some flashing riposte, some edged apothegm, to throw into a conversation already hours or days dead. One day while driving in his car alone, he thought of a bon mot concerning Angela Thirkell, the English novelist, and was so convulsed that he had to pull over to the median strip to compose himself. That evening, he told his wife the joke—she filled me in on all this, much later—and explained to her that he had resolved to remember this one until it was needed. He planted it in his memory, so that he would be able to pluck it forth, casually and elegantly, at the very first mention of Angela Thirkell at somebody's dinner table or poolside party. The trouble was, of course, that Angela Thirkell wasn't exactly the best-known author in Darien. Oh, one may suppose that a few of his neighbors had heard of her or read her, but it wasn't a name that came up every day."

"Still isn't," I said, yawning.

"Very well," Turtletaub said, eying me. "*Bref*, nobody mentioned Angela Thirkell. There was our friend Paulding preparing his one little firecracker before every dinner party and sociable—fondling and polishing it in his pocket, so to speak—and no one would light the fuse. Five years went by, and no Thirkell. She even died in that time, but no one in Darien noticed it or mentioned the fact in front of Paulding. The poor fellow was going mad. He'd almost forgotten, and then, on *der Tag*, he was a guest at a large summer lawn party when suddenly he thought he heard the magic sound of 'Angela Thirkell' drift through the evening air. The voice he'd heard was at the opposite end of a ninety-seven-foot veranda, but Paulding dropped his drink, left the people he was with, and ran over there, shoving through the other guests and upsetting a tray of sandwiches on the way. When he got there, it turned out to be a group of visitors who were total strangers to him—and the name they had dropped, by the way, was Studs Terkel, not Angela Thirkell—but Paulding pushed his way right in among them, and then, still panting but trying to appear offhand and debonair, he said, 'Well, *I've* always thought Angela Thirkell was a thquare.' "

"What!" I said, sitting up in my chair.

"That's what *they* said," said the Inspector. "They made him repeat it, the poor, doomed soul, and this time the whole party, easily sixty or seventy people, was listening, and nobody laughed. Nobody said a word, in fact. And at that instant, we may safely speculate, the mind of Moses Paulding cracked apart, like a dropped finger bowl. He walked slowly down the veranda steps and up the slate path to the driveway, and then turned and faced them. He lifted both his arms, and in a hair-raising, keening voice he cried, 'Revenge shall be miii-nnne!' He left, and no one has seen him—at least, under *that* name—to this day."

"Serves him right," I said, rubbing my burning temples. "But what about the plane? What about—"

Turtletaub held up his hand, consulted another file, poured himself a sip of water from his decanter, and resumed. "Time: seven years ago," he said. "Place: a certain village in northernmost Quebec, well above Chicoutimi. The only inhabitants are trappers and lumberjacks, with the exception of the monks resident in a large local monastery. The only newspaper—"

"*Another* monastery?" I said.

"You've the makings of a detective, my good fellow," said the Inspector. "Yes. And the only newspaper is a modest bilingual weekly called *L'Éclaireur du Muskeg*. Properly modest, because there is normally no news whatsoever in this Godforsaken compound—no arrivals, no departures, few females, few diversions. The only excitement, in fact, is the annual stage presentation performed by the inhabitants of the monastery. This play is a regionally famous institution—or has been ever since its management was put entirely into the hands of a monk named—" He paused and consulted his notes. "Yes. Father Marcel Squegg."

"Funny name," I said.

"No," said Turtletaub grimly. "Not funny in the least. Well, Squegg, we have learned, was a first-class theatrical director and actor, an enthusiastic *metteur en scène* who succeeded in involving every one of his fellow-ecclesiastics in the annual mumming. There was a different presentation each autumn—one year a farce, the next a musical, the next Shakespeare, and so forth. Whatever its nature, Squegg directed, handled the casting and lighting, and played the leading role. He was brilliant, and his foremost supporter and press agent was the local newspaper, which, curiously enough, was also written and edited and printed entirely by one man, a friend of Squegg's."

"The Mad Editor!" I whispered. "And the North Woods Barrymore!"

"Exactly. Thus the editor dubbed

him in the newspaper after Squegg's *succès fou* as Hamlet one year. He gave the monk the entire front page—photographs, headlines, and the better part of the rave notice. Unsurprisingly, such news quickly spread across the province, and soon word—the expected word—came up from the diocese, which permitted Squegg to put into motion the final details of the plan. He was summoned in by the abbot and reminded of the sin of pride. He was ordered to continue as director of forthcoming plays but was enjoined from further stardom. Squegg, of course, consented to abase himself. Well, the next year's item of repertory was a full-scale revival of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and the customary sellout complement of woodsy first-nighters turned out to cheer their local Garrick—only to find his name absent from the bill. Squegg was in the play, in fact, but was not noticed, for he had cast himself as one of the dogs that follow Eliza across the ice in the melodramatic chase scene. He was completely encased in a bloodhound costume and was not recognized when he went sniffing and baying across the stage."

"I hope the play was better than this story," I said irritably. "This is the stupidest—"

"We'll see who's stupid!" Turtletaub snapped. "You are now in precisely the same position as those poor, helpless reubens. The Mad Editor and that fiendish priest have you at their mercy, and you don't even know it." He extracted a faded newspaper clipping from his file. "Here is the story about 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' that appeared in the *Éclaireur* the next morning. Never mind the review—just read the headline."

It was a banner right across the top of the page, and I read it out loud: " 'PÈRE SQUEGG IN HOUND ROLE.' "

Turtletaub stooped and retrieved the clipping, which had fluttered from my fingers. I was at his desk, emptying the decanter over my head.

"The newspaper office was sacked that same morning," he went on. "The townspeople tore the place apart. By that time, of course, Paulding and the priest had long since departed, having made good their departure under cover of darkness. Paulding, we now know, was the editor. They were in it together, right from the start. We don't know where they met, of course, but we do know who Squegg was and how he got that way."

"No!" I spluttered. "*Please*, no. I don't want to hear about it. Nix."

Inexorably, he reached for another file and went on. "Originally, a Father Martin Quist, an unremarkable young priest in a poor Midwest parish," he intoned. "So poor, in fact, that they had to let out some of the rooms in the rectory to boarders, in order to make ends meet. Well, this was well back in the fifties, in the unlamented McCarthy era, and soon ugly stories were afloat to the effect that one of the boarders was a Communist and possibly an atheist. Parish morale declined and suspicions were rife, and one Sunday Father Quist determined to put an end to the matter. He arose in the pulpit after Mass—"

I put my hands up, as if to ward off a blow.

"—and told the congregation that there was nothing in it. The accused boarder, he said, was not a Catholic, but he certainly wasn't a Communist or an atheist. 'In fact,' he told them, holding back a smile, 'I can assure you that we have nothing here but an unconfirmed roomer.' " Turtletaub flicked me a glance. "Maybe I should spell that out for you," he said. "He meant—"

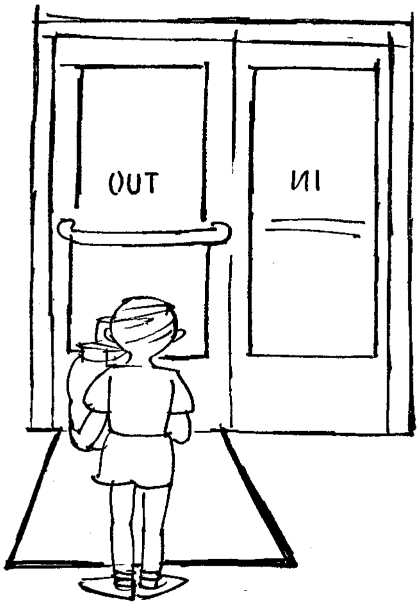
"I *know* what he meant!" I said, gagging. "A man like that— Why, I would have— Excommunication!"

"Not quite," said the Inspector, "but he was out of office and out of the parish by nightfall. Exile and Squeggdom ensued. Before he left town, you see, he, too, made a public vow of revenge. Exactly like Paulding."

"Which brings your story full circle," I said, rising hastily and grabbing for my raincoat. "And a terrible story it's been, too. Well, thanks, Lionel, and—"

"*Sit down!*" Turtletaub thundered. "We haven't even come to the plane crash yet. And you asked for this—remember?"

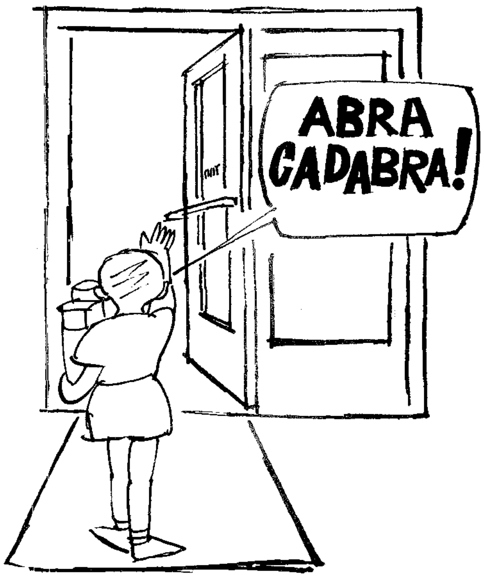
THE next hour dragged by painfully as the Inspector described his own involvement in the case—the urgent request for his services, first from the Canadian Mounties, then by Interpol; the months of careful backtracking and painstaking police work that uncovered the identities of the two lunatics; and the fears, kept very secret, of forensic medical experts that the Paulding-Quist syndrome might prove in some way to be contagious, thus threatening the Western mind with a truly terrifying new madness. These fears, in fact, were deepened by the number of parallel cases that distracted Turtletaub from his manhunt. There were indeed other victims of the foul distemper, and Turtletaub, in his methodical manner, spared me none of the details.



"Now, you take the Lord Tweedy business, back in '65," he said. "That certainly *sounded* like Paulding's work. A shocking tale. A wealthy British tourist had arrived in a little Alpine village one afternoon, where he joined a crowd of local citizens watching a burning chalet. Could he have *lit* that fire? Possibly. We shall never know. As the flames died down, he observed quietly that it was rather early in the season to see Swiss charred. The man hadn't counted on the multilingual capacities of the natives, for by the time I arrived in the Bernese Oberland, two days later, all traces of his corpse had been eradicated. We suspect that he lies at the foot of the Reichenbach Fall. Only a study of his signature in the register at the local inn convinced me that he could not have been Paulding. Can you hear me down there?"

I was lying under his desk, with my head partially concealed in his overturned wastebasket, and I waved one hand feebly to indicate continuing consciousness.

"Similarly," Turtletaub resumed, "the tragic affair of the Black Retainer *could* have been Quist-Squegg's work—or so I believed when I first investigated. The difficulty of playing a Negro butler with sufficient servile aplomb as to take in the entire Culpepper family, as well as all the other plantation hands, is a challenge that would attract a great actor. Surely you remember the case—it led to the overnight revival of sixteen Klan chapters in South Carolina alone. My investigations on the scene, however, proved the unlikelihood of premeditation, and I had to absolve our two loonies of any



involvement. To be sure, the aged retainer knew that his master, Colonel Gaylord Culpepper, was a hopeless alcoholic who regularly did away with fourteen mint juleps before lunchtime, but how could he have anticipated that on that particular day the Colonel, in stumbling search of another bottle of bourbon, would pass out in the pantry, crashing headlong in a welter of comestibles? And how could he have arranged matters so that, in his fall, the Colonel would pull down upon himself a two-pound, economy-size box of Hershey's Instant Cocoa? No, it was pure accident, and the missing butler—who has so far escaped apprehension—was but a chance victim suddenly struck down by this sinister new affliction. His mistress, you see, noting the absence of the family rumhound from the environs of the decanter, rang the bell, and when the courtly servitor had shuffled into the room she said, 'Cudjo, wheah's the Colonel?' How the poor fellow must have trembled as he saw the pit suddenly yawn at his feet! He could not help himself. He bowed and murmured, 'Massa's in de cocoa grounds.' "

I sprang up from under Turtletaub's desk, conking my head on the typewriter table, and flew to the window. "Air!" I gasped, clawing at the latch. "Give me air!"

"Yes, the airplane," Turtletaub continued, closing his eyes and forming a steeple with his fingers. "It's time to sum up. For all my efforts, Paulding-Moran and his evil partner remained undetected right up to the moment last month when their paths, by mad prearrangement, converged. Picture the drama. Paulding, in the pilot's seat, makes certain secret adjustments to the controls to destroy all navigational signals and diminish power. He alerts the passengers to their plight, and the 'lost' plane plummets toward its rendezvous on the hilltop. As the jet slithers across the grass, 'Brother Larry' bursts from hiding, dashes forward, and *pretends* to be struck down by the wing tip. The plane stops, the pilot coolly makes his report to the strapped-down passengers and crew, and, a moment later, he and his accomplice make good their escape, leaving half a hundred helpless victims in a condition of mass psycholepsy. *Finis.*"

" '*Finis*'?" I croaked. "But—but what *happened*?"

Turtletaub looked at me for an instant, puzzled. "Oh," he said at last, "didn't I tell you before? After the plane stopped moving, Paulding turned on the intercom and announced, "Well, folks, out of the flying plan and into the friar.' But, my dear fellow—" And with a troubled face he sprang toward me as I toppled forward gratefully into oblivion.

MY champagne glass is empty; the plane dips toward Paris. My tale is nearly done. No need to recount the long, painful weeks of my illness, the battle for the cloudy fortress of my mind. Suffice it to say that while cleverly feigning coma one morning I overheard the rascally Turtletaub—that devoted "friend!," that defender of public weal!—plotting with a band of white-garbed quacks for my permanent sequestration! "I blame myself," the villain told them again and again. "I should have seen it coming."

What he should have seen coming was my escape, that very evening. What he could *never* have seen coming was my present guise, the nature of my forthcoming career, and—*hee, hee, hee!*—my name. Shall I offer you a peep at my passport? Very well—there! You start back in surprise. It cannot be, you think! Ah, but it is. Pray let me introduce myself—"Lionel Turtletaub," at your disposal.

Lionel Turtletaub, who, by means of certain cleverly dispatched and intercepted cables, will shortly begin tenure as a detective on loan to the Sûreté. There, with full access to criminal files, I shall find my first accomplice. A Chinese, a Malay perhaps—it doesn't matter; he need only be Oriental. Then, within weeks, I select my victim. Already I can see her—a pert Parisian widow, habituated to a certain elegance, perhaps a young vicomtesse. *Pauvre chérie*, she is soon to be troubled by a series of minor robberies. First a ring, then a brooch, then the lavaliere once presented to her by the late vicomte himself. The police are called; a master detective, an American Maigret, comes forward to offer his services. Turtletaub to the rescue! There is another robbery, though, and then another. Madame is disconsolate, but M. L'Inspecteur vows to crack the case. He spends hours at her flat, examining fingerprints. A friendliness, a genuine warmth, seems to deepen between them. He offers certain gallantries; blushing, she dismisses them.

Then, on a warm night, Madame hears a sound, sees a shadow. She sits up in bed and screams! Through the French window springs Turtletaub, *pistolet* in hand. The trap has been sprung. His flashlight darts here, there, then focusses on the closet. A scuffle, an oath, and then out from behind Madame's dresses comes the criminal, hands high in the air. Still keeping him covered, Turtletaub snaps on the bedroom lights. The robber is wearing silk slippers, a long queue, and an angry mandarin scowl. M. L'Inspecteur smiles at his distraught client, who charmingly pulls the coverlet higher toward her chin. Bowing, Turtletaub murmurs, "At last, Madame, I have discovered the Chink in your armoire!"

The no-smoking light is on: Paris. Paulding, *cher maître!* Quist, *mon semblable!* Ye shall be revenged!

—ROGER ANGELL

FROM BEYOGLU

Dear Anne, counting here and now I can discover
ten boats—no, a dozen boats.
In this light or lack of it, in this
unlikely emptiness of air that lets me look
miles up the Bosporus, miles
down the Marmara to Kadiköy,
miles across the Horn to Usküdar, some dozen
boats—lighted, each one, if not
by light revealed—are set like moving
jewels in the water, shiftless, still; or perhaps
it is the sky they're set in,
plying up where further jewels fly
from Yeşilköy to Ankara and all points East;
the last few minutes lost me
the horizon—there is no telling.

When there *was*, before—say, an hour ago, at least—
a door in the minaret
level with our balcony opened
and out stepped a man in shirtsleeves, cupping both hands
round his mouth. Whereat the air
rang with calls to prayer, who could believe
how loud? There are little rings of light bulbs now
just where that muezzin vanished
once he'd bawled the sunset out of sight,
and all the world that is not Turkish—Turquoise!—turns
ultramarine. Every light
is a jewel, like the twelve boats;
even this balcony (to them) another gem—
jewels the kind you love, Anne,
the kind we saw in the Seraglio:

Amber drops labelled "Tears of the latest Phoenix;"
Draconites engendered
in the colorless brain of serpents;
an Amethyst whose liquor, at night, thickens to
Sapphires which will melt the wax
they're sealed with, even by moonlight;
cloudy Emeralds glistening in a glass as though
slaves had licked them into shape:
stones, jewels, lights! only farther off,
these, mocking sea, sky, and the now invisible
promontories. Atmosphere
in Istanbul mimics history—
changing the sky, chaining the sea, leaching out all
local color from the land,
leaving dust and ash: the moon at noon.

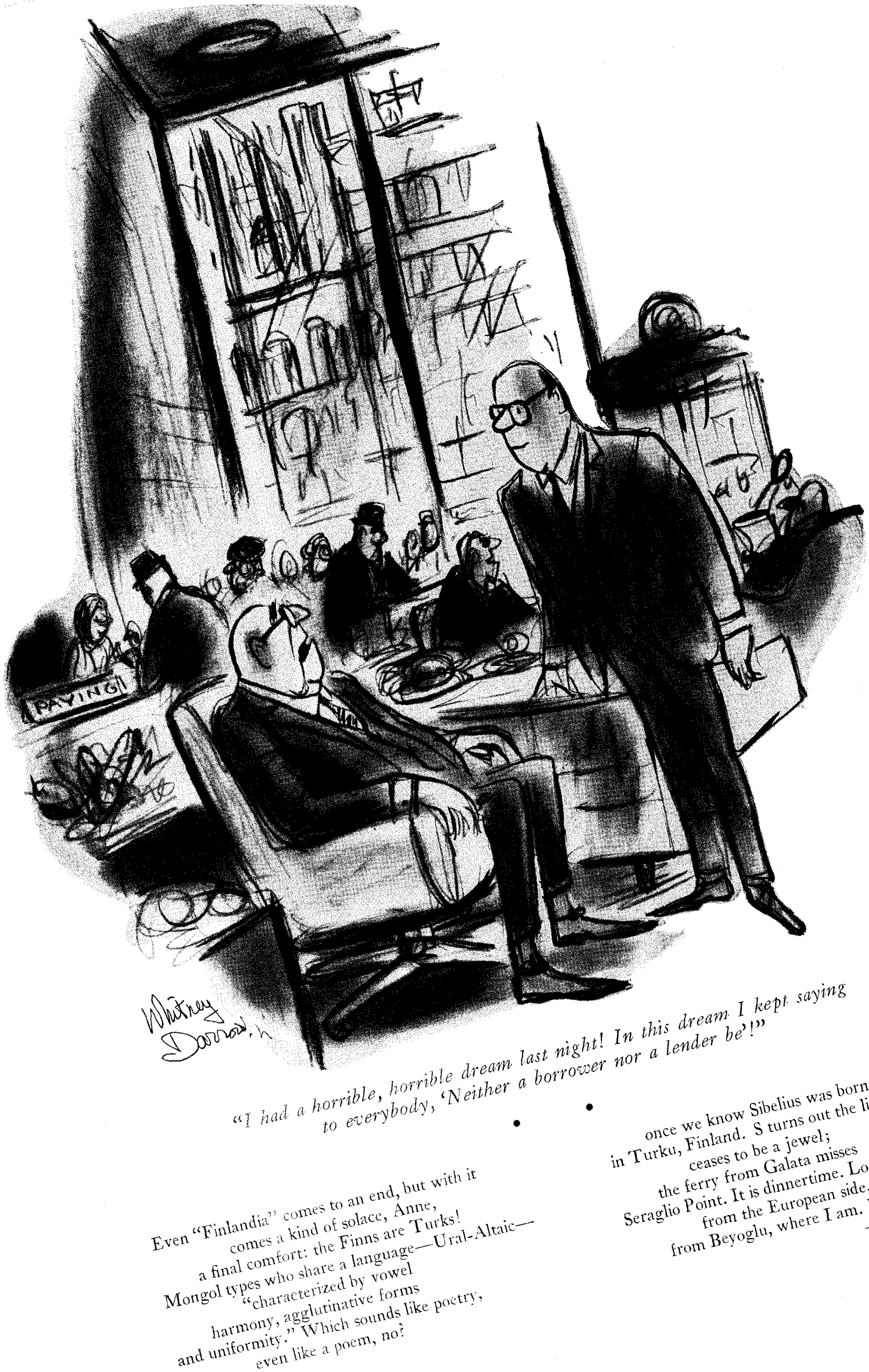
This afternoon, our third, was a disaster here.
Anne, my dear, everything
here is a disaster: closed, under
restoration, bricked up, broken, sadly lacking,
reconstructed, brought down, now
in disuse, utterly gutted, quite
ruined, badly weathered, reinforced, past repair,
toppled, razed, formerly vast,
slashed, scarred, contaminated, stripped,
stolen, sacked, defaced, vandalized, once resplendent,
damaged by earthquake, lost, burnt,
interrupted by the Sultan's death,
unexcavated, filled in, whereabouts unknown—
we returned, without a word,
to the hotel, twilight, and the view.

But at night these ashes glow, this dust kindles; like
the Sultan's topaz, sallow
then suddenly red, the moon turns Greek
fire, catches. While I watch, I *hear* the past appear:
the moment the moon rises,
or the city, on its pyre, sinks back
to Constantinople, then to Byzantium,
S in the room behind me
switches on the radio full blast,
and a music fierce as the muezzin's fills the air—
"Finlandia." Dearest Anne,
do you remember the year we were
vikings? Monday after Monday, Miss Petersen
started off with "The Silver
Songbook," Sibelius, "O Land of lakes

and azure streams a-flowing." Sure, von Karajan
conveys it better, the true
viking from Vienna. But the truth?
The trouble is I can't tell, Anne, can't tell the truth
from travesty: children
shrilling Sibelius in a ring,
supposing the black Finns to be their blond vikings—
we were those children, we sang,
we suffered, we were there. Where were we?
Wasn't it real, is only *this* real—the complacent
"stirring" orchestration here
and now, and the moon, and Istanbul?
Are all those mornings' silver singing gone, when you
and I were Great Lakes vikings?
They come upon me, and I am theirs.

Such music summons me to my own devotions,
imperative as any
howls from the minaret. How to find
a place for the past once it turns on you, and how
to believe the present play
of lights and placid sea? My dozen boats
have left the harbor basin black, till one ferry
edges out from Galata—
from the bridge they break in two at midnight—
and as it trusts itself to darkness my answer comes
(nor is it, you would prompt me
from the songbook, as if we ever
lacked masters in displacement: Vladimir, Marcel!):
There is another world—in
this one; the past is in the present

or nowhere. I find mostly that in Istanbul:
a nowhere city, faint
beyond finding, a site for Baudelaire,
"hospital whorehouse prison purgatory hell"—
until the moon turns it on
with a sound like Sibelius, grace
beyond argument or need granding the vision.
Unsounded, true Istanbul
contains itself in glory, all trash.
"The year we were vikings" is here with the Blue Mosque
a dim splendor depending
on a light, a sound, a memory
given, not gained. *Nothing is left, but nothing leaves:*
that is the Holy Wisdom
masquerading in Turkish Delight.



"I had a horrible, horrible dream last night! In this dream I kept saying to everybody, 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be'!"

• •

Even "Finlandia" comes to an end, but with it
comes a kind of solace, Anne,
a final comfort: the Finns are Turks!
Mongol types who share a language—Ural-Altaic—
"characterized by vowel
harmony, agglutinative forms
and uniformity." Which sounds like poetry,
even like a poem, no?
once we know Sibelius was born
in Turku, Finland. S turns out the light, our room
ceases to be a jewel;
the ferry from Galata misses
Seraglio Point. It is dinnertime. Love, Anne dear,
from the European side,
from Beyoglu, where I am. Richard.

—Richard Howard

MOTHER'S DAY

ALBAN, my husband, and I had come down to spend the Mother's Day weekend with my widowed mother on her ranch south of Los Angeles. We found her too concerned over my Aunt El-Dora, however, to participate very wholeheartedly in any celebration in honor of her day. What my Aunt El-Dora was doing was neither illegal nor, as far as I could see, immoral. Still, it didn't sit well with Mother.

"Where is her pride?" she asked me.

I didn't know. And I didn't feel responsible in the way Mother did. Although I'm only five years younger than Aunt El-Dora, the pride of the aunt is not the concern of the niece.

Mother and I were in the dining room of the house that has been my mother's home since the death of her father-in-law. The afternoon was warm and we sat resting, cooling our arms on the dark walnut of the big pseudo-Spanish table, Mother at one end, I at the other. We had paused, for a minute or two, we thought, in the dining room after washing the lunch dishes, on our way to more comfortable chairs in the living room, but after the custom of women we had lingered there. In the living room, the electric clock with the cathedral chimes sounded half past something.

Mother looked at her wristwatch. "Half past three," she said. "It's getting late." But neither of us moved.

Behind Mother were the French doors that open onto what is called in southern California an "outdoor living room"—really, a greenhouse made of laths, and covered in this case with an enormous wisteria vine. Through the doors I could see Alban stretched full length in the canopied glider, reading the *Post* about Botts, the Earthworm Tractor fellow, and keeping time to the glider's creak with his stockinged toes. The *Post*, as he leafed through it, rustled gently, echoing the clatter of the palms along the driveway. Mockingbirds sang from habit. Their hearts were not in it. Only at dusk do they really lift their voices. The air was heavy with the scent of the wisteria vine, which was in full bloom, and of the Valencia groves, which were in bloom, too, and added their fragrance to that of the wisteria. Strong though they were, heavy and musky and sweet, these scents did not enter Mother's thickly curtained, heavily carpeted room very freely. Mother wants to be indoors or out; she likes definite boundaries. That's one reason she was troubled about El-Dora. The boundaries about El-Dora seemed wavering and uncertain.

"Right here in the shadow of the church, too," she lamented.

"It would have to be a pretty long shadow," I told her. "El-Dora being a mile and a half down the road from the church." I meant it for a joke; my intention was to lighten the talk.

"You know what I mean," Mother said, unsmiling.

I did indeed. The churches of the Temple Brethren cast longer, darker shadows than those of any other denomination. I know. I, too, am a Temple Brother, like Mother, like El-Dora. Or at least as El-Dora *was*.

Outside, the creak of the glider had ceased.

"Why don't you take Alban a glass of lemonade?" Mother asked.

Mother is always alert to find ways in which I can please Alban. She was happy when Alban came courting. I think she was afraid I might be an old maid. I know she didn't think me very attractive as a girl. It hurt me then, but I understand it better now. She didn't like her own looks and I was her spit and image. If you don't like your own looks, it is irritating, I suppose, to see them popping out at you on unexpected occasions and from unexpected angles. Mirrors you can avoid, but a young daughter has to be with you at least part of the time. Who made Mother think she was unattractive? Not my father. Father and Mother never came home from any place, church or party, that he didn't say, "Ethel, you were far and away the best-looking woman there." He would stand off, cocking his head as if to truly assess her, then repeat after this deliberate scanning, "Far and away. Far and away."

And it was the truth. He wasn't simply reassuring her, or flattering her. What she thinks now of the face we have in common I don't know. Someday I'm going to ask her. I looked at her against the light of the French windows: head, with its puff of gunmetal hair, not gray but ash blond darkened, held to one side as she listened for the sound of the glider to announce that Alban was once more at ease. Her pink lips were full and pleasant over her teeth, which have a slight outward slant; her eyes, big and shining, are sea blue and flecked, as that blue always is, with green. And all of her, from the gunmetal hair to the finger mangled in a corn chopper when she was a girl, alive and shining in spite of her sixty years. I don't know how the Temple Brethren ever caught her. They didn't, of course. She was born one, just as I was.

Anyway, that's my face, too, minus twenty-five years. And while I admit, as I read recently, that no woman with a long upper lip can be *pretty*, still we're not as plain as Mother thinks. But the habit, early formed, of com-

Donald Reilly

"If you say one word, I'm leaving."

• •

pensating to Alban for my lack of beauty still persists. I got the pitcher of lemonade from the refrigerator, poured a glass, and took it to him.

The lath house under its canopy of blossoming wisteria was a big purple cave. So beautiful! I felt loving toward the whole human race simply to think that it was capable of developing a vine like the wisteria and of training it over a support like a lath house so that for a week or two in spring there would exist a room lined with amethysts and scented like honey. The light was lavender-colored. Bees seemed to be hanging in the air. And over all the dry, homesick rustle of palms along the driveway.

"It's like being in a big, sweet purple cave," I told Alban.

He was deep in his story and didn't hear me. He drained the glass, put it down, and said, "Your mother's never happy unless she's feeding someone, is she?"

"I wouldn't say never."

He shook the seeds in the bottom of the glass. "Got any more?"

"Lots more," I said, and fetched the pitcher.

"I knew he'd like it," my mother told me as I went out with it.

When I had reseated myself at my end of the table, she began to speak again of Aunt El-Dora. "Go down to see her, Merlin. You're of El-Dora's generation. She'll listen to you."

El-Dora . . . Merlin . . . Those names tell you something—a good deal, perhaps—about the women of my generation. We are the El-Doras, Merlins, La Fays, Valoes, Vernices, Lu Renes. And we are the daughters of the Ethels, the Rachels, the Hannahs, the Graces. They made their gestures of protest in naming us. Gave us the burden of their unrealized dreams.

El-Dora's mother, Rachel, was my grandfather's sister. Great-Aunt Rachel had had seven children before moving at the age of forty-five to southern California. The youngest of that pre-California group was ten. No one, probably not Aunt Rachel herself, had expected any more. Then, in three years, three more: Royal, Carmencita, and El-Dora. Thus an aunt so near my own age.

"What do you want me to say, Mother?"

"Her pride . . ." Mother began again.

"After all," I reminded Mother, "he *is* her husband. It's her legal and moral—"

"Legal, perhaps," my mother interrupted me, "but not moral."

There was no use arguing. Instead, I listened to the *tu-rooing* of the doves that had once belonged to my grandfather but that on his death had been freed and now lived, such as had escaped boys and hawks and cats, in the eucalyptus trees at the back of the grove. Mother listened, too, and in remembering Grandfather thought, I suppose, of his sister, El-Dora's mother.

"I'm glad Aunt Rachel isn't here to see El-Dora now."

"Would she make El-Dora punish her, I wonder, the way she used to?"

My mother put her hand to her eyes as if to shut out an unpleasant sight. "I never liked that. I'm sure it was wrong."

"The first time I saw it was at the mock wedding."

"Mock wedding? I don't remember any mock wedding."

"Remember" is always a magic word, but especially when mother and daughter use it. Years ago they saw the same thing—or, rather, the same event happened before their eyes—and now, twenty years later, they discover that each saw something entirely different from the other. The mother tells her story; the daughter tells. What each saw is unbelievable. What each missed is unbelievable. Put the two stories together, and there, perhaps, is the real event. But who can say what the real event is?

Mother remembered the mock wedding after I had described it. But she hadn't been there; she had only heard about it. It happened while Caprice—Caprice is my younger sister—and I were visiting Grandfather Webster in this very house. One afternoon, we walked down the oiled road between the orange groves to play with Aunt Rachel's children.

"Do you remember," I asked my mother, "that we used to have the second story of Aunt Rachel's tank house for a playhouse?"

My mother nodded. "I do remember. El-Dora is living there now."

"Living there? How can she?"

"She's renting the front house. And the tank house has been fixed up. The pump and tank were taken out years ago. It's really very attractive. The only place hereabouts where you can see over the groves now they've grown so high."

Usually, because of the engine for the pump and the smell of whatever it was they burned in it—distillate or kerosene—we played ship in the tank house when I was a child. Crew below with the pump and engine, passengers upstairs. But that day El-Dora told us the minute we arrived that we were going to play bride and groom.

"The trouble was," I told Mother, "there wasn't a suitable groom."

"There still isn't," my mother said, her face in a twinkle grown flinty and condemning.

"Oh, Mother!" I exclaimed. I hated to see her like this, and in a flash her face had changed once more. Back was the pink-mouthed, loving mother, and I longed to make amends for my unfair thoughts of a minute before. Happy to have her back and loving, I said, my voice soft with the pleasant thing I had remembered, "I remember I wore that natural-linen dress you had embroidered so beautifully for me."

"Oh, pshaw," Mother said.

"I remember how proud I was of it, starting out for El-Dora's that afternoon."

Mother was beginning to remember, too. "I can see you and Caprice starting out for Aunt Rachel's that afternoon. I can see you both now, plain as day, and I remember thinking Caprice looked awfully wispy and washed out beside you."

"Oh, Mother!" I said. A quarter of a century and still pleased by that. And not a word of truth in it. Caprice is and was a real beauty, about as wispy and washed out as a cherry tree in full bloom. But I loved remembering that dress. I had felt good in it. I was a chubby girl, and the skirt had been full enough for me to move comfortably. And it had smelled good, that linen fabric, like freshly mowed lawns or newly baled hay.

"Mother, has linen changed in the way it smells?"

"I think it has. I think it's something they do to pre-shrink it—or make it wrinkle-resistant."

"I used to think that dress smelled like Ireland."

"Perhaps it did, dear."

I was remembering more and more: the roses with which El-Dora had decorated the playroom—Gold of Ophir, opal-colored and cinnamon-sweet. She had made a wedding veil of a lace curtain, and a wedding dress from one of Aunt Rachel's white nightgowns. There was a wedding bouquet of nasturtiums made spray-style, and even a big bowl of pink champagne.

"Champagne!" Mother exclaimed when I told her this. "Why, that's impossible."

I had thought of it as champagne for so long that I had almost forgotten it *was* impossible. It was actually lemonade colored with beet juice and frothed with bicarbonate of soda. I don't know why it didn't make us sick. What it did was make us drunk—beautifully, beautifully drunk, at first; then fighting drunk later on.

"We got drunk as lords on it."

"Drunk as lords! Why, Merlin!"

"Except for that, there would never have been a fight."

We were drunk on pink lemonade, and from drunkenness we went easily to blows. El-Dora had tried to make me be the groom. It was ridiculous to have a bride twice as big as the groom, I thought, but El-Dora was set on being a bride. She had an old suit of Royal's for me to wear, with a fancy vest and a boutonnière, and though I wanted to be the bride myself, to please El-Dora I began to put on the groom's suit. But it was too tight for me. I wasn't built for boy's clothes. It hurt me, and I could see how silly I looked in it.

"I'm not going to be any old groom," I told El-Dora.

"Oh, yes, you are," she said, and began rebuttoning the button I was unbuttoning.

"I won't!" I yelled.

"You will!" she yelled, pushing me back into the suit I was tearing myself out of. The end of that was blows, of course. El-Dora slapped me and I cried. Bellowed, I suppose. Anyway, Aunt Rachel heard and came running.

When she was told what had happened, she said, "El-Dora, you have done wrong. You have made me suffer. Now I want you to show all your friends just how you make your mother suffer when you do wrong." So she forced El-Dora to hit her over and over again.

My mother groaned when I told her this. Then, after a few minutes' silence, she asked in a voice I could scarcely hear, "Did she have El-Dora use a switch—or something?"

"No. Her hand."

"Where?" Mother whispered.

"The face."

"Slapping?"

"Yes. El-Dora had slapped me, you know."

Mother rubbed her hands over her own face. After a while, she said, "How could Aunt Rachel *make* a big fifteen-year-old girl do that . . . if she didn't want to? I couldn't have forced you—under any circumstances—to do such a thing, could I?"

"I don't know. If you had trained me to do that since I was little—perhaps."

"But at fifteen . . . couldn't El-Dora have revolted?"

"Maybe at fifteen she didn't want to?"

"You mean she enjoyed hitting her own mother?"

"She hit her pretty hard."

This was such a terrible thought to my mother she propped her elbows on the table and rested her face in her hands, as if something had given way inside her. So we sat in silence for some time, she with her face in her hands, I looking beyond her to where Alban lay in the glider. Whether it was our silence or the fact that he had finished both his story and the lemonade I don't know. Anyway, Alban came in then, carrying the empty pitcher. He put it on the table, looked at me, looked at Mother, then said, "Something bothering you ladies on this fine afternoon?"

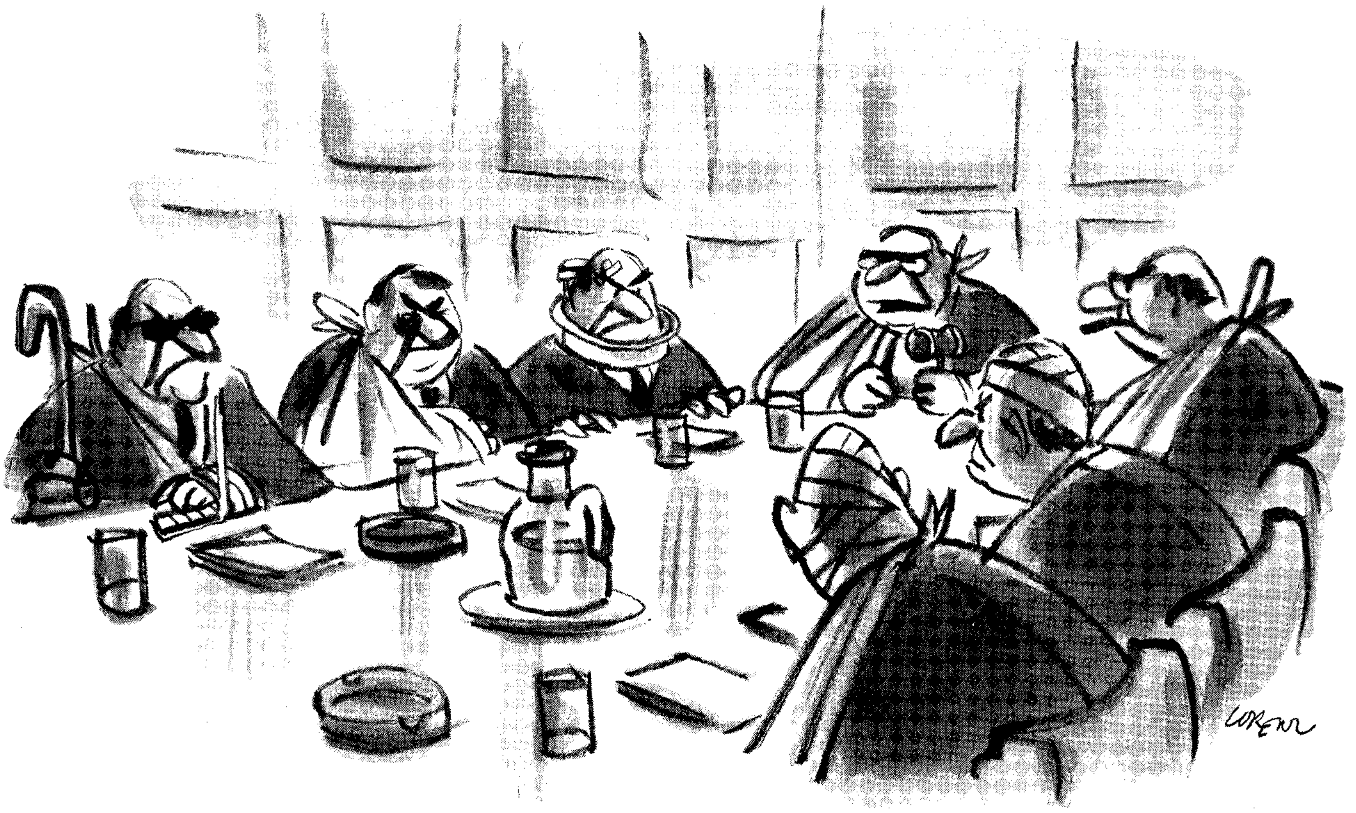
"We were talking about Aunt El-Dora."

Alban pulled out a chair and sat down. "She in trouble again?"

"Mother thinks so."

"Well, my conscience is clear. I tried to keep her on the straight and narrow the one chance I had."

Mother lifted her face from her hands. "When was this, Alban?"



"It's been moved and seconded that we waive the minutes of the last meeting."

• •

"I told you about it at the time, Mother," I said.

But *Alban* had never told her about it.

"When El-Dora decided to leave her first husband—what was his name?" Alban asked.

"Vergil," Mother supplied.

"When she decided to leave Vergil, she came to see me at my office. They were living up north then, and El-Dora offered to sell me a lot of her personal belongings, cheap. She wanted to raise some quick money."

"Did you buy them?" Mother asked, out of courtesy, for now that she had been reminded she surely remembered my telling her of El-Dora's call on Alban.

"Not I. In the first place, they were not things we had any use for. In the second place, I wasn't going to have any part in encouraging her to leave a respectable hard-working man like Vergil to take up with an unknown quantity like that tramp printer. And how right I was."

Mother nodded. "I know. El-Dora came home after that broke up. She used to come down here and cry on my shoulder, until she found Walt."

"Well, what's wrong now? Does she want to divorce Walt now?"

"Oh, no. The shoe's on the other foot . . . now."

"Walt wants to divorce her?"

"No, I mean the shoe's on the other foot because she *ought* to want to divorce him. Or at least she ought not to want to live with him. She *couldn't* live with him if she had any pride."

Alban pursed his lips and cocked his head. "Walt stepping out on her?"

"Worse than that, much worse."

I could see Alban wondering what Mother would consider worse than that. He started to say something, then changed his mind and waited for Mother to explain.

"Walt's living with another woman."

"You mean he's left El-Dora?"

"He's left her for five days of the week. He lives with this woman down at Indio, where his job is, five days of the week. Then he comes up here on Friday nights and lives with El-Dora."

"Maybe she doesn't know anything about it," Alban said. "The wife's always the last one to know anything about it, they say."

"She knows about it, all right."

"Well, maybe she likes it," Alban suggested. "Maybe two days of Walt is enough."

"She does not like it," Mother said with dignity. "She is eating her heart out. She begins crying the minute he leaves her Sunday evening and she doesn't stop crying until Thursday, when she starts planning for his return. It's disgusting. But she won't listen to a word of criticism of Walt. She says she loves him and he's her husband and if she can't be with him seven days a week then she is happy to be with him two days a week. Is it legal to live that way, Alban? You know something about the law."

"El-Dora certainly isn't doing anything illegal. Walt's her husband and she's got every legal right to live with him when she can."

"But that woman in Indio? Isn't El-Dora helping her break the law? Isn't that collusion or something?"

Alban smiled. "I don't think you could prove very easily that living with your husband is encouraging him to take up with another woman. It could work out that way, of course, but legally you wouldn't have much of a case."

"Anyway, it's immoral," Mother repeated. "Oh, something has just broken in El-Dora. Something has just given way. She's too soft. If she'd put her foot down and tell Walt he either had to stay home or get out, he'd stay home. But she won't do it. 'Walt has to do whatever he wants to,' she says. 'Joie's a lot younger than I am. I can't blame Walt for being attracted to her.' "

"Joie this Indio dame?" Alban asked.

Mother nodded. " 'Joie's got a beautiful voice,' El-Dora says, 'and Walt's always loved music.' Where's her spunk? Why doesn't she have some faith in herself?"

"El-Dora's a good-looking woman," Alban admitted.

"Well, why doesn't she stand up for her rights, then?"

"Oh, Mother, there aren't any rights in love."

My mother turned on me impatiently. "I know your views, Merlin. Just now I'm talking to Alban. She ought to say to Walt, 'Leave that woman or leave me!' Oughtn't she, Alban?"

"She's afraid he might do it, Mother."

Mother threw her hands in the air. "Oh, I give up. In your own way, Merlin, you're as bad as El-Dora. But I do think you ought to go down and call on her anyway. Even if you won't back me up."

Alban said, "No reason why we can't do that, is there, Merlin?"

"Thank God, Alban," Mother exclaimed, "that in you we have a man who has never given us a moment's worry."

Alban made some slight sound—laugh, snort, sigh. I couldn't say which. Then he repeated his invitation. "It's a nice hour for a walk. Let's go down to see El-Dora, Merlin."

Mother decided it. She got up from the table. "Good," she said. "Bring El-Dora back with you. Sunday evening's the mournful time for her. I'll fry a chicken for supper—we'll stir up a little merriment."

"This is your day, Mother Webster," Alban said. "You're supposed to be taking it easy, not cooking up meals for love-sick relatives."

"A mother is never more happy than when looking after the welfare of her brood," Mother said.

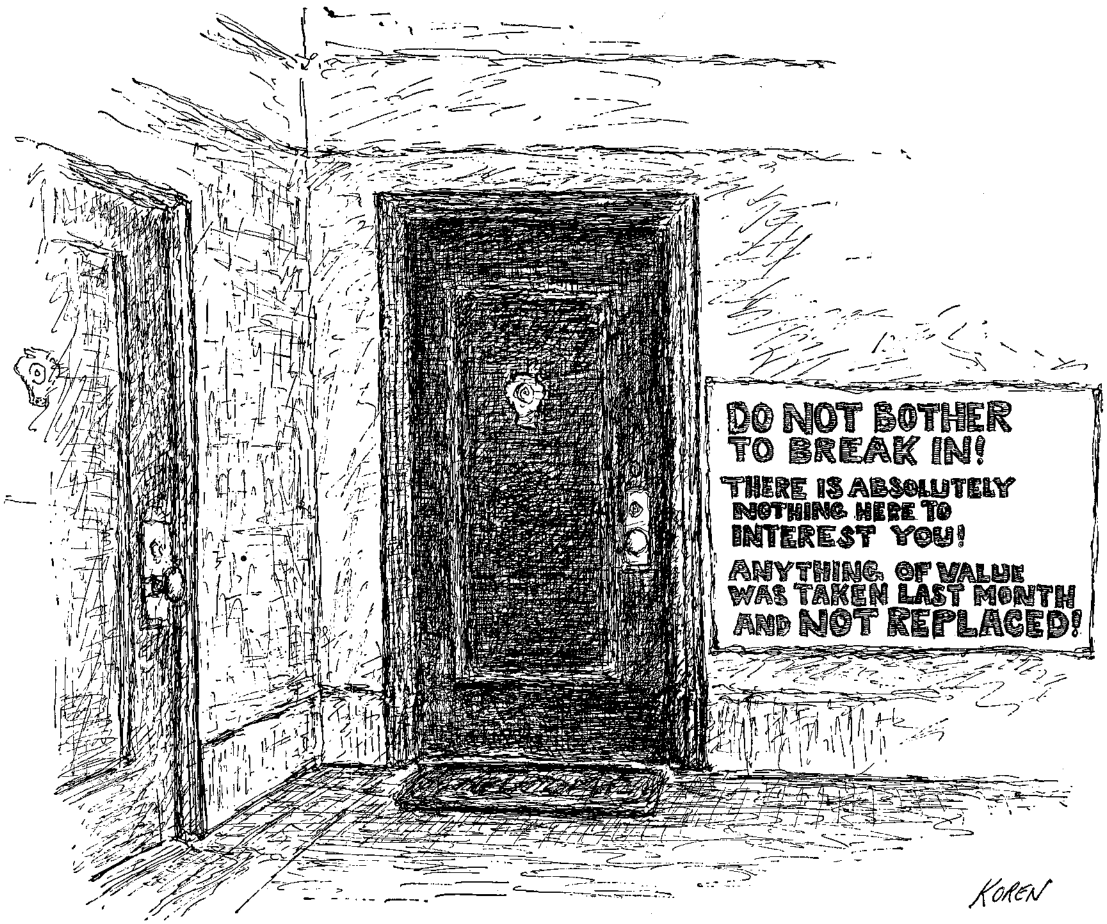
This was unusually unctuous talk for Mother, though a kind she often falls into with Alban. As if embarrassed by it, she hurried at once to the kitchen and was already bustling about with supper preparations when Alban and I started out for El-Dora's.

THE evening couldn't have been prettier. There was just enough duskiness to soften all outlines: orange trees were big green tents and the verbena that covered the ground between the road and the groves was a Persian carpet. It was a road I'd known all my life—the very one I'd walked down to attend the mock wedding. Then, of course, time had been forever and I hadn't bothered to look at things like trees and flowers. Now time was half used up for me and I knew it and I took in what I could while I could. And it was all so beautiful. I wanted Alban and me to do something about it together. What, I don't know, since Alban certainly wasn't going to talk about it, and would only listen grudgingly if I began to speak about what he called "Merlin's beauties of nature."

But a man and a woman shouldn't walk separated through such things, should they? Walk down a road at evening not touching? I wanted to put my hand out to Alban. Take hold of him, touch him, tell him.

I don't suppose it can be a fact that Alban has sharper elbows, knees, Adam's apple, fingertips, and so on, than other men. That there is something harsh, dry, twiglike, and painful about all these projections, members of the body, whatever is the proper name for them. It cannot be, in fact, true, yet the truth is I've often been hurt by them, and my impression on reaching out to Alban is of running into some kind of thorny growth. But the evening's beauty was too much to endure alone, so I put my arm through his. Though I didn't risk saying anything. Just lifted my head in a motion that included and commented.

So thus thornily linked and without a word we walked down the road to Aunt Rachel's house, and past it, down the driveway to the tank house where El-Dora now lived. The tank house stood in the center of a half-dozen pepper trees, and its big shingled tower rose through and above the lacy fronds of the pepper trees like a lighthouse tower above waves. Lights were already on, and the top section of the Dutch door was open to let in the evening's sweetness and coolness. And Walt was still there. At the far side of the room, he sat in a rocking chair, reading. El-Dora was a foot or two from him, stirring something on the stove. Between stirs, she would come over, lean against Walt's shoulder, and read with him. Once, she brought a spoonful of whatever she was cooking for him to taste. Once, he laughed, then read aloud to her the passage that had made him laugh. When she went back to the stove, she held on to his hand and he let his arm stretch full length so the link wouldn't


DO NOT BOTHER TO BREAK IN!
THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING HERE TO INTEREST YOU!
ANYTHING OF VALUE WAS TAKEN LAST MONTH AND NOT REPLACED!
KOREN

be broken. Both were smiling. I don't mean a grin; their expressions hadn't much to do with their mouths being open or their teeth showing. But what lies behind a smile the feeling that curves the mouth and bares the teeth, that look was on—or perhaps the word is behind—their faces.

Alban and I stood staring through the screen of pepper-tree branches like any Peeping Toms, convinced that this was no time to come calling but unable or unwilling to tear ourselves away from what we saw. I can't speak for what Alban thought. What I thought was, So this is marriage. I'd been *in* it for sixteen years, but I'd never seen it before; never seen before "the matrimonial state" as apart from two married people together, which is just a quantity, not a quality.

But the surface we were looking at wasn't all. The moment of parting was near, when the clasping hand would unclasp and Walt would go back to Joie and her sweet songs. The touching was real for itself, but for El-Dora, anyway, there was desperation in it. She hovered, she touched, fed, listened, in agony. I could feel it. Her heart was breaking. And *your* heart, I reminded myself, is not breaking. It was some consolation.

Alban brought me to my senses. He touched my arm with his sharp-ended fingers, and we went tiptoeing out of that yard like people leaving a church service. Once onto the road, we walked along silently. I didn't try to take Alban's arm again. My thoughts were given over to El-Dora's situation, with losing Walt, and I didn't hear Alban when he spoke.

"What did you say?" I asked.

Alban replied in a harsh voice. "What I said was 'All that and Joie, too.' "

I was startled. I had thought only of El-Dora's misery and I had taken for granted that that was what Alban had been thinking of. The fact that Alban had not been concerned about El-Dora at all, had just thought how well off Walt was, stopped me in my tracks.

Alban stopped also and faced me. "Why did you do it?" he asked.

I didn't know what he was talking about.

"Why were you and your mother so set on catching me? Two big, good-looking women closing in on one poor puny nineteen-year-old. Why did you do it?"

I said, "I was only nineteen, too." But I thought, Good-looking? Why hadn't Alban given me an inkling *then*? Why had he waited till now to tell me it had all been so unnecessary? But sixteen years of keeping silent about what I felt didn't permit any outburst now.

"I didn't intend to close in on you, Alban."

"I know it. I scarcely figured in the plan."

We stood facing each other under the darkening sky. Alban reached out a hand to me, patted me two or three times—very gently, for Alban. "Forget it, Merlin. It was a long time ago."

We walked home, serenaded by the mockingbirds, which are night singers, as I've said.

Mother had decked the table as if for a party. In the center was an angel-food cake decorated with sweet peas. Candles in Mother's best cut-glass holders were already lit. The room was filled with the smell of frying chicken.

Mother's face fell when she came out of the kitchen and saw that we were alone. "Where's El-Dora?"

When I told her that Walt was still there and that we hadn't wanted to disturb them, she was silent for a while, then said, "I blame El-Dora's mother for all this. I place the blame squarely on Aunt Rachel for the unnatural life her daughter is leading. She broke the girl's spirit."

She stopped abruptly. It is one of Mother's rules not to bore Alban with troubles—hers or mine. She hurried into the kitchen and came back at once with some pretty, fruity drink—nonalcoholic, of course.

"Alban," she cried, "I've made something better for you than you had this afternoon."

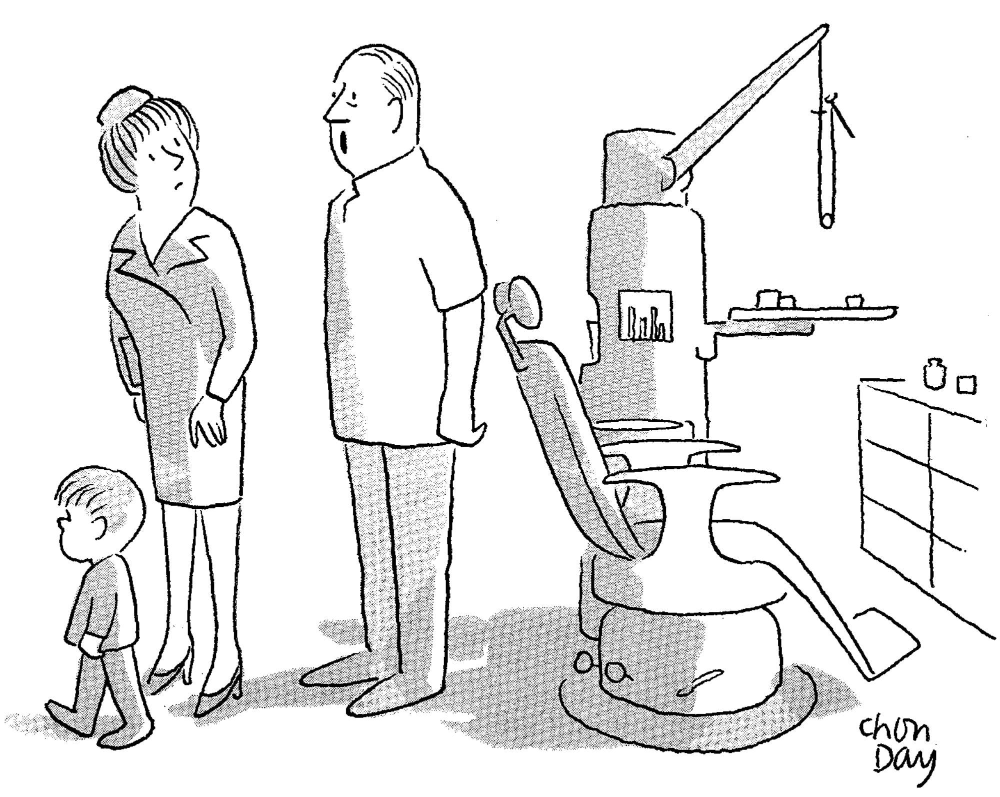
"It will have to be good, then," Alban answered very politely, taking a glass.

When each had his glass, Mother said, "Let's drink to Alban."

But Alban wouldn't have it that way. "This is your day, Mother Webster, not mine. Let's drink to Mother's Day."

Mother, who knew nothing about the etiquette of toasts, drained her glass with us. As we put our empty glasses back on the tray, the palms were clattering again with what I suppose is their true sound—a sound of the desert, of dryness and loneliness and vast, infertile wastes of sand. But here amidst our irrigated groves and in our stucco bungalows we have long since learned to associate that sound with home.

—JESSAMYN WEST



"He's not to bite anyone for twenty-four hours."

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A Texaco increase in wholesale gasoline prices last year touched off increases of varying amounts by other companies, an industry source noted.

A Richfield spokesman said a general increase was "just a matter of time, competition being what it is."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Or what it isn't.

PROFILES

ORCHESTRA

THE symphony orchestra is the most complex musical instrument in existence. A perfectly coördinated orchestra is the supreme achievement of teamwork; it is an integrated organism that breathes, feels, acts, and reacts like one human being. Orchestra players may differ in their intellectual outlook on the music and their emotional approach to it, just as they may disagree with one another about personal, political, and social matters. They may even envy or hate one another. Not all of them are on the same level musically or technically. Some are idealistic and think first of music; others think primarily of the steady income. But when they sit down to play music together, they become a single heart, a single soul, and a triumph of civilization—an orchestra.

A great orchestra depends on the excellence of its individual members, the matching of qualities within each section, the interrelationship of the sections, and a spirit of professional pride and relentless self-criticism in the players themselves. No orchestra can be better than the sum of its individual players. Today, instrumental skill is taken for granted in the members of any distinguished ensemble, and no important symphony orchestra hires a musician who isn't an accomplished master of his instrument. The technical standards are very high, and many orchestra players could become well known as soloists if they had the right personality, the tenacity, or perhaps a little luck. Technically, there is no longer an abyss between a famous violinist performing as a soloist with a great orchestra and the orchestra's best violinists. Moreover, a symphony that might have been regarded as technically difficult in the days of Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann is now said to "play itself."

A hundred virtuoso musicians—give or take five or six—don't always make a great orchestra, of course. The old N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, for example, often seemed to be a collection of fine instrumentalists rather than a perfectly integrated ensemble. The ideal orchestra musician is a good deal like the ideal chamber-music player—a musician capable of playing as a soloist yet always ready to submerge his own personality sensitively in the ensemble. He must be able to listen constantly both to himself and to all the other players. Four gifted and hard-working string players may transform themselves from four individuals into a quartet, and do it within a few years, but a hundred gifted and hard-working musicians must play together under a competent conductor for perhaps a decade before they can be said to form an integrated orchestra. The conductor's job is to build up the various sections and balance them until he has an orchestral organism in which all components are equally strong—the warm, human-sounding strings; the poignantly expressive woodwinds; the noble brasses; the potent percussion instruments. Bit by bit, an orchestra takes on a distinctive sound and a collective personality. It becomes one instrument—a remarkably complicated phenomenon of human coöperation. "Each player, for better or worse, contributes something to the whole," wrote the late Adam Carse, the English musicologist. "Each player has a name and individuality, and it is only the combination of so many individuals that makes possible the existence of a corporate body."

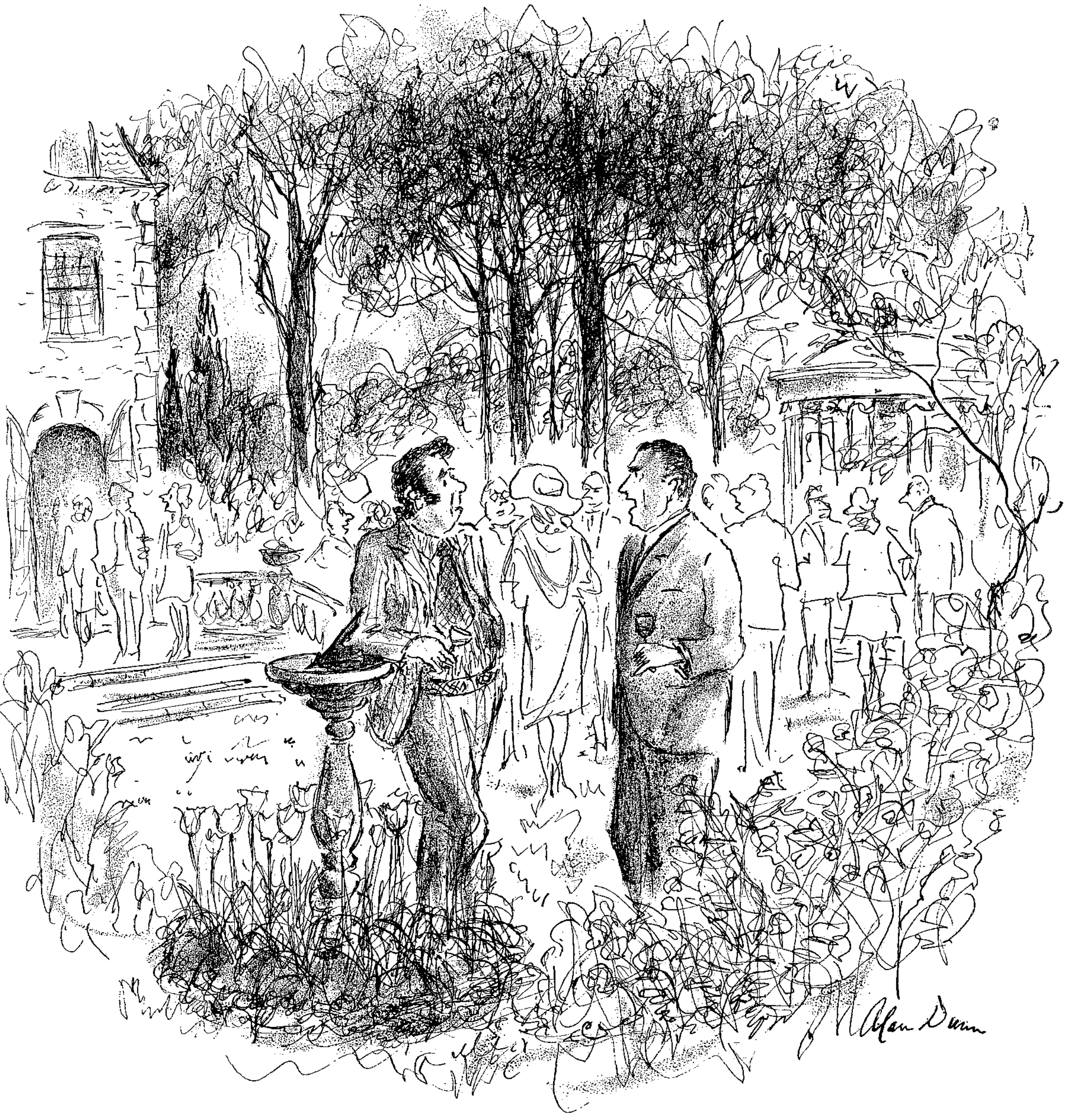
If it is difficult for any one musician to play every note of a complicated part perfectly, it is next to miraculous when a hundred players do it. Intellectual concentration, emotional discipline, and physical skill are needed. The orchestra musician must have great self-control. For brief periods, he may emerge as a soloist, with a musical personality of his own, and, just as suddenly, he will have to resubmerge himself in the orchestra's collective life. Some excellent instrumentalists are unable to make this adjustment, and therefore can never become good orchestra musicians. The players must understand what the conductor wants and be able to supply it, but not everybody can adapt to somebody else's mood at the flip of a baton. The orchestra musician, moreover, must never become a faceless member of a collective but must at all times preserve his artistic individuality.

Emotional differences exist not only between individuals in an orchestra but also between sections. Violinists, for instance, often become resentful at having to play in chorus. Wind and brass players, who nearly always have solo passages in symphonic works, don't have to worry about that kind of anonymity, but because so much depends on their physical condition and the condition of their instruments, they tend to become tense and nervous. Double-bass players, who believe that they provide the foundation of the orchestra's sound, are usually considered to have a placid temperament, and piccolo players to be a little dizzy sometimes from sitting on top of the orchestra's sound. Yet no matter how the players feel, they must subordinate their feelings to the common good. Music is an emotional art, but to perform well an orchestra musician must be able to control his own emotions.

Today, there are more symphony orchestras, and greater ones, in the United States than in any other country. Among the half-dozen leading orchestras of the world now, four or five are American. In 1909, Gustav Mahler, having just been appointed conductor of the New York Philharmonic, wrote to a friend in Vienna, "My orchestra is the typical American orchestra, phlegmatic and without talent." Since Mahler's time, the balance of orchestral excellence has shifted to this country. (Europe, however, remains the homeland of opera.) At first, better salaries and a higher standard of living tempted some of the best European instrumentalists to emigrate to the United States, and great conductors—Arthur Nikisch, from Hungary; Karl Muck, from Germany; Mahler, from Austria—became builders of orchestras in Boston and New York. They were drawn to New York by what must have seemed the ideal situation—positions that offered them what amounted to musical dictatorship in a milieu of vast financial resources. The trend toward the consolidation of America's orchestral power was accelerated by the twentieth century's succession of economic and political disasters in Europe and by the forced emigration of many talented musicians who had played with European orchestras. As time went on, the great European conductors discovered that the best American orchestras, being unhampered by national "schools," traditions, restrictions, and mannerisms, were outstanding for their freshness and flexibility. They presented a genuine artistic challenge to an artist of imagination and re-creative power. In 1928, Europe's most celebrated refugee musician, Arturo Toscanini, who had just completed a season as conductor of the New York Philharmonic, decided to remain in America. During the next quarter of a century, he changed the whole style of orchestral playing in the United States (as he had done in Europe for three decades before), in part by introducing the high standards of precision that are now associated with the leading American orchestras. In certain European musical circles, it is fashionable to deride the precision of the great American orchestras, but this appears to be because the American orchestras have reached standards of precision—and, consequently, of brilliance—that few, if any, European orchestras can match.

It is generally agreed that the leading symphony orchestras in this country today are the Boston Symphony, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Cleveland Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic, and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Over the past fifteen years, critics and audiences in both America and Europe have tended to agree that the Cleveland Orchestra, which was founded in 1918 and is the youngest of the five, has become the peer of the four older ones and is perhaps in some respects their superior. "There are many first-class orchestras in the United States, and among them the Cleveland Orchestra is phenomenal," said Aram Khatchaturian, the composer. "Among the great orchestras of the world the Cleveland . . . is probably the most efficient symphonic body of them all," the London *Times* wrote in 1965. "The Cleveland Orchestra is at this time unequalled," the music critic of the Boston *Globe* wrote in 1966, and he went on to explain, "It is because of its unanimity as an orchestra even more than for its surpassing virtuosity in other ways that I would call the Cleveland Orchestra uniquely great." After the Cleveland Orchestra's performances at the Edinburgh Festival not long ago, Sir Neville Cardus wrote in the *Guardian*, "No other orchestra so good is to be found in the United States." "Many friends of music consider the orchestra the best in the world, and George Szell the best of all musical directors," wrote the music critic of Hamburg's *Bild Zeitung*.

The question of why a particular orchestra plays the way it does has

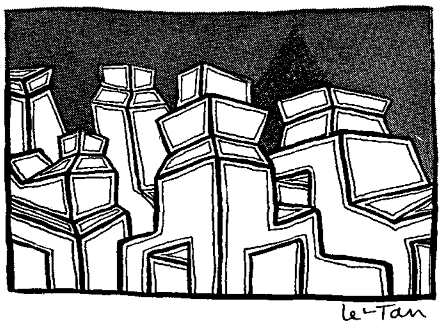


"A registered Democrat, yes. But what kind of registered Democrat are you?"

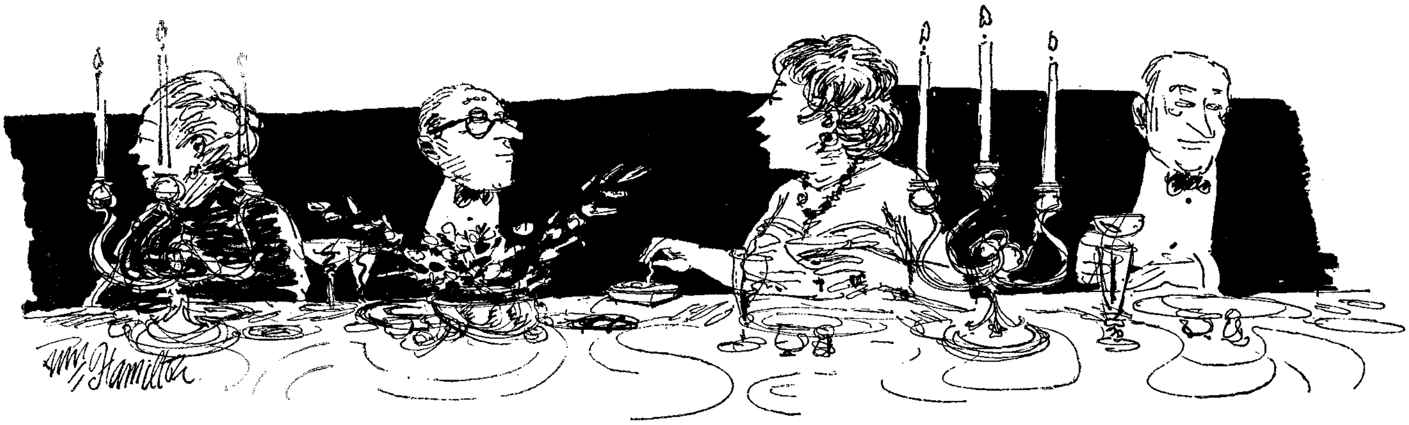
fascinated me since my childhood, when I started to study the violin. Over the years, I have learned that there is no easy answer. Others have reached the same conclusion. In "The Cleveland Orchestra," a book that the music critic Robert C. Marsh published in 1967 as "a birthday present to a remarkable orchestra on its fiftieth anniversary," Marsh wrote that although "little skill is required to discover that the Cleveland Orchestra is a great ensemble . . . it is somewhat more difficult to explain why this orchestra plays the way it does." Obviously, there are things that cannot be entirely explained. An orchestra's collective personality can be sensed and described, but it is ultimately as difficult to analyze as any other personality. Not long ago, in an attempt to find an answer to the somewhat easier question of how an orchestra works, I went out to Cleveland—not because the Cleveland Orchestra is typical but because Szell, who has been the Cleveland's musical director since 1946, and whom I have known for thirty-five years, is said to have molded the ensemble there into "the world's greatest hundred-man string quartet." To me, a lifelong string-quartet player, it thus seemed that the Cleveland Orchestra might afford some clues to the understanding of orchestras in general.

EVERY great orchestra has its own sound, distinguishable from that of any other great orchestra. In terms of physics, sound consists of vibrations varying in frequency and amplitude, and music is the arrangement of such vibrations, within a certain span of time, in a definite rhythm. Musically speaking, matters are more complicated. A great orchestra's sound has been compared to a celebrated singer's timbre, but this is putting the matter too strongly; it is easier to distinguish, say, Caruso from Gigli, Bjoerling, or Corelli than to distinguish the Cleveland from the Philadelphia, the Vienna Philharmonic, or the Berlin Philharmonic. Basically, the so-called Cleveland sound is a homogeneous, chamber-music sound—a classically noble string tone perfectly blended with singing woodwinds and exquisitely clear brasses. Szell has so forcefully emphasized lucid phrasing and clear articulation that these have become second nature for his orchestra. Contributing to them are exact balances within and among the sections, a deeply ingrained sense of rhythm, and concentration upon the long line of the music, which rises through points of tension to a final climax and release. There seems to be a unified approach by the hundred and six members of the orchestra and their conductor to the performance of each particular work of music. Szell himself doesn't particularly like to discuss the Cleveland sound. He maintains that a great orchestra should have no sound of its own, and that the qualities of the ensemble should grow out of the style and the manner in which each work has been written. During a concert, Szell says, the orchestra may switch from a "Mozart sound" to a "Brahms sound" to a "Debussy sound." Szell thinks of Mozart, Brahms, and Debussy as individuals. The re-creation of their music must faithfully represent their ideas. It must be done with style, taste, and a sense of spontaneity and enthusiasm. Szell is pleased when people tell him that no two performances of the same work by the Cleveland Orchestra are alike. They must not be, he says. Great music is a living art, and its performance must never become soulless and mechanical.

The Cleveland sound is quite different from the sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which is lush, warm, and rhapsodic—perhaps because Eugene Ormandy, who has been the orchestra's musical director for the past thirty-four years, was once himself a "rhapsodic" violinist. The Berlin sound reflects the dynamic personality of Herbert von Karajan, the musical director of the Berlin Philharmonic—beautiful strings, lean woodwinds, and precise brasses. The Viennese sound is characterized by singing, sweet strings and mellow brasses that convey to nostalgic listeners the magic of the Vienna Woods; warmth and sensuousness are more highly valued on the blue Danube than transparency and precision. In most cases, an orchestra's distinctive sound is probably the reflection of its permanent conductor's personality, as in the cases of Szell, Ormandy, and Karajan, and only rarely of a local tradition, as in Vienna. The Cleveland sound was unquestionably created by Szell, even though he conceives of sound not as an end in itself but as "a means of expression, with the ultimate purpose of communicating *each* composer's special message." The Cleveland players themselves attribute their orchestra's sound to their long association with Szell and their ability to produce the sort of music he demands. They are aware that their sound sometimes seems "clipped." "Maybe our sound is so clear and perfect that something of the soul gets lost," one player said to me. Another disagreed slightly, saying, "Szell's approach to the music is analytical rather than emotional. He teaches us to seek the meaning behind the notes." A third called the Cleveland "rather a sober orchestra, more work than fun." I soon gathered that Szell's severe sense of responsibility toward music and his austere self-discipline don't encourage frivolity.



Some conductors don't try to get close to the mystery of sound, while for others sound becomes a fetish, and may ruin their orchestras' taste and style. A first-rate conductor may evoke good sound from a minor orchestra; a bad conductor can easily ruin the sound of a first-rate orchestra. In Philadelphia, beauty of sound was developed under Leopold Stokowski and Ormandy to the point where it became part of the orchestra's style, but purists feel that the lush Philadelphia sound is inappropriate for the performance of works by such classical composers as Mozart and Beethoven. Great conductors can perform miracles with sound. When Stokowski rehearsed the Cleveland Orchestra a few years ago, Louis Lane, the orchestra's associate conductor, watched the Maestro, and he told me later that it took Stokowski only a few minutes to evoke from the orchestra the rich, unmistakable "Stokowski sound." "I studied him carefully, trying to get to the bottom of the miracle," Lane said. "Stokowski had seated the orchestra differently—the first violins and violas on his left side, the second violins on his right side, the cellos and double basses *behind* the woodwinds, and the brass in the rear." The woodwinds, the brasses, and the percussion instruments almost always remain in the rear, but seating arrangements for the string sections vary. The European arrangement seats the first violins at the left of the conductor and the second violins at his right; the violas face him, and the cellos are to the right, with the double basses behind them. The American arrangement places the first and second violins to the left of the conductor and the violas to his right, with the cellos facing him, or he may have the cellos



"I do ballet, conservation, starvation, cancer research, the needy, a little art, and a smidgen for Farmington."

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on his right and the violas facing him. Many leading European orchestras have now adopted one of the American versions. "Stokowski has a way of shaping sound as a sculptor shapes his material," Lane went on. "With a few strong, almost hypnotic gestures, he created full, warm, sensuous sound. The musicians didn't understand what they were doing. They did it instinctively, producing exactly the sort of sound Stokowski wanted. The *spiccato* disappeared as though by magic and became *détaché*. Suddenly, the orchestra's sound was richer, darker, juicier in its quality. Yet the whole time Stokowski never said a word. It was incredible!"

A great many members of the Cleveland Orchestra have long been as puzzled as Lane about a conductor's ability to produce his own type of sound from an orchestra, and have tried to analyze it. In 1965, when Pierre Boulez, then the conductor of the Südwestfunk Orchestra in Baden-Baden, first went to Cleveland, it took him only five minutes to get the orchestra to play Debussy as Debussy is played in France—in a style that is subtle and suave, transparent and clean. During the Cleveland Orchestra's European tour in the summer of 1967, Herbert von Karajan conducted two performances of Prokofieff's Fifth Symphony. Those players who had previously performed the Prokofieff Fifth under Szell still talk about the amazing transformation that occurred when Karajan started to rehearse the orchestra. Almost instantly, the orchestra switched from a "Szell sound" to a "Karajan sound," with its long, legato lines, its lyrical beauty, its sense of the dramatic, and its feeling for impressionistic effect.

"Karajan spoke very little," one player told me. "His gestures indicated what he wanted—gentle sound and sometimes sensuous sound, different from Szell's lean, sinewy sound. Karajan toned down the cellos. Once, he cautioned the cymbal player against making a clamorous sound. At the beginning of the last movement, he conducted more slowly and tenderly than Szell. He indicated that he wanted us to round off the edges. It wasn't—well, it wasn't such a *struggle* as under Szell. Karajan seemed to look at the music from the outside going in, while Szell seems to be inside the music, looking out. Incidentally, after our return from Europe we played the Prokofieff Fifth under Szell in Cleveland. We adjusted ourselves at once to Szell's subtle detail and played it completely Szell's way." Karajan kept his eyes open during the rehearsals, but he had them closed during the performance, as is his custom, which slightly unnerved some members of the Cleveland Orchestra. They are used to eloquent signals from Szell, who often indicates increased accents or corrects tonal balance with an expressive glance. A wind player said, "I kept telling myself that Karajan knew the music and that he knew where everybody was sitting. Just the same, I wished that he would look at me at certain moments." A first violinist said, "He asked less of us than Szell does—he didn't make us work so hard. He seemed more concerned with beautiful expression and artistic effect than with clarity of texture and the artistic truth."

The Cleveland Orchestra's ability to create the sound demanded by different conductors is, of course, a great tribute to its musicians' flexibility. "They have great respect for good music and good musicians," I was told by Michael Charry, who came to Cleveland in 1961 as an apprentice conductor and is now one of the Cleveland Orchestra's two assistant conductors. "Once, I studied Prokofieff's 'The Love for Three Oranges' with the orchestra. Neither the musicians nor I knew the work, and we studied it together, doing everything from scratch. I was able to impress my own personality upon them. They were extremely flexible, and they carried out my ideas. An orchestra of this calibre knows so many things. I didn't have to tell them how to play Prokofieff—they know his music and the style in which it is to be performed. Afterward, we worked on 'Gianni Schicchi,' and the players immediately shifted from the lean, precise sound of Prokofieff to the luscious Italian sound of Puccini. Such things are taken for granted in this orchestra. When Karajan or Boulez told one section to do a certain thing in a certain way, the other sections automatically picked up the conductor's intentions. The Cleveland players enjoy responding this way to a conductor when they respect him."

ORCHESTRAL conducting has evolved, over the past hundred and fifty years, into an important part of a performance. After the strict, foursquare time-beaters of the post-classical era, Wagner and his fellow-conductors introduced a flamboyant style of conducting. This approach soon degenerated into mannerism and excess; according to Szell, the great conductors toward the end of the nineteenth century "interpreted the composer subjectively to the point of arbitrariness." Mahler and, after him, Toscanini introduced a much needed corrective, each considering himself "the advocate and servant of the composer." Then, under Willem Mengelberg, Sir Thomas Beecham, Bruno Walter, and Wilhelm Furtwängler in Europe, and Toscanini, Stokowski, and Serge Koussevitzky in America, the great orchestras became virtuoso symphonic instruments on which the star conductors performed as an eminent violinist performs on his Stradivari. They established high standards of orchestral playing, but their strong personalities did not permit real self-effacement. And this situation prevailed. The great showman conductor, the flamboyant artist whose name appears on the recording album in larger letters than the name of the composer, now dominates orchestral music.

A performance has two main components—interpretation and execution. The conductor's musically correct interpretation of a composition is not always matched by a faultless performance, and the virtuoso execution of a work remains an artistic failure if the conductor is unable to interpret and communicate the spirit of the music. It is no accident that some of the most famous conductors today are more successful when they conduct an extravagant, exciting work by Ravel, Mahler, or Stravinsky than when they present a symphony by Haydn, Mozart, or Schubert, in which everything depends on what Szell calls "the artistic truth." These conductors may bring out every little musical detail with admirable clarity but lose the general line of the music. Orchestra musicians are more concerned with exactness of execution than with the spirit of the musical interpretation. By contrast, Toscanini, during his last years with the N.B.C. Symphony, was sometimes lenient about rhythmical detail and tolerant of the weaknesses of his less distinguished players, but his interpretations were always characterized by clarity and balance, and by integrity, ardor, and power as well.

A great orchestra instinctively forms its collective judgment of an unfamiliar conductor even before he raises his baton. Several members of the Cleveland Orchestra told me that they begin to "feel" a conductor as he walks toward the podium. But there is no mystery about the players' ability to size up a conductor quickly and accurately—his knowledge and competence, his technique and experience. A conductor may fool the audience and the critics, but he can never fool the hundred highly skilled artists facing him. They sense immediately whether the conductor knows the music thoroughly or only superficially. They are not deluded if he stops them at certain trouble spots during rehearsal to point out mistakes; it may be obvious that he prepared these interruptions beforehand and studied his lines. What does impress them is an interruption at a seemingly easy spot which achieves a marked improvement.

The Cleveland Orchestra's attitude toward conductors is rather unusual. Orchestra players know a hundred ways of sabotaging or betraying a conductor they dislike or scorn. Very often, musicians get a morbid pleasure out of seeing a bad conductor expose himself to their collective derision. But every member of the Cleveland Orchestra subscribes to Szell's dogma "We are all in the service of music." One player says, "We are always interested in the music and ready to give a competent conductor what he wants if he can hold the attention of the whole orchestra all the way to the rear." Brass players, who sit in the rear, have their difficulties with a conductor who speaks poor English or talks softly. "One tries to catch his words, but after a while one loses interest and gives up," a trumpeter says. "Of course, he may hold our attention without saying anything." The best conductors speak with their eyes and their hands.

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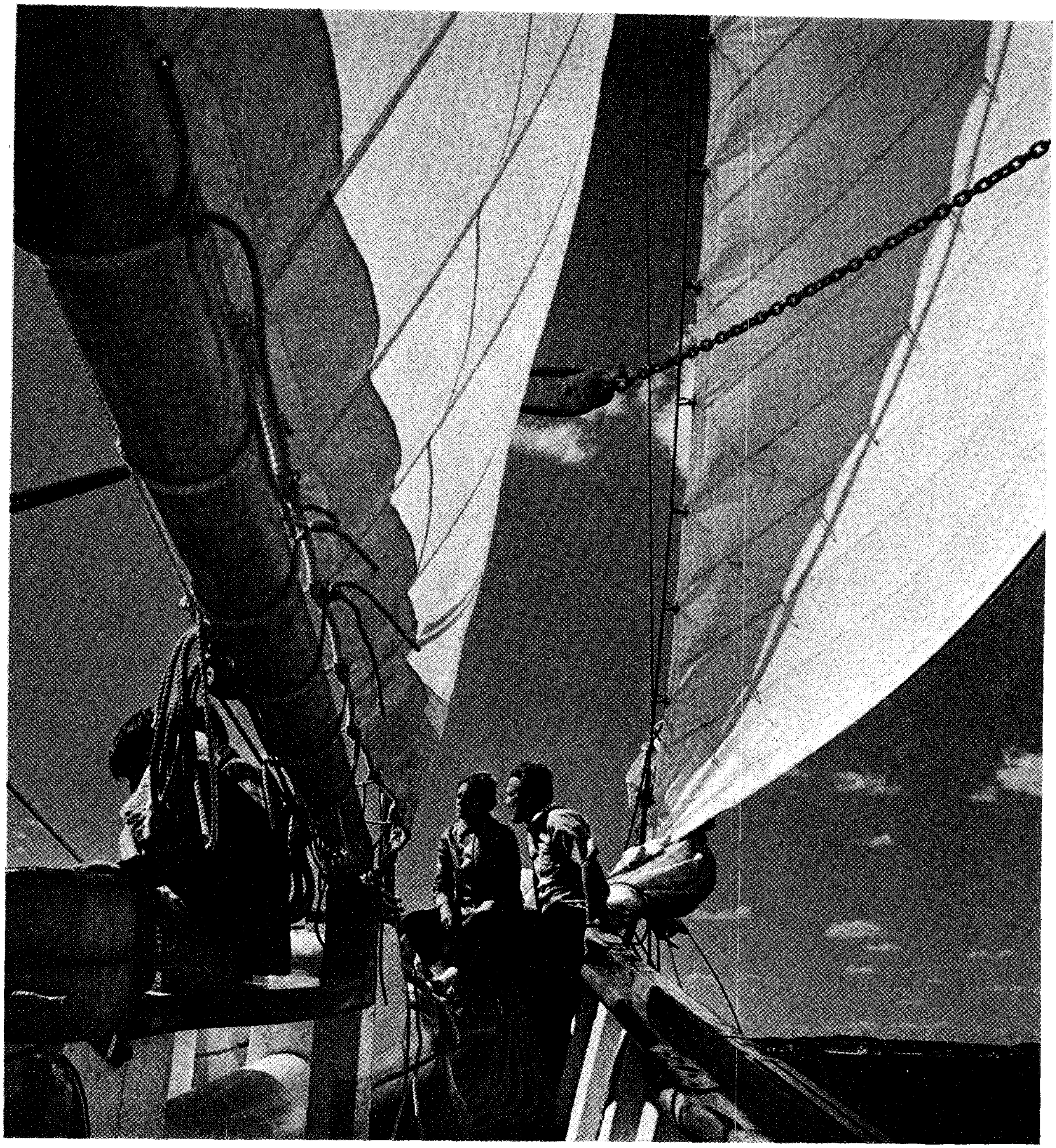

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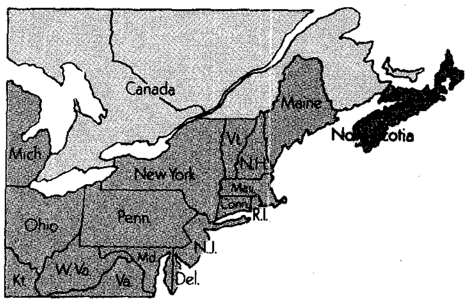
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economical baton technique to those who turn conducting into a ballet performance. “The conductor should conduct the orchestra, not the audience,” they say. A player cares less about the conductor’s personality than about good leadership. What he expects from the conductor is not only musical erudition but a clear beat. “They want a maximum of explanation with a minimum of words,” Szell says. Garrulous conductors who lecture on the music are much disliked, but Szell does explain his reasons for doing something in a particular way. One player says, “In many orchestras, the musicians are resigned to doing certain things a certain way—don’t ask, just do it. Not here. We are always told *why* we should do it a certain way—there is always a musical reason. Musicians elsewhere have heard horror stories about our rehearsals, and about Szell, so when they join us they are often surprised and thrilled.”

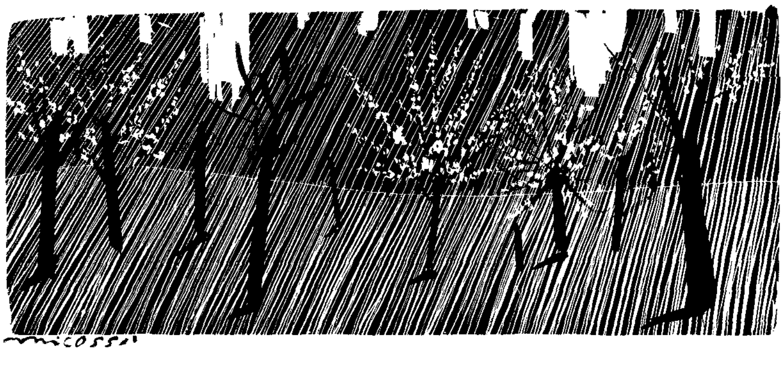
RECENTLY, I arranged to attend some rehearsals of the Cleveland Orchestra. Szell had suggested that I plan to arrive at Severance Hall in Cleveland in time for a Tuesday rehearsal, at 10 A.M., and added, “Why don’t you come an hour early?” In Cleveland, the regular weekly concerts are played on Thursday and Saturday nights, and rehearsals generally take place on Monday and Tuesday mornings, Wednesday morning and afternoon, and Thursday morning. (Experienced conductors plan every minute of their allotted rehearsal time. The Cleveland Orchestra’s rehearsal schedule is worked out four months in advance so that the musicians will know exactly which pieces of music are going to be rehearsed and how much time will be given to each.) As I walked in through the rear entrance shortly after nine that Tuesday morning, I heard horn and trumpet players practicing; the members of the brass and woodwind sections were warming up in the locker room. Upstairs, the beautiful hall was dim and deserted. Two bulbs spread a pale light over the empty chairs and music stands on the stage. At the rear of the stage one player, a woman, was tuning her harp.

I joined Szell in his private office, where he was comfortably surrounded by framed pictures of famous artists with affectionate or respectful dedications, framed decorations from various governments, and glass-encased photostats of musical manuscripts. There was a couch in the room, but no piano; he has one in a larger room upstairs, which is officially known as the conductor’s studio. On his desk when I went in were the scores of the works on that week’s program: two of Mozart’s Marches for Orchestra, in D major (K. 335) and C major (K. 408); Frank Martin’s Concerto for Cello and Orchestra; and Richard Strauss’s “Don Quixote.” Szell, who was wearing casual shoes, dark trousers, a long-sleeved dark-gray wool polo shirt, and a black sweater, was sitting behind the desk giving some instructions to Mrs. Margaret Gloves, his longtime special assistant. Among other things, he asked her to have a platform for the cello soloist placed on the stage, because he was going to start the rehearsal with “Don Quixote.” Mrs. Gloves nodded, laid the morning mail on his desk, and went out.

“We had a rough runthrough yesterday, without Pierre Fournier, the soloist,” Szell said after we greeted each other. “He arrived from Geneva only last night. He did ‘Don Quixote’ with us in 1951, ’52, ’56, and ’57, and again in 1960, when we recorded the work, and I’m happy to have him doing it with us again. I love ‘Don Quixote.’ There is more human warmth and compassion in it than in any of Strauss’s other symphonic works. And besides that, it displays the whole range of his musical imagination and his virtuoso orchestra technique. There was nothing Strauss could not do.”

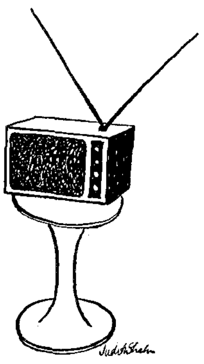
From the guest soloist’s room, next door, came the sound of a cello being played beautifully; Fournier was getting ready. I left Szell and walked to the concert hall and sat down in the middle of the tenth row. Half a dozen people were there, and most of them had orchestra scores. On the stage, the oboist was warming up and adjusting his pitch, and in the rear the timpanist was tuning his kettledrums. Gradually, the other musicians, most of them in shirtsleeves or pullovers, drifted in and took their chairs. A few minutes before ten, everybody was seated, and Rafael Druian, the concertmaster (he is now with the School of Music at the California Institute of the Arts), came onstage and raised his arm. The noise ceased, the oboe player sounded an A, and the musicians began to tune their instruments. The string sections did their tuning first, and after them the woodwinds and the brass players. At one minute before ten, the sounds died down, and Fournier came in, escorted by Szell. Fournier shook hands with Druian and some other players nearby, sat down on the soloist’s platform, and tuned his cello. Szell waited patiently, and then, when Fournier had finished tuning, rapped the stand with his baton and told the musicians they were going to play the whole piece. He looked at Fournier, who nodded assent. Szell lifted both arms in a commanding gesture and gave the upbeat to the flutes and oboes, and the orchestra began to play the Introduction of “Don Quixote.”

I was lucky to be in Cleveland when “Don Quixote” was on the program. The Strauss tone poem is a demanding work that provides a real test for an orchestra and conductor. A noted Viennese musicologist named Richard Specht, who was a friend of Strauss, wrote that “Don Quixote” is “one of the least understood works of the Master . . . owing to the fact that a finished performance is extremely difficult to accomplish, and any other must be misleading with regard to the spirit and fullness of the musical fantasy of this work.” Strauss indicated his intention when he subtitled the work “Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character.” Specht considered the variations “the most comprehensive form which a tone-poet could give when painting the picture of Don Quixote.” Using Wagner’s leitmotiv method, Strauss created associations with musical phrases and figures and used these with incomparable mastery throughout the work’s theme and ten variations, framed by the Introduction and the Finale. Over the past three and a half centuries, more than fifty composers have been attracted to Cervantes’s “Don Quixote de la Mancha,” but it remained for Strauss, in 1897, to give the work what is generally regarded as its ultimate musical interpretation. “For wit, humor, pathos and humanism, there is nothing like it in the whole



library of music," the late English critic Ernest Newman wrote in the London *Times*. "Certainly, to anyone who knows Strauss's music to 'Don Quixote,' Cervantes is henceforth inconceivable without it; the story itself, indeed, has not half the humor and the profound sadness which is infused into it by Strauss." In forty minutes of music, Strauss brings the noble and tragic figure of the knight vividly to life. The various instruments, artfully contrasted and blended, speak almost like singers; in fact, "Don Quixote" has been called "an opera without voices." It is an extremely difficult work, demanding virtuoso technique from the individual players and the complete integration of the whole orchestra. Only a great conductor is able to blend the small, colorful pieces into the large tonal mosaic and to bring alive the character of the idealistic eccentric who fights and dies for his lost causes.

After a few bars, I forgot that this was a rehearsal. To me, the term "orchestra rehearsal" had always conjured up a scene of slack playing and casual attitudes, of musicians going reluctantly through the motions, looking bored, chatting, and making life hard for the conductor. But there was nothing casual about this rehearsal. No one looked bored, and there was none of the kidding and horseplay that musicians often inject into a dull rehearsal. The players sat on the edges of their chairs, and they played with a happy intensity that reminded me of a successful performance by a string quartet. Everybody played as though this were an important concert, and the players obviously *enjoyed* making the music. Later, Szell said to me, "The Cleveland Orchestra plays seven concerts a week and admits the public to the final two. We do some of our best playing during rehearsals."



The first rehearsal I heard in Cleveland must have been one of the great ones, being more finished than some concert performances of "Don Quixote" I have heard. During a few solo passages, Fournier smiled at the men around him, who were supporting him beautifully. At the end of the third variation, after a particularly difficult passage that is played by the solo cello and the concertmaster, Fournier and Druian exchanged a happy glance, and Szell, too, smiled. After the Finale, a moving part that Fournier played with great simplicity, Szell conducted the final bars and held up both hands for several seconds after the last *pianissimo* chord had died away. Then he put down his baton, applauded, and bowed to Fournier in a gesture of old-fashioned grace. The entire orchestra joined Szell in an ovation for Fournier, who was obviously touched by this tribute from his fellow-artists.

Szell then said that, after an intermission, the players were going to work on certain passages, and asked them "to take the cue from the music." The players nodded. One of them later explained to me, "Taking the cue from the music means that you don't play the phrase mechanically but concentrate on its particular quality and its relation to the musical line, considering the phrase as a part of the musical statement. It means in practice that you play the phrase with special feeling, and that the last note will possibly be a hairbreadth later than anticipated. If the man playing the next phrase didn't listen and take his cue from the music, he might be too early."

A few players had questions for Szell, and three of them came up to him with their parts. Szell explained the problems in a few words; he seemed to know more about each part, and the instrument it was written for, than the player himself. Throughout the rehearsal, there was little discussion of technical matters, because the members of the Cleveland Orchestra are expected to work these out for themselves. Moreover, Szell relies on his section leaders to help all the musicians develop clarity of intonation and homogeneity in phrasing. Yet in rehearsal he listens to every instrumental part and instantly judges whether a man must be reminded of an error or will later correct it for himself. Before a rehearsal, the basic elements of the interpretation have been prepared. The music has been annotated with Szell's interpretive markings. The musicians know the style of the composer and how to re-create it, and they have practiced their parts at home. Thus, the quality of rehearsals in Cleveland is extremely high.

During intermission, I saw Szell in the corridor. He seemed to be in a benevolent mood, and not at all the tyrant he is often made out to be.

"Now you've heard how we make music in Cleveland," he said. " 'Don Quixote' is a challenge. Many orchestra soloists are required to play little snatches and small bits of music, and the whole thing must be put together carefully to get real meaning and continuity. It's not yet what it must be, but this is only Tuesday."

I observed that I had been surprised by the musicians' coöperation during the rehearsal.

"They are fine musicians, and they love to play good music," Szell said. "During our last European tour, the orchestra was split by a serious labor dispute. There were two factions, and there was the possibility of a strike. But when they were playing, all these things were forgotten, and they were happy. That is one secret of this orchestra. The other, as you may have noticed, is that there are no weak spots. All the sections are perfectly balanced."

AFTER the rehearsal, I went to see Druian, the concertmaster. A graduate of the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia, Druian is a noted soloist. From 1949 to 1960, he was concertmaster of the Minneapolis Symphony, and in 1960, when he was in his late thirties, he was hired by Szell. At Severance Hall, the concertmaster enjoys the privilege of a small private study, down the corridor from the conductor's room, and it was there that I found Druian. He was practicing the difficult solo-violin passage in the Introduction of "Don Quixote." He motioned to me to come in, and when he had finished the passage he showed me his violin—the Nightingale Stradivari, which owes its name to its tonal character. Alfred Hill, the great London violin-maker, called it "an admirable specimen." Stradivari made it in 1717, when he was seventy-three—during his Golden Period, from 1711 to 1720. The back of Druian's violin is maple cut on the slab, and the varnish has a lovely reddish color. Druian put the violin in its case, and I asked him about his work as concertmaster.

"In England, the concertmaster is called the leader," he said. "Some of us visibly lead our section, but a concertmaster can never assert leadership without having the support of the men. You must make them do what you want them to do. Also, you must lead them and remain with them at the same time. In some orchestras, the concertmaster visibly and audibly leads the attack, and the section players follow him, but Szell hates that—considers it in poor taste. Unlike the soloist, who is always ahead of the ensemble and may do what he wants—within the limits of taste and style, of course—the concertmaster is bound by the ensemble. If I played my part independently,

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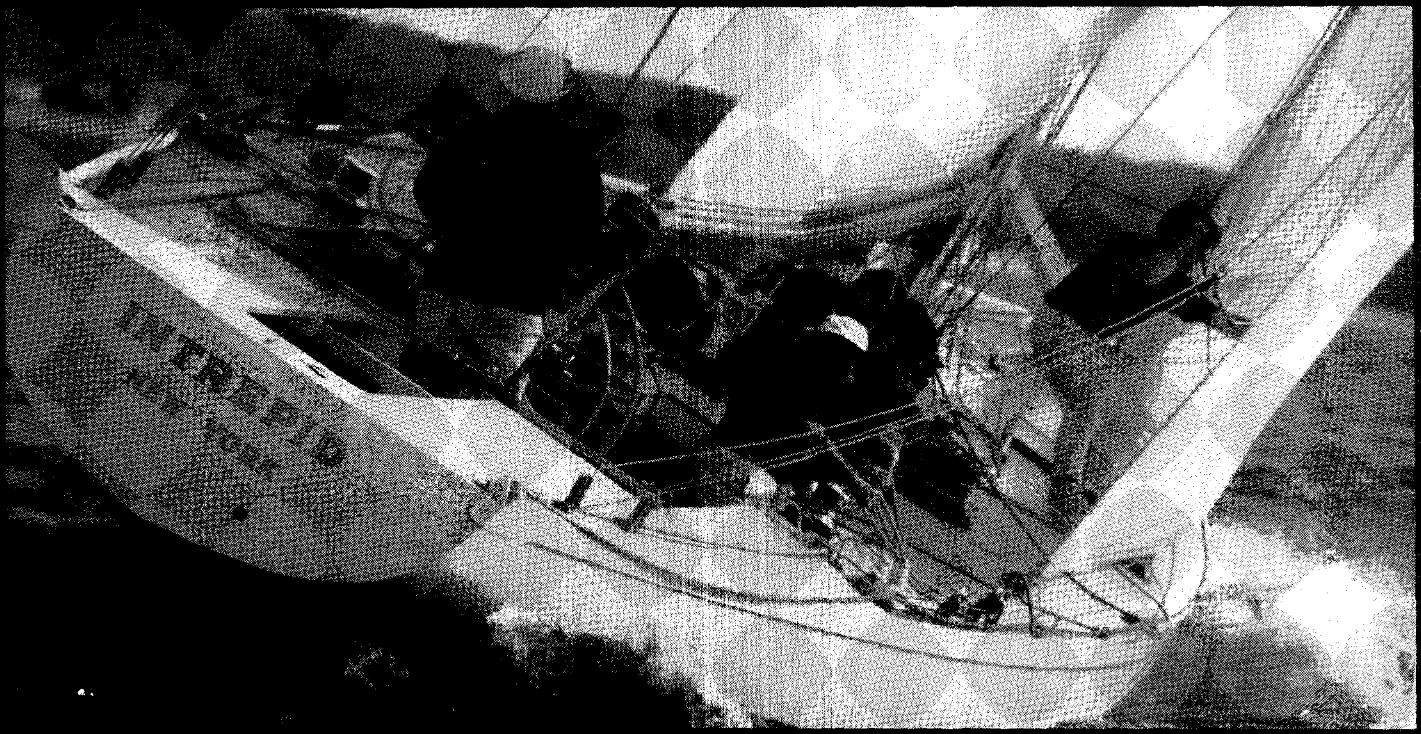

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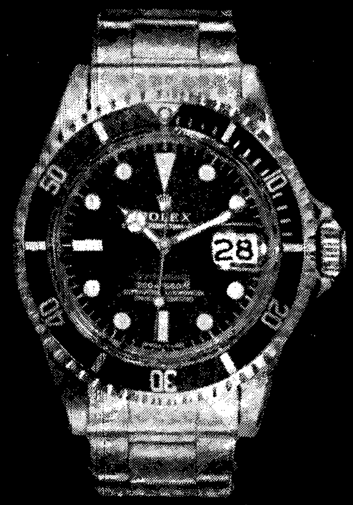

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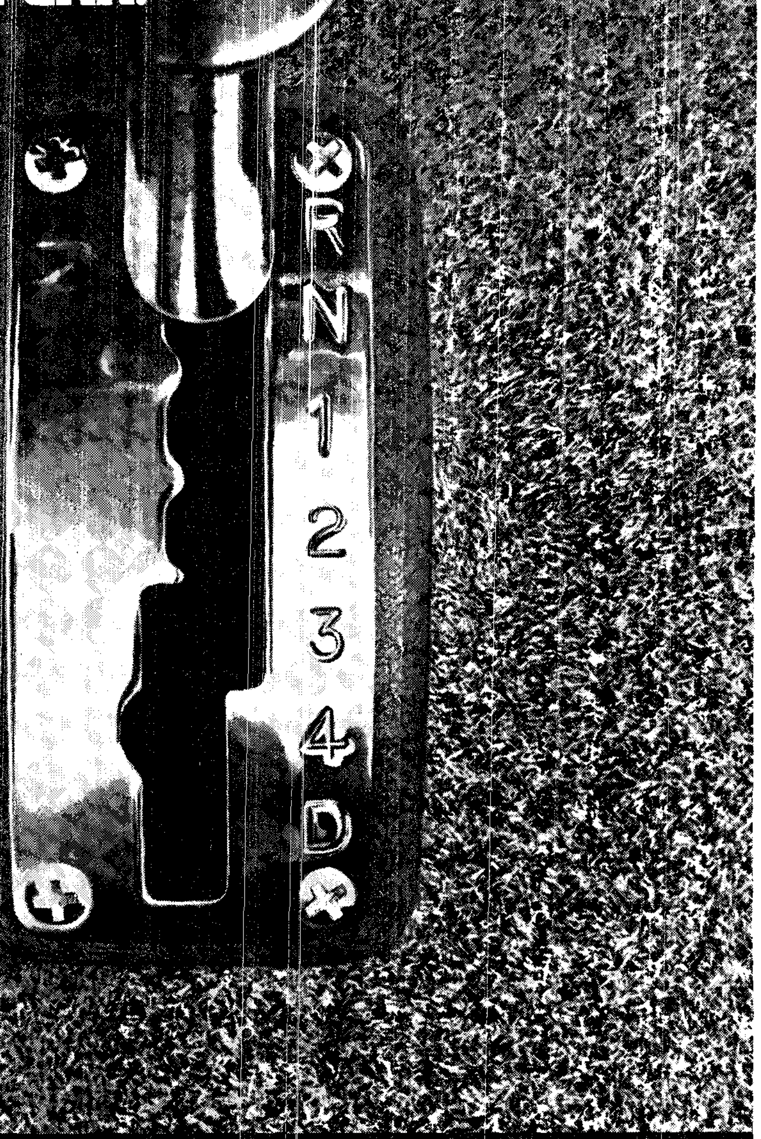

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slightly ahead of the first-violin section, I would break up the ensemble. The concertmaster's job is to provide the necessary courage for what the men have to do, but he should never push them. The job is a matter of instinct—almost a sixth sense.

"Some concertmasters act as a buffer between the orchestra and the conductor. I won't do it. Our men are highly skilled professionals. They need no buffer, and they can work out their problems on their own. During a rehearsal—but never during a performance—I may give them some signs. Holding up the bow means 'Play softer.' Or I may turn around and tell them not to rush. The men know they have to play differently, depending on whether the orchestra plays alone or accompanies a soloist during a concerto. While the orchestra plays alone—in the beginning of the Beethoven or Brahms Violin Concerto, for instance—the orchestra performs with its collective musical personality. But the moment the soloist comes in we instinctively get out of his way. A great soloist, in turn, engages in a kind of give-and-take with an accompanying orchestra. He always listens to the orchestra while he is playing his solo part. He knows the passages where the orchestra may have trouble following him, and he is ready to make subtle adjustments. When we play the syncopations in the last movement of the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, say, an expert soloist will play with us, not on his own."

The concertmaster's job, Druian went on, differs under different conductors. As a rule, after studying his part carefully, the concertmaster organizes things both for himself and for the conductor; after discussing fingering and bowing problems with the conductor, he marks a master part for the other section leaders and the orchestra's librarian. (For the Cleveland, Szell himself carefully annotated the scores for many years, indicating not only subtle degrees of dynamics and phrasing but also the exact bowings for the strings, and he sometimes delegated the bowings to Druian.) The concertmaster also copes with periodic outbreaks of "malignant anonymitis," a sickness well known in the string sections of most major orchestras. It never affects the woodwinds, the brass, or the percussion players, all of whom play individual parts instead of playing in sections. Every oboist or horn player has an occasional solo passage in a symphony, and such passages give him artistic satisfaction of a kind that a second-violin player on the fourth or fifth stand never experiences. A section player is almost never called upon to play a solo passage; instead, he plays a second-violin passage with fifteen other second-violin players. In the early Haydn and Mozart symphonies, he may have to play whole pages of repeated eighth notes. Anonymitis, a state of despair caused by a permanent lack of professional recognition, is in part the result of ignorance on the part of the audience. Many listeners believe that the players in the rear do not play as well as the ones in front. The contrary is often true. Able conductors like well-balanced string sections, and often put exceptional players in the rear, to support less experienced players. But to be sitting at a front stand gives a player status inside the orchestra, and even in the community. Another name for the violinists' affliction, Druian said, is Heifetz disease. Parents, uncles, and teachers may tell the budding violinist, "Someday you're going to be another Heifetz." Teachers are the worst offenders in this respect, turning a gifted pupil's ambitions to their own ends; the next-best thing to being another Heifetz, after all, is to be the teacher of a Heifetz. A good teacher knows that the number of potential Heifetzes is extremely small, and that many would-be Heifetzes wind up eventually in the second-violin section of a symphony orchestra.

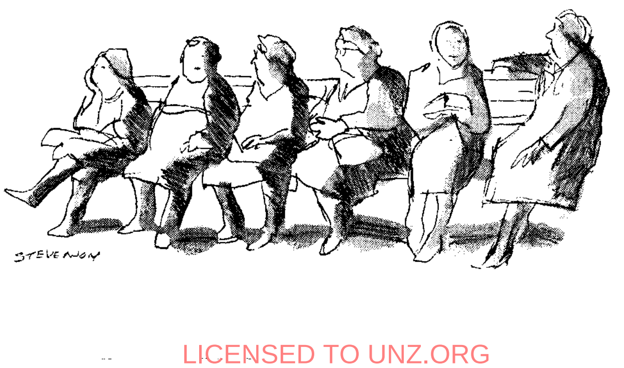
Another problem that Druian had to cope with involved a more specific recognition of status, in the form of a player merit system introduced by Szell. (Some orchestras work on a seniority system.) Under Szell's merit system, everybody has a chance of becoming a first-chair man. A young section player may work hard and audition for the first chair in the second-violin section, say, but if a man from outside also auditions, and plays better, the outsider will get the first chair. Druian then had to console the disappointed player. "Success under such conditions can be a matter of lucky timing, but it is more often a matter of ability," Druian told me. "The man now sitting next to me in the orchestra started a few years ago at the end of the first-violin section. He wanted to move ahead, and he built his career constructively. In a great orchestra, there is always room at the top."

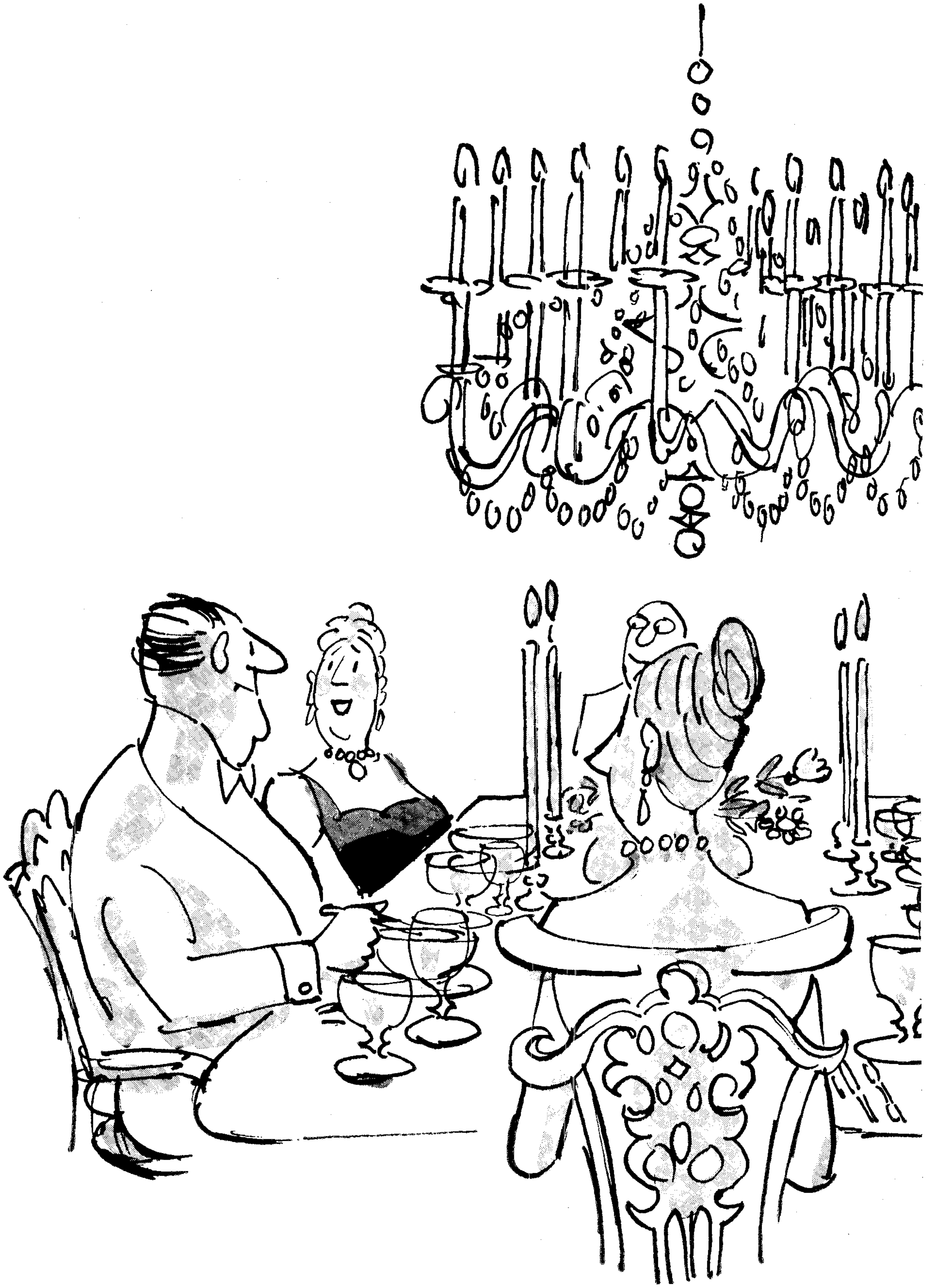
I asked Druian how he felt about playing under different conductors.

"An orchestra musician must have his own artistic convictions," he said. "But his job is to translate the conductor's ideas into sound. It's easy as long as one's own artistic convictions don't clash with those of the conductor. It's no problem to play for Szell, whom all the members of the orchestra admire—even those who may not like him. It's also relatively easy when we play under somebody whose musical ideas we respect, though they may be quite different from Szell's. The conductor must know what he's doing and be forceful enough to tell us how to do it, and then we'll do it. These things are fundamental. We'll do what an able conductor wants us to do. Individually, each of us may disagree with him, but as an ensemble we'll play beautifully under him."

When the orchestra has to play under an indifferent conductor or a bad one, it's a different story, Druian went on. "We play for ourselves then, and unless the conductor is stupid, he doesn't interfere," he said. "Then I become the leader, and the men follow me, even though not all of them can see me. Under those circumstances, an experienced orchestra musician 'feels' me, because he plays more with his ears than with his eyes. In an orchestra, it is always more important to listen than to watch. Ideally, each man in the orchestra should know the entire score—all the parts. I instinctively listen to the others while I listen to myself, and I do this constantly. When I was a student in Philadelphia, we used to play string quartets sitting back to back, so we couldn't see each other. We had to listen to each other very carefully in order to carry on the flow of the music."

Druian shrugged. "Unfortunately, once in a while we get a conductor who is stupid but thinks he is great. For a while, we try our best, but when he does nothing to help us to maintain our artistic standards we have to admit defeat. Then the malcontents who are in every orchestra take over—at last they have their chance to get even with 'the enemy.' Years ago, we half killed ourselves trying to please a conductor whose beat we couldn't understand; maybe he couldn't understand it himself. In-





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stead of trying to coöperate with us, he became furious. 'What's the matter with you?' he said. 'My beat is perfect.' Everyone roared with laughter. He was done for. There was chaos. Under Szell, integrity and integration have become a musical way of life with us. Many of us were able musicians when we came here but have become finished artists under his guidance. Last season, he asked me whether I wanted to record four Mozart sonatas for violin and piano with him. I told him I would be delighted. Szell is a great pianist, and many of us regret that he doesn't play the piano more often. Nothing more was said about the recording plan, but I heard that during his summer vacation, in Switzerland, Szell had a piano sent up from Zurich to his hotel room in Crans-sur-Sierre, and practiced there. Then, just before we left for the European tour, Szell and I met one morning at the Columbia recording studios. We hardly rehearsed. We just played the four sonatas, one after another, from beginning to end, and that was the recording. Szell listened to the playback and O.K.'d it. He plays Mozart perfectly—with clarity and style and a kind of transparent beauty, and never a wrong idea."

Druian said that although Szell plays none of the instruments in the orchestra, he is thoroughly familiar with the technical problems of each one, and knows what every player can and cannot do. Druian would rather discuss intricate problems of violin playing with Szell than with another violinist. "If I were to discuss the same problem with Szell and with Isaac Stern, I would get different answers," he told me. "To Szell, the violin means one thing, and to Stern another. Although Szell is not a string player, he has an intimate knowledge of bowing technique, and he is more detached and less hidebound than any violinist could be."

"OBOISTS, clarinettists, and bassoonists are entirely dependent upon a short-lived vegetable matter of merciless capriciousness, with which, however, when it behaves, are wrought perhaps the most tender and expressive sounds in all wind music," the British musicologist Anthony Baines wrote in the book "Woodwind Instruments and Their History." Two forms of the "short-lived vegetable matter," better known as reed, are used. Clarinettists and saxophonists play with a single reed; oboists and bassoonists use a double reed. Most symphonic players make their own reeds. "I *have* to make my reeds myself," John Mack, the Cleveland Orchestra's principal oboe, told me. "No one else can make a reed to suit me. Only a reed I make gives me correct pitch and intonation."

The orchestra depends on Mack and his reed for its correct pitch. Through long trial and error, it has been established that the oboe is the most reliable instrument in the orchestra from which to take the pitch, because it is influenced less by climate and temperature than any of the others. Nevertheless, it is the most delicate and complicated of the woodwinds, and oboe players have more trouble with their reeds than other woodwind players have. Reeds are made from a special kind of cane, which grows near the town of Fréjus, in the South of France. The cane is harvested between December and February. Formerly, it used to be stripped and put in storage for about two years, but nowadays it is sometimes sold soon after the harvest, and oboists complain bitterly. Oboists are obsessed by reeds, and spend much of their nights sitting up and making new ones. The oboist first selects a strip of cane, then doubles it over and ties it tightly to a small conical brass tube called the staple. Finally, the fold is cut and the two remaining ends are scraped to the thinness of paper, to provide the vibrating tip. When the tip of the reed is pressed between the player's lips, the edges touch, closing the air passage. Changing lip tension alters the curvature and shape of the reed, and of the puffs of air that the lips generate, to produce varied vibrations. The reed transfers the vibrations to the air inside the instrument. Only a minute stream of air is needed, so the player's lungs must be capable of a constant restraint. Moreover, even a trace of moisture may choke the tiny orifice. The life and the quality of the tone, though, depend on the fineness and elasticity of the reed. A very fine reed gives the oboist flexibility in pitch and the plaintive, bittersweet sound for which the oboe is admired. When Mack plays a lot, a reed may last only two or three days. Reeds are an unending source of anxiety to him, and he always carries a few of them around in a small case.

"A bassoon player needs more time than other reed players to make a reed, but after it's broken in he may be able to use it for weeks and weeks," Mack told me. "I've never used a reed for more than two weeks. The reed gives you not only pitch and intonation but also the quality of your tone and quick-

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ness of response, and the ability to pass easily from low to high notes. The higher up you go, the better your reed must be. And the oboe presents other problems. Because the bore of the oboe is only a little more than an eighth of an inch at the top, the instrument responds to changes of altitude. The air at higher altitudes, being less dense, vibrates faster, and it makes the reed heavier. On our last European tour, we played in Salzburg and in Lucerne, both of which are fourteen hundred feet, and then we went to Edinburgh, which is near sea level, and there I broke three reeds in succession. You've heard the saying 'You don't have to be crazy to play the oboe, but it helps.' Actually, there is something to it. Originally, the oboe was an outdoor instrument, and it was important to play it loud, and playing it so loud caused the oboist to go mad."

Unlike string instruments, which are just about the same all over the world, different models of most of the woodwinds and the brass instruments exist, creating different nuances of sound. American wind players have the chance to listen to all sorts of wind instruments, and can select the ones most responsive to their way of playing. Many of the Cleveland's woodwind players use French instruments, but they play them in a different manner from the French, who produce a slighter and more nasal tone. The Cleveland woodwinds have a mellow, round tone by comparison.

Mack practices a great deal. "I don't practice just the notes I have to play," he said. "The notes are relatively easy. I give a lot of thought to what I want to do with those notes. All of us in this orchestra do. This is the most difficult part of the craft. Years ago, a member of our section joined another famous orchestra in the East. The next time I saw him, he said he was living the life of Riley, because all that mattered was that he should play well during the concerts. It's not that way here. In our section, everybody is constantly trying to do better."

ROBERT MARCELLUS, the Cleveland Orchestra's principal clarinet, is convinced that an orchestra musician can be successful only if he really loves to play in a symphonic ensemble. "Playing in an orchestra is my life," Marcellus told me during my visit to Cleveland. "I suppose there are some people in the string section who failed to become soloists and consider playing in an orchestra a sort of substitute profession. This attitude doesn't exist among the wind players. All of us are here because this is what we want to do more than anything else. I could make more money teaching at a conservatory, and perhaps I would have more security. But I wouldn't be happy. This orchestra takes great pride in its achievements. We are respected by our peers, the members of other great orchestras; in fact, some of those peers have called the Cleveland the orchestras' orchestra. That's more important to us than applause. And our pride gives us an *esprit de corps*. I do sympathize with our string players, though. It isn't rewarding to have to play in a section all one's life. During my military service, I played for three years in the Air Force Band, in Washington, D.C., in a section of five clarinets, all playing identical parts. It was terrible. Here, each of the clarinettists plays a different, solo part. Naturally, we are not true soloists, in the sense that a great violinist or a pianist is. Instead, we have the satisfaction that comes from being part of a fine orchestra and playing the magnificent repertory of symphonic music."

Marcellus, a native of Omaha, began his musical studies on the piano, and took up the clarinet when he was eleven. He joined the Cleveland Orchestra in 1953, when he was twenty-five. "I came to Cleveland with more talent and skill than style or experience," he told me. Szell's habit of holding four or five rehearsals for a concert pleased him from the start, he said, and he went on, "Szell taught me to re-create and sustain a musical line. The orchestra player needs the conductor's impulse. Even when we are happy and well integrated, the impulse from the podium makes all the difference between merely playing the notes and re-creating the very spirit of the music. With a superior impulse, we can give a superior performance. All of a sudden, the orchestra doesn't sound just good—it sounds great. Part of it is our own skill, no doubt. Part is the inspiration of the moment, which we're getting from the great conductor. He knows what we can do, he uses our skill, he enables us to sound great. It's often said that orchestra musicians become cold-blooded, cynical, blasé. Not the musicians in this orchestra. Most of us have a total commitment to the music. I remember an evening in Carnegie Hall, during a performance of Mozart's 'Jupiter' Symphony. There are no clarinets in the score, and I went up to the balcony to listen. I sensed the rapport from the stage, and suddenly I had a moment of overpowering exhilaration. I belonged to this group, I was part of it. I was happy."

Marcellus is proud of his work, but because he is a first-rate orchestra musician he willingly surrenders part of his artistic personality to a conductor he admires. "If I respect a conductor, I'll go all the way to do what he wants from me," he said. "Szell has a consummate knowledge of the music he conducts. I know that I am just one of a hundred and six. Sitting in the orchestra, I could never get the entire picture, even if I were the world's most gifted player and knew the score note by note. And since I can never hear the integrated whole, the sum of the efforts of the hundred and six players, it is my job to play my part as well as I can. Only the conductor can hear the whole. He must be able to hear six or sixty-six or a hundred and six voices and blend them into music. I've seen good instrumentalists improve considerably after coming here. They learned to sustain a melodic line, and showed greater maturity. Everybody knows that Szell is a terrifying authoritarian of the old school, but they also know that he is an artist of terrific ability. Years ago, some of our first-chair men rehearsed the Beethoven septet for violin, viola, cello, double bass, clarinet, bassoon, and horn. All of us were fine instrumentalists and accomplished musicians, but after two rehearsals we had a sense of impending disaster. Each of us played his own part correctly, but what we played together wasn't Beethoven's music. Szell must have heard about it, because he asked us whether we'd mind if he attended our next rehearsal. He listened quietly, never said a word. Afterward, he told us a few things—some specific orientations that conveyed a sense of structure. I remember that Szell and the seven of us talked together for a while, and then we played the music once more. Suddenly we were no longer seven individuals but a septet. All the parts fell into place, and there was the line of music that we had been unable to re-create."

The orchestra musician must often do things that go against his musical education, forcing himself to unlearn something he was once taught, Marcellus told me. "You may have studied with a famous teacher—but he was thinking of the instrument rather than of the future instrumentalist's duty to the ensemble," he said. "I'm often asked by young players what is expected

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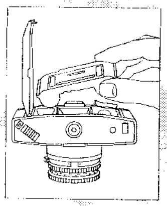

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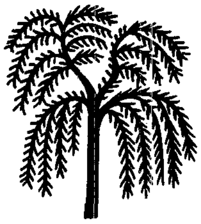
of a member of the Cleveland Orchestra. First, he must have technical skill—it's taken for granted that he'll know his instrument. Second, he must respond both to the music and to the conductor. And, third, he must be able to listen—not only to the orchestra and to himself but also to the line of the music." Marcellus nodded thoughtfully and added, "I think that's what we do so well here—listen."

SZELL has said that the most sensitive ensemble playing comes when "a hundred and six men are playing, each of them listening, so far as is possible, to the hundred and five others, and trying to make music together the way a string quartet does." Few members of the Cleveland Orchestra listen as intently to the hundred and five other voices as does Cloyd Duff, a tall, athletic Ohioan who studied at the Curtis Institute of Music and has been the orchestra's timpani player since 1942. Duff is the principal of the percussion section, which consists of five men, playing various drums, the cymbals, the triangle, the glockenspiel, the castanets, and other instruments. In "Don Quixote," one man plays the tambourine. In the seventh variation, when the knight and Sancho Panza believe themselves to be flying through the air, another plays the wind machine—a cloth-covered cylinder turned by a handle. The cloth is in contact with wooden slats, and as the handle is turned faster the pitch of the windlike noise rises and the volume increases. Gershwin's "An American in Paris" calls for two automobile horns, and Erik Satie's "Parade" for a typewriter.



It may seem that life is never dull for the percussion players, but, because composers use them sparingly, they must listen and count silently for longer stretches of time than the other members of the orchestra. Duff handles three kettledrums of different sizes, the largest of which gives the lowest notes. He tunes his kettledrums whenever the whole orchestra is playing *fortissimo*, and at the same time he keeps counting. Counting has become second nature to him, he told me. He counts subconsciously. He counts even when he is listening to an orchestra on the radio or on records at home. When he is playing, he does not rely on the conductor's cue but uses it merely as a double check. Even in a symphony that gives him little to do, he does not relax and just listen to the other sections. Instead, he counts relentlessly. "Nothing must distract my alertness," he said. "As long as I let my reflexes do the counting, I feel safe."

The timpani—which produce notes, whereas many other percussion instruments produce sounds of indefinite pitch—are said to have originated in Arabia; in any event, they have been standard orchestra instruments since the beginning of the eighteenth century. Bach and Handel and their successors used two timpani, tuned to the tonic and the dominant. Octave tuning for the timpani was probably invented by Beethoven in his last two symphonies; in the Ninth Symphony, the timpani player becomes a soloist.

Duff told me he had always wanted to play the timpani. He took up the drum at the age of six, and has never stopped playing it. "You have to be an extrovert and a man of some courage to play the timpani," he said. "You also need perfect pitch, a strong sense of rhythm, and good muscular coordination." Duff sits on a small platform in the rear of the orchestra, from which he can see everybody around him. He always sits on the edge of his chair, even if he doesn't have to play for the next hundred bars.

"When you think you know the music so well that you can afford to sit back and relax and wait for your cue, you are in trouble," he said. "Under Szell, I've learned to think of a rest as a special kind of silent sound. Our orchestra is trained to react very fast and with great precision. We are not given as much leeway as other orchestras. We don't go in for long, sweeping notes. The Cleveland Orchestra is known for clarity, precision, and inner voicing, because that's the way Szell wants the music performed. Few conductors take such trouble today. Many are satisfied to perform the score and miss the deeper meaning behind the notes. I'm sure that if we were to play without a conductor, we would play in the style in which Szell trained us for over twenty years. Here, everybody instinctively seeks out the music behind the notes. This way of playing is ingrained in our orchestra."

In the Cleveland Orchestra, the musicians often rehearse the standard works of the repertory—works they have played for many years and could almost play by heart. "When we rehearse Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, my initial reaction is 'Oh gosh, again!' " Duff told me. "But after the first few

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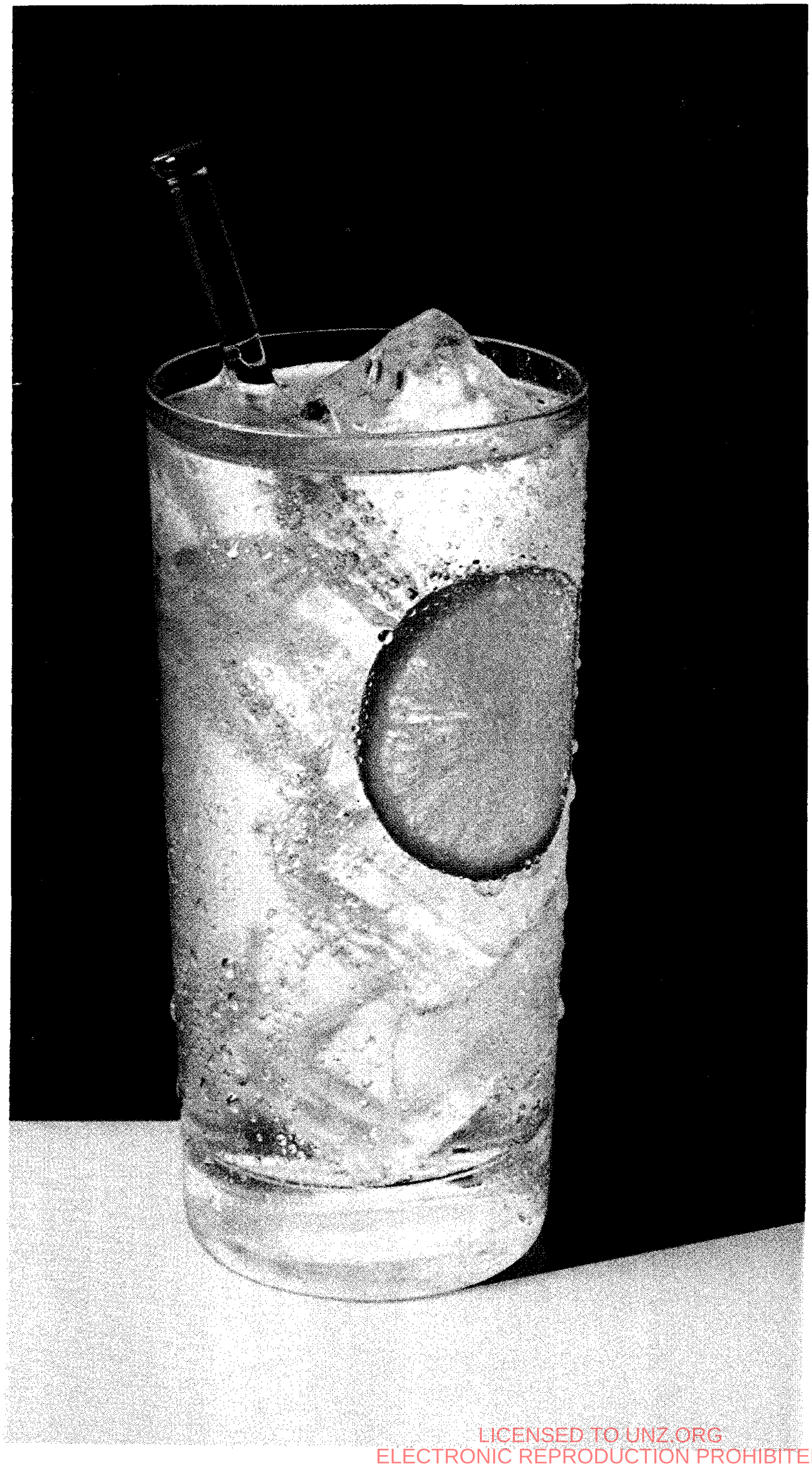

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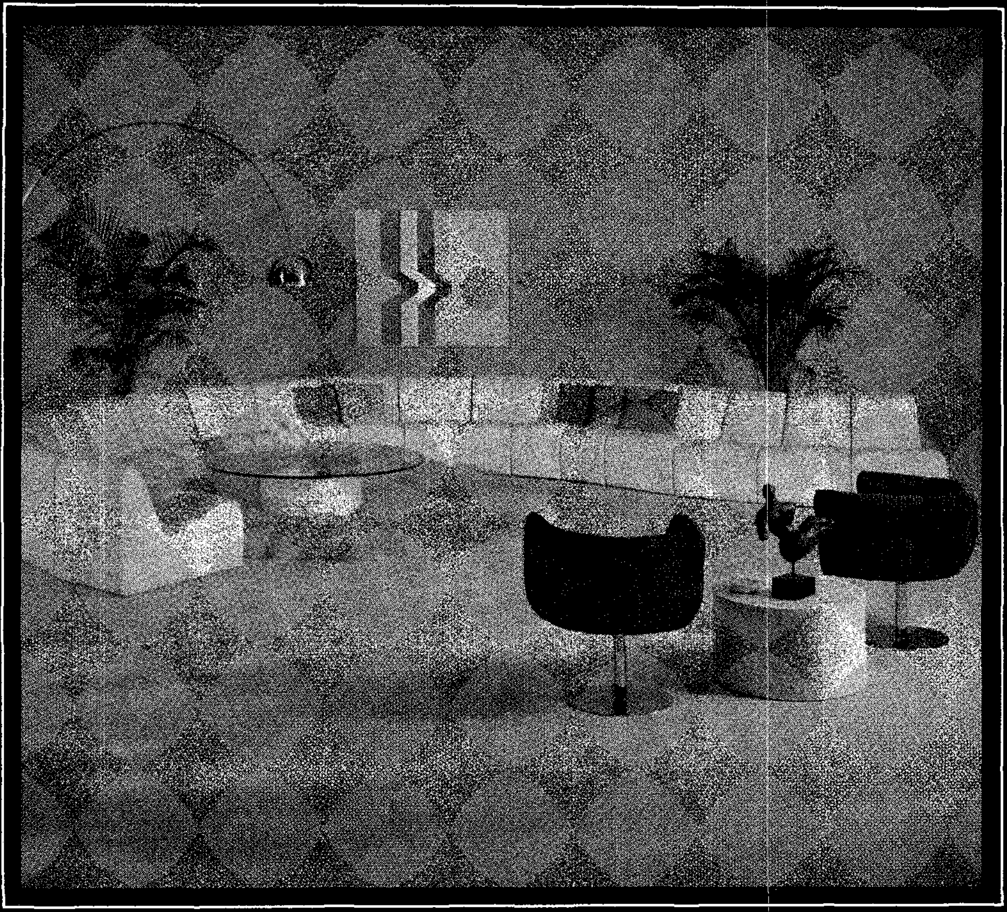

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Even a kettledrum player, I learned, modifies his sound to the conductor's wishes. Under Karajan, Duff told me, he found himself unaccountably playing "with less sharpness and with longer lines" than under Szell. There was clarity, but it was "external rather than internal clarity." He explained, "You don't change the level of your exactness, but you do mold yourself in a different way. You adjust yourself to the conductor's spoken or indicated demands, like a painter changing the subtle nuances of a certain color."

ARTHUR H. BENADE, a nuclear physicist and professor of physics at Case Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, writes in "Horns, Strings and Harmony," "I know of one major orchestra in which the French-horn section once had a standing agreement: they would go out and drink champagne after any public performance in which none of them burbled or otherwise missed a note. Sad to say, these men never got their fill of champagne!" The French horn is an incredibly difficult instrument. A slightly conical tube curled around itself and opening into a wide bell, it would be twelve feet long if it were uncoiled. The player, blowing through compressed lips, makes the air inside the tube vibrate, and the vibrations must travel a long way. The speed of vibration of the lips affects the speed of vibration of the air column, thus determining the pitch of the note.

"The brass player 'makes' the note, and his lips can do some very complicated things to the physics of musical brasses, not all of them understood scientifically," writes Benade. The French horn is probably the most unpredictable instrument in the orchestra. Brass players have trouble sustaining a note for a long time. To produce a nasal tone, the player inserts his hand in the bell and blows hard in a way that would ordinarily produce a note a semitone lower. Almost anything can happen with a French horn, and even the most accomplished horn player is unable to explain why. Years ago, the Cleveland Orchestra was performing the Brahms Second Symphony, the first movement of which includes a solo passage for French horn. There was a sudden, terrible silence where the horn passage was supposed to be. Szell calmly continued to beat time, and went on with the symphony. Afterward, Myron Bloom, the orchestra's principal horn player, came to Szell to apologize.

"What happened?" Szell asked.

"I don't know," Bloom said, still shaken. "I just don't know. The instrument wouldn't speak."

"Well, don't get upset about it," Szell said.

Bloom, a native of Cleveland, studied at the Eastman and the Juilliard Schools of Music, and is considered one of the great horn players in the country. But he still cannot explain what went wrong that night. "In my younger years, I would break out in a cold sweat when the horn wouldn't play," he told me. "Now I'm more adjusted to it. To play the horn, one must be in perfect physical and mental condition. It's not merely a matter of lip control or strength of breath. The instrument is so complicated that it takes perfect coördination to master it. A sleepless night, a fight with your wife, slight indigestion, some bad news—any little thing may cause a momentary lack of coördination, and then it happens. To remain in top condition, daily practice is absolutely necessary. On tours, I always worry when I can't practice every day. Physical exercise is important, too. In Cleveland,

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I go to the Y.M.C.A. four times a week for a workout."

"The brass in general, by nature laggard, come in with as much precision as the woodwinds," Paul Henry Láng, the noted musicologist, wrote about the Cleveland Orchestra. Szell has molded the brass section into a miracle of homogeneity. "When I joined the orchestra, I didn't think that fourteen members of the brass section could be trained to breathe collectively, but I've since learned that with discipline it can be done," says Martin Morris, one of the orchestra's five French-horn players.

Szell calls his brass section's skill "the result of relentless admonition and intolerance of any imprecision." The French-horn players play American instruments of the same type, they use the same type of mouthpiece, and they have had similar training. By playing with each other and listening to each other, they have come to have the chamber-music approach of the strings and the woodwinds. They know instinctively how to lift a note and attack the next phrase.

Unlike the trombone and the trumpet, which are quite alike in tone color, the French horn at its best has an "unbrassy" sound, and therefore sometimes joins the woodwinds in quintets. The modern French horn, with valves, was introduced only around the middle of the nineteenth century; before that the horn could produce only the notes of the harmonic series. The horn player uses a mouthpiece that is narrow and deep. Unlike a trumpet player, whose instrument has a wide, shallow mouthpiece that produces an incisive tone and makes the player feel reasonably sure of hitting the desired harmonic, the horn player can never be sure. But if his professional life is always tense, he has the satisfaction of playing the instrument with the most expressive solo voice in the orchestra and the most romantic of all brass instruments. "A horn player's professional life is shorter than a violinist's," I was told by Morris, who played the violin before he took up the French horn. "With some luck, a string player may work beyond the retirement age of sixty, but a brass player suffers from nervous tension, high blood pressure, overexertion, lack of breath control, and trouble with his lips and teeth. If I lose my teeth, I could go back to playing the violin in a section, but I would certainly miss the chance of playing on my own."

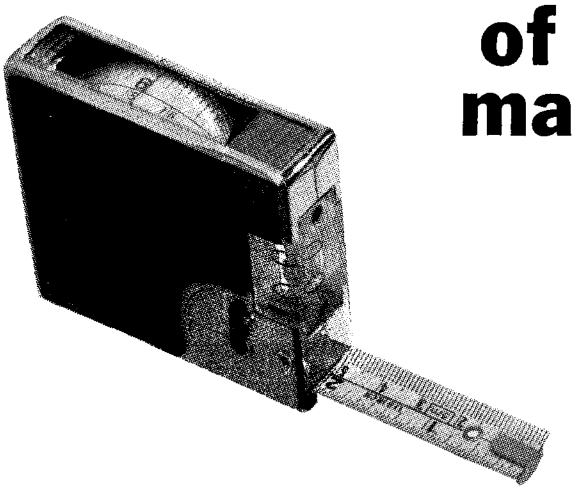
The Cleveland's brass players are sometimes astonished by their own performance. "During a concert, you are often preoccupied with details and have no time to notice how the whole thing sounds," Morris said. "But afterward, when you hear the recording or the playback of a broadcast, you wonder how it was possible to do it together so well, and you're filled with a tremendous sense of satisfaction. At such moments, you don't mind the ordeals ahead of you. I believe that that satisfaction is the main reason we love to play together. Many of us would very likely play together even if we got almost no money for it. There is an exhilaration that comes when you sit in a fine concert hall, anywhere on earth, and fill it with magnificent music. That's the bonus of playing with a great orchestra."

ALL orchestral markings are merely indications, and give the players a great deal of leeway. ("Composers write intentions and sometimes pious hopes rather than executions," Szell says.) Exactly how loud is *forte*, how soft is *piano*, and what is the difference between *mezzo forte* and *mezzo piano*? When a composer indicates *rubato*, which allows the player additional freedom of expression, where does freedom degenerate into distortion? In the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries, composers didn't write elaborate directions in their scores, because they were close to the musicians and could always tell them how they wanted their music played. A musician playing under Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven and not sure how a certain nuance was expected to sound had only to ask the composer. Wagner started a new trend when he wrote in his scores not the desired effect but the manner of playing required from the player, and Mahler and Strauss put exact markings in their scores. Yet Strauss also wrote in the score of "Don Quixote" such instructions as "Even faster" and "With knightly gallantry" and "Slowing down toward the end," thereby creating problems of taste and musicality that weigh heavily on the conductor's artistic conscience. Every musician knows that metronomic markings are of limited use. The free flow of the musical line cannot be controlled by a mechanical device. It's up to the conductor to secure the all-important nuances.

Exactly what happens at the beginning of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, when the conductor gives his preparatory beat and the entire orchestra comes in, by what seems a miracle of simultaneity, with its ta-ta-ta-*tah*? Exactly *when* does it come in? Under the late Wilhelm Furtwängler, a great musician with an erratic beat, members of the Berlin Philharmonic used to say, "We come in when the conductor's downbeat reaches the second button of his white vest." Whatever the truth of that, the players all came in beautifully, at the same instant. The conductor must indicate the exact tempo with his preliminary upbeat. "It is a general rule that the conductor gives one extra beat, strictly in tempo, before the music actually begins. . . . It is equivalent to lifting the bow in the string instruments and to taking a breath in the winds," the conductor Max Rudolf writes in his book "The Grammar of Conducting."

Not all orchestras react to the conductor in the same way. In fact, each orchestra has its own method of attack. Some orchestras play during the downbeat or near its end. The Cleveland Orchestra comes in "a tiny little bit after the beat," Szell says. The Berlin Philharmonic is rather late, coming in only after the downbeat. The Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky was known for its late attack. Koussevitzky would shake his arm at them, and nobody would play. Some people claimed that at a mysterious moment Richard Bourgin, the concertmaster, would give an almost imperceptible nod and they would all come in at the same moment. But one must not underestimate Koussevitzky's contribution. Lane, the Cleveland Orchestra's associate conductor, remembers attending the rehearsal of a student orchestra in Tanglewood under a poor conductor which Koussevitzky also attended. The conductor tried to get the players started on the first movement of Beethoven's Second Symphony, which begins with a thirty-second note followed by a longer note that is sustained at the discretion of the conductor—a situation in which it is impossible to indicate the tempo by an upbeat. The conductor made a half-hearted sign with his baton, and no one understood it. The players came in at different times, and there was confusion. The conductor, flushing, tried again, and the confusion only grew worse. He just couldn't get the orchestra started. Then Koussevitzky said, shaking his head, "What's the matter with you? It's so simple." He stepped up in front of the orchestra, lifted his arms, and let them fall in a powerful gesture, and the players all came in with absolute precision. "He had an imperious will, and he was able

Measure of a man.



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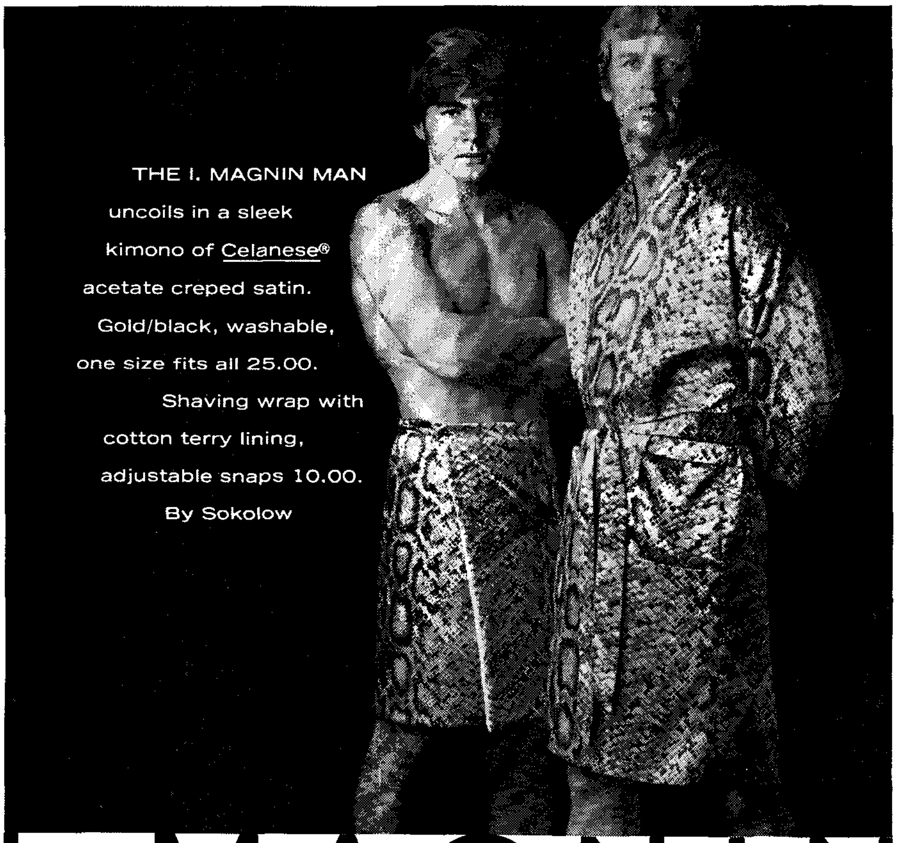

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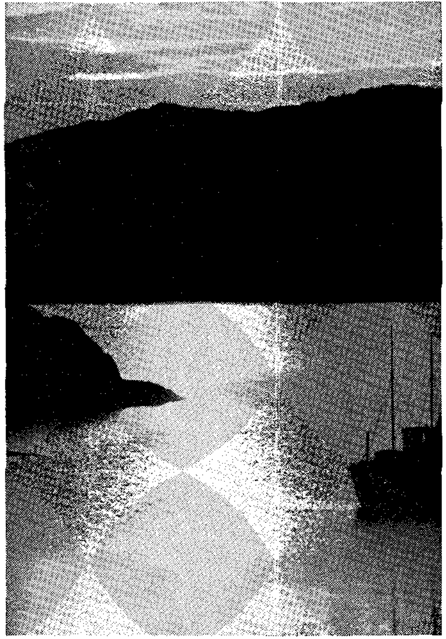

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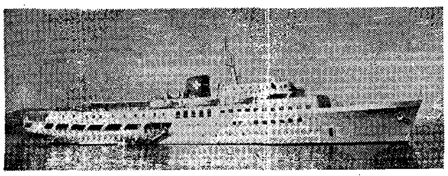

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to communicate his command," says Lane.

"At the beginning of Beethoven's Fifth, Szell gives his downbeat and *somehow* we all come in at the same time," says Hyman Schandler, a member of the second-violin section, who has played in the Cleveland Orchestra for forty-three years. Schandler is able to judge the conductor's problem from both the player's and the conductor's viewpoint, since he is the conductor of the Cleveland Women's Orchestra.

I asked Schandler what he meant by that "somehow."

"I never tried to analyze how it is that we begin in unison," he said, looking uncomfortable. "It's partly that we've worked together so many years and are so well integrated, and that we listen to each other until we *feel* one another. That still doesn't explain how Szell slowly turns his right hand down for a slow, soft entrance and we all come in together a certain fraction of a second later. When two people have been married for many years, they begin to think alike. Maybe the orchestra is a sort of super-marriage. Some conductors give us a *furtive* downbeat, as if it were a secret between the conductor and the orchestra. Szell doesn't do that, but neither does he try to give us a physically unmistakable downbeat—he isn't conducting for the audience. When we are supposed to come in on a *sforzando*, he signals the accent with his eyes one beat earlier, and then we come in all together, since we are prepared. When you think of a hundred and six players doing it, with absolute precision, it staggers the imagination. Yet I don't think it's a matter of intuition; in fact, I don't think there's any mystery about it. It is a sudden occurrence, but it is the result of hard work and playing together for years. When we violins play a *pizzicato* with the woodwinds, which happens frequently in Brahms, it wouldn't do for us to come in with the conductor's beat; we would be too early. We've got to listen to the wind sound and *then* we come in. The acoustics of Severance Hall were changed in 1958, and we couldn't hear one another for a while after that—we had to learn to listen all over again. We second violins couldn't hear the violas at all until we found a new way of listening. You've got to learn to listen in different acoustical situations, just as you've got to learn how to follow different conductors. Stokowski, for instance, insists that we play *on* the beat. Young players who join the orchestra have a lot to learn. This year, we have several new ones, and we older men watch their integration carefully. It may take them four weeks to get integrated, or it may take them a whole season. If a man hasn't integrated by his second season, he'll probably leave. But in most cases the new player's reflexes get faster, and he acquires the exact timing that our orchestra is known for. He learns to play phrases rather than single notes. He learns to watch the conductor instinctively before approaching a change of tempo, a *ritardando* or *accelerando*. He watches the conductor's beat *and* his eyes. And he learns to read the material. The well-printed parts of older symphonies present no problem, but some modern works are played from imperfectly copied manuscripts. The parts contain accidentals and sudden changes in metre, and there may be outlandish intervals—and those are only some of the problems. But there are joys, too. In a Bruckner symphony, the full orchestra plays a divine *pianissimo* after a *fortissimo*—a beautiful, soft sound made by a hundred and six people. It sends a chill down my back. Or when we second violins come in during the overture to 'The Bartered Bride,' all of us playing like one player. After we played that overture in Carnegie Hall, a friend of mine from the New York Philharmonic said, 'I've never heard a second-violin section like it.' "

SINCE the artistic temperament presents a great many problems, it is not surprising that a famous symphony orchestra should employ someone to avert temperamental chaos. In the Cleveland, the man concerned with the players' emotional and vocational problems is Olin Trogdon, a double-bass player, who was appointed the orchestra's personnel manager a few years ago and has now given up playing in the orchestra. Trogdon, a tall, outgoing man, sits in the personnel manager's office backstage, trying to repair hurt feelings and calm jealousies. Who should sit next to the first cellist—the second-best section player or the weakest? Which violinist enjoys higher status in the orchestra—the one at the second stand of the second-violin section or the one at the last stand of the first-violin section? When only sixty members of the orchestra are assigned to make a recording, quite a few of the remaining forty-six want to know why *they* weren't chosen. Every large or-

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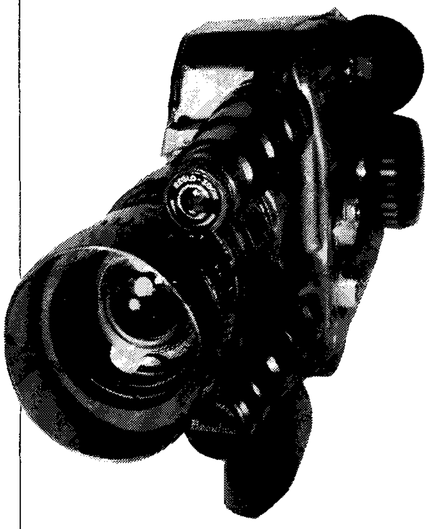

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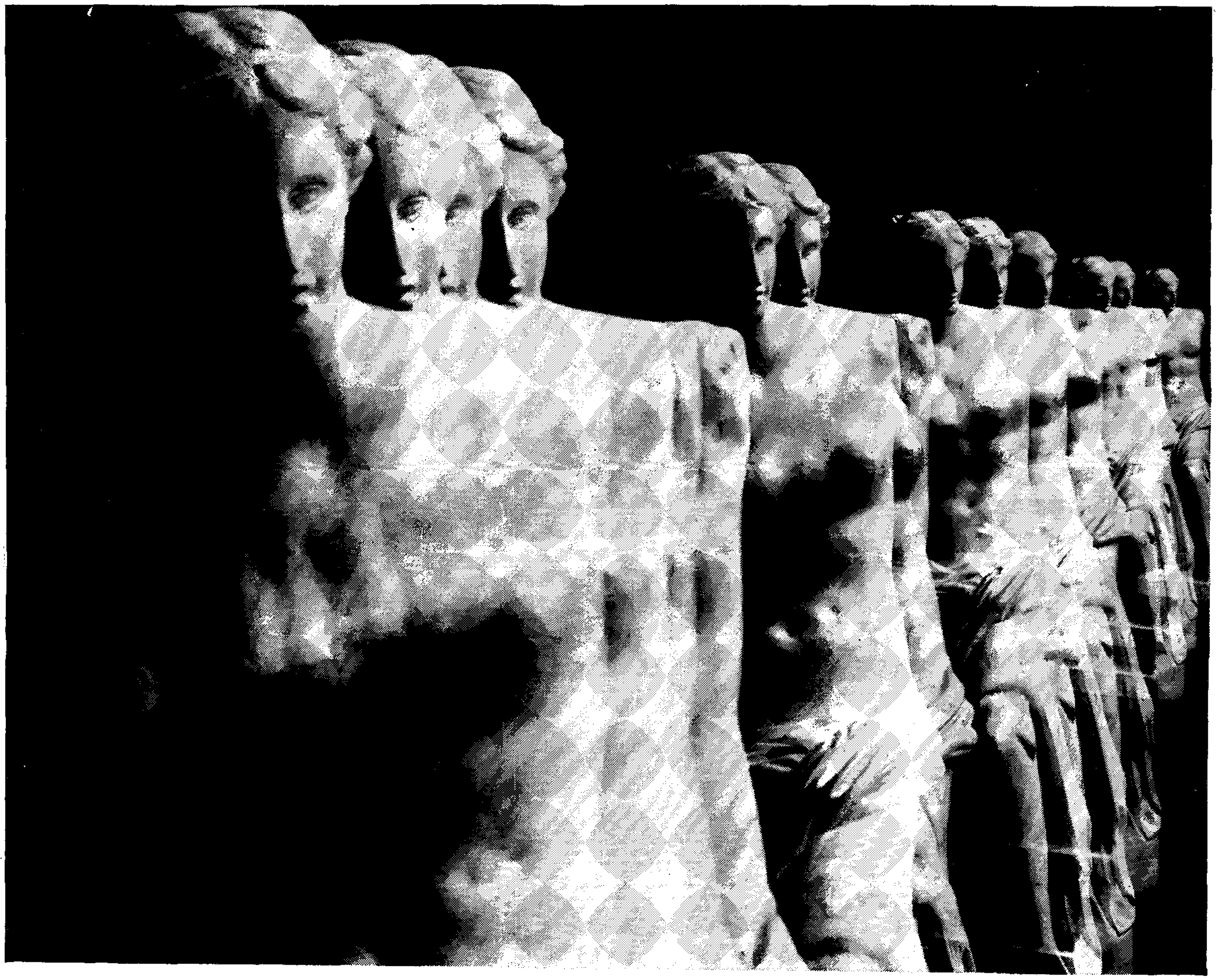

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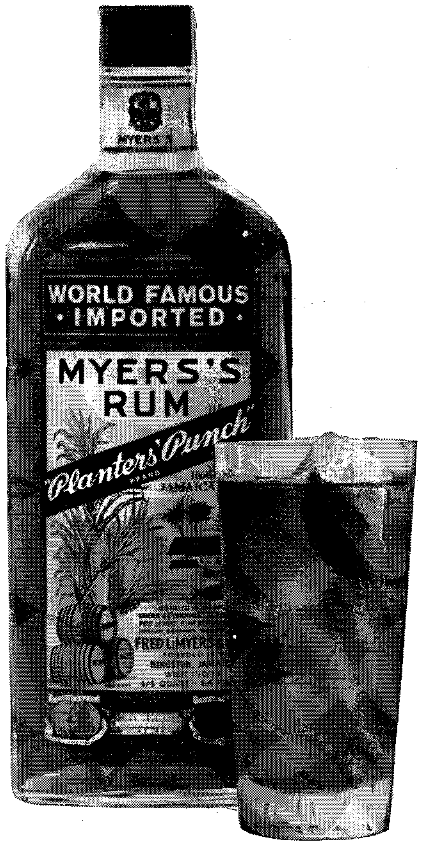

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chestra has such status problems. But a player's status is determined, ultimately, by the orchestra's musical director, who is more concerned with the balance of its sections and the excellence of the orchestra as a whole than he is with the emotions of the players. The role that Trogdon plays is that of the orchestra's father confessor. He advises the players about their personal problems, their financial troubles, and their vocational illnesses. Violin players suffer from cramps in their arms, double-bass players from rheumatism in their shoulders, wind and brass players from troubles with their lips and teeth. Some people come to him because it helps them just to talk about their problems. Others, too shy to talk about what really bothers them, come in to talk about practically anything else; Trogdon understands what they are doing, and often manages to help them. His position is delicate: he needs to have the confidence of both the players and the management, for he must help the men relax so they can play the music well. "There are men who have few friends in the orchestra," he told me. "Others have friends in their section—especially the string players, who experience common disappointments. On tours, the brass players seem to stick together, and there is a fraternity of wind players who worry about their reeds. Common pressures and a common outlook often work to form friendships. But there are friendships across all sections, too. Every society has small groups, but I try to prevent the formation of cliques, which so often make life difficult in other orchestras. When a player gets angry, I talk to him, so he won't stay angry. As long as one can talk to people, one can prevent chaos."

The attitude of the players toward the orchestra suggests that Trogdon does his job well. "Even when we have disputes and are not happy, we play well for Szell," a member of the second-violin section told me. "We do it out of respect for him, and perhaps out of fear."

A viola player said, "There is often a lingering discontent in our section, but then there will come an evening in New York when the viola section wins the respect of the audience and of players from other orchestras, and that soothes our hurt egos. In another important orchestra I've played in, there was a lot of professionalism. Here we have a lot of idealism. In New York, our men rush out to buy the reviews after a concert, and they talk about it for hours."

They also talk about money. When the Cleveland Orchestra returned from its first great international success, the European tour in the spring of 1957, the players' annual wages were below the average paid by the four other major American orchestras. Since then, the Cleveland has come to be called one of the world's greatest orchestras, and, perhaps not unreasonably, its players feel that they ought to be paid accordingly. Last year, the minimum weekly salary, which most section players got, was two hundred and forty dollars. It is now two hundred and fifty-five, and a contract for September is still under negotiation. Some wind players may get as much as four hundred dollars, and the string players tend to complain that the discrepancy is too large. It's simply a question of supply and demand, however; there are more violinists than oboists available.

A big symphony orchestra is an economic monstrosity. Fund-raisers for the Cleveland Orchestra are often asked why it needs so much money "when Severance Hall is often sold out." In an average week, there are two concerts, which means a total of forty-one hundred and eight tickets sold, at an average of five dollars a ticket. The orchestra thus takes in twenty thousand dollars, but there are a hundred and six players, and the average weekly salary is three hundred and ten dollars—a weekly payroll of thirty-three thousand dollars. The payroll alone, then, is thirteen thousand dollars more than the box-office receipts, and there are conductors' and soloists' fees, staff wages, the cost of the hall's upkeep, and so on. "Before the orchestra plays a note, we are thirty thousand dollars a week in the red," says A. Beverly Barksdale, its general manager. "The whole business is of necessity a deficit operation."

DURING my visit to Cleveland, several orchestra members suggested that I sit on the stage among the players during the final rehearsal of "Don Quixote," on Thursday morning. "It might give you the musicians' frog's-eye view of the conductor," a cello player said. "And on Thursday night, from the auditorium, you'll have the bird's-eye view of the whole orchestra." A trumpeter said I would do well to stay close to the brass and percussion, in the rear, where the orchestral balance is upside down. "It will be interesting not so much for what you hear as for what you can't hear," he said. "It will help you understand a few of the practical problems players face." When I told Szell about the suggestion that I sit at the rear of the stage for the final rehearsal, he said he thought it was a good idea. Accordingly, a few minutes before ten on Thursday, I took a chair between Duff, the timpanist, and Emil Sholle, who is recognized as a master of the cymbals. A third member of the percussion section, Richard Weiner, was shaking the tambourine and trying out the wind machine. No one paid any attention to me. The atmosphere was tense and businesslike. Three trumpeters in front of me were practicing the difficult staccato passage in the Introduction, which they play together. Duff was tuning his kettledrums, bending down and putting his left ear close to the drumskins, and he didn't seem to be bothered by the trumpets' *fortissimo*.

Druian walked to his place and signalled the oboist for an A. A few seconds later, Trogdon escorted Fournier and Szell to the front of the stage, and then went to the far side and took his place among the double-bass players. Szell greeted the orchestra, opened the score of "Don Quixote" (though he knows the work by heart, he uses the score in rehearsal to provide reference points), and quietly explained a few matters. The orchestra listened in silence, and a few men made pencil markings in their parts as he asked for "long, sustained notes" at No. 13; reminded the horns "to play as *pianissimo* as possible" at No. 17; and turned to the first violins, sang a few bars of a phrase, and said, "Start near the middle of the bow, so it can bounce." A wind player asked a question, and Szell said, "*Mezzo piano* would be better than *mezzo forte*. When one sees the '*f*' sign, one is always tempted to play louder." The wind player nodded and made a note on his part. Szell then asked the woodwinds "to get a little more involved" before No. 19. To the three trombones, in the rear, he said, "Make that entrance we talked about yesterday very soft. It should be a completely impassive *piano*."

There was some last-minute tuning, and then there was a silence filled with concentration. Everybody looked up at Szell, who raised his arms. The communication between him and the orchestra was almost palpable. After a couple of tense moments, Szell indicated the tempo. The flutes and oboes began the D-major motif, and the violins

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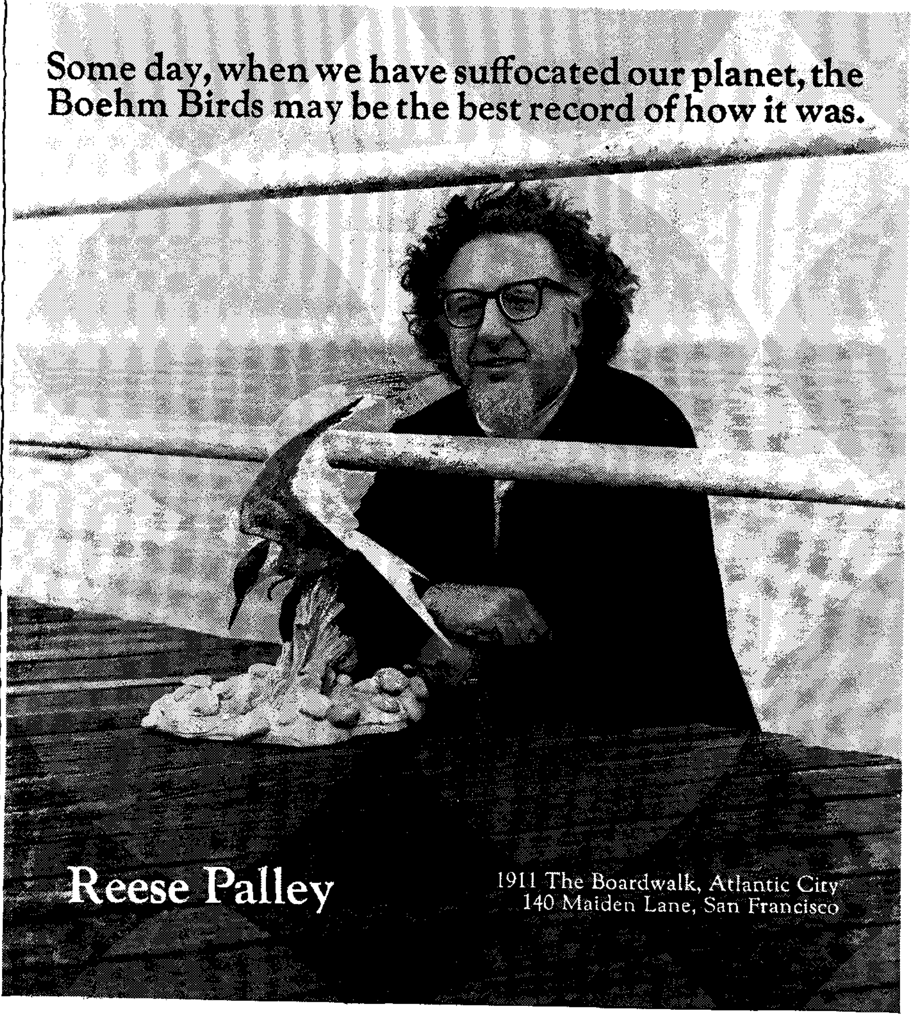

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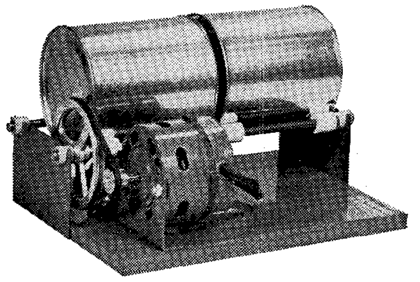

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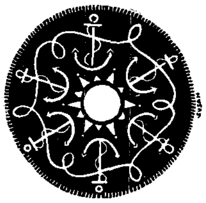
came in with the theme of the gallant, errant knight. From where I sat, I could hardly hear the *grazioso* violin passages. Even the virtuoso figurations of the solo violin were almost inaudible. The balance of the orchestra sound seemed completely reversed, and sometimes the sound seemed to bounce off the rear wall of the stage. But the trumpets played their staccato passage with virtuosity, and the pieces of the musical mosaic were apparently falling into the right places. Although the music sounded unfamiliar from where I sat, I could tell that Szell was shaping the continuity and the line of the work, using his baton and his eyes. Sometimes he seemed to lengthen the value of a tone almost imperceptibly by making a soothing gesture with his left hand, and, again, his eyes gave a particular section advance notice for a sudden *sforzando*. His gestures and commands were unmistakable—clear and powerful, almost hypnotic. One *had* to follow them.

The subtle colors of Strauss's great tone painting began to emerge, but I was still confused by the imbalance of the sound. At one point, the first trombone player, who sat in front of me, came in exactly with the solo violin, and I wondered how he could do it. In the second variation, the woodwinds and muted brasses, playing a succession of minor seconds in flutter-tonguing, produced a startlingly realistic imitation of the army of sheep bleating, and I recalled that Strauss's biographer Norman Del Mar wrote of this effect, "[His] onomatopoeic representation . . . is one of the best-known features of the tone poem."

I began to notice little things. The trombone players had small bottles of oil under their chairs. In the percussion section, Weiner stepped behind the triangle and stood there, counting rests by beating time with his foot. In the third variation, during the Don's description of the fairyland that he and Sancho Panza must conquer, Weiner played a few notes on the triangle and then sat down again. The three trumpet players in front of me seemed less tense now. After bringing off another difficult passage in virtuoso style, they nodded to each other happily. The trombones came in with short, staccato thrusts—too early, I thought, but Szell went on, so they must have been right. Several times, too, when the orchestra played sustained notes, some sections came in earlier than others. To be exact, some sections *seemed*, from where I sat, to come in earlier. I hadn't learned to listen as a player listens to an orchestra. It was fascinating to hear the continuing thread of the musical line woven by groups of instruments. Szell's beat has been called precise and angular, but there was nothing angular about the music; it was beautiful and smooth and round. Szell's movements seemed caressing, delicate, almost baroque.



In the sixth variation, Weiner handled the tambourine, and in the seventh he turned the handle of the wind machine to produce an eerie, windlike noise. During that variation, when Don Quixote and Sancho Panza imagine they are flying through the air, their themes are raised four octaves, but a low D sustained by the timpanist and contrabassoonist reminds the listener that they have never left solid ground. In "Don Quixote," the orchestra always tells the truth.

Duff had been busy producing a constant drum roll during the flying episode. Now he was again tuning his kettledrums. He touched a drumskin lightly with the fourth finger of his right hand and then changed its pitch. At No. 75, Szell stopped the orchestra and asked the woodwinds to be "a little less heavy." They tried twice. He shook his head. The third time, he was evidently satisfied, for he called out "That was nice now!" without stopping again.

When Fournier began to play the Finale, Szell at one point put his left forefinger warningly to his lips, and then stretched his left hand, palm down, above the orchestra, as though reminding the players not to interfere during the immensely moving solo melody, the beautiful resolution in calm harmony, and the Don's melancholy transfiguration in death. Fournier played with great simplicity toward the end, making the death of Don Quixote a deeply emotional experience. "The composer bids him a fond farewell," as Klaus G. Roy says in his program notes, "in six grateful and touching measures."

After the last bar, Szell held his left hand up, to prevent any talk, and said, "Could you try for more *pianissimo* in the last two bars? This is full orchestra but still *pianissimo*." The full orchestra played the last two bars once more, with a beautiful, warm sound, and very *pianissimo*. Szell nodded to indicate his satisfaction and gave the sign for the intermission.

Everybody relaxed. Duff stepped

down from his small platform. "Such lovely sound! Such wonderful music!" he said, shaking his head in wonderment, as though he had played "Don Quixote" for the first time. "What a genius Strauss was!"

Lane joined us as we walked off the stage. "What Szell does so beautifully with 'Don Quixote' is something that can't be marked in the score," he said. "He gives each phrase the character that suits it exactly, and at the same time he keeps the flow of the music as a whole. If you were to beat time with him, you would soon be lost. He makes small *ritardandi* and *accelerandi* that you don't even notice. And Fournier plays his part superbly—with no trace of sentimentality."

Backstage, we met William Hebert, who plays the piccolo, and Lane complimented him on "that passage." I asked what passage it was, and Lane explained, "After the Introduction, in the exposition of the Sancho Panza themes, the piccolo and the solo viola play a fast, difficult phrase together. Abraham Skernick, who plays the solo viola, hears the piccolo but cannot see Hebert. And Hebert neither sees nor hears Skernick. During all the rehearsals, the phrase has come off precisely in unison. No one talks about it. This is one of the many mysteries of orchestra playing that are taken for granted, and noticed only when they don't come off."

Hebert showed me the phrase in his part—very delicate, with figurations in sixteenth and thirty-second notes. "Usually, we play it a few times together in the locker room before we come up here," he said. "Practicing it makes us feel safer. Then we both watch the conductor carefully. The viola can hear me, so he makes the adjustment. It's tricky, because if it's not done right everybody will notice it. It's hard to be discreet on the piccolo, the highest instrument in the orchestra. 'Don Quixote' is especially difficult for me, because it's not only high but soft. The piccolo has a tendency to become flat when you play soft, and I play several times with the clarinet, which has a tendency to get sharp when one is playing soft." Hebert shrugged, and added, "You've got to balance your intonation. If you know what the other man is doing, you adjust yourself to him, and he, in turn, adjusts himself to you. It's give-and-take—a matter of listening, skill, and flexibility, and of carefully studying not only your part but the parts of those who are playing with you."

Hebert excused himself, and Lane

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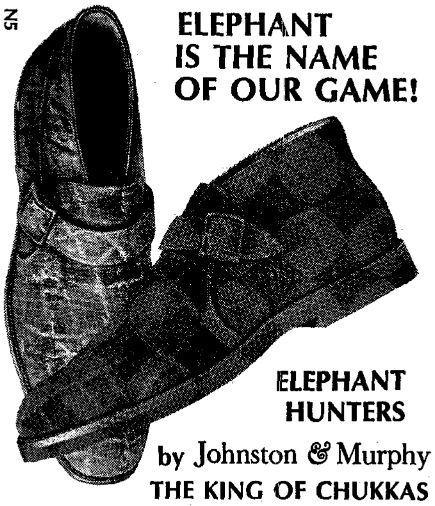

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looked after him as he walked away. "There are not many orchestras in which the players get involved so painstakingly and carry their sense of responsibility to such lengths," he said.

In the corridor, we met Fournier. He looked happy. "I love this piece," he said. "Every time I play it, the music seems to get better. Years ago, when Szell and I happened to be at the Suvretta House, in St. Moritz, we worked together on the Finale. I've recorded it both under him and under Karajan, and in both cases it was a memorable experience. I wish, though, that I could play it every year with this great orchestra and under Szell, who makes the music so warm and full of compassion."

BACKSTAGE that night, the musicians—the men in tailcoats and white ties, and the women in long black dresses—were a somewhat unfamiliar sight, since I had become used to seeing them dressed for rehearsals. Several men stood by the door leading to the stage and looked out into the auditorium. It was almost eight-thirty, but quite a few seats in the front rows were empty, and a viola player said that they would probably remain empty, even though the entire Thursday-night subscription series was sold out and there were always a few people at the box office before a concert hoping to buy a ticket that was returned. "These subscribers won't come, but they won't call Severance Hall and let other people use their tickets," he said, looking disgusted.

In the program, I knew, there is always a notice reading, "Subscribers who are unable to use their tickets for any concert are urged to telephone the locations to the box office so that the seats may be resold for the benefit of the Orchestra Maintenance Fund. With both the Thursday and Saturday concerts sold out, demand for any available tickets is greater than ever. . . . The value of the turned-in tickets is income-tax deductible as a contribution."

A woodwind player complained about the lukewarm attitude of the listeners on Thursday nights. I gathered that Thursday was *the* night in Cleveland, when the orchestra performed for a socially prominent but rather uninterested audience. He said that the same program usually got a much warmer reception on Saturday night.

A violinist agreed. "We love to perform on tour, either in Europe or in New York and along the Eastern seaboard, because we're appreciated and cheered," he said. "And then we come home and nobody seems to care."

"People's enthusiasm seems to taper off from east to west in this country," the viola player said. "The best audiences are in New York and the worst in the Middle West. In the Middle West, the people applaud after the concert, and the orchestra and the conductor take a bow. Then everybody gets up and applauds again, and the orchestra takes a second bow. And that's it—everybody files out. The second applause was a substitute for prolonged applause."

A bell rang, and the players filed onstage, took their seats, and began to tune their instruments. I walked upstairs and joined Mrs. Szell in her box, from which I was going to hear the concert. The rear rows below and the boxes and balconies were crowded, but in the front rows there were still some gaping holes.

"Only in Cleveland will you see empty seats when the Cleveland Orchestra performs," Mrs. Szell said. "Naturally, some people who live far away have trouble getting to the hall in bad weather, but why not let other people have their tickets? Too many Clevelanders take their orchestra and George for granted. When we played in Tiflis, people crowded all the aisles and sat on the floor in front of the orchestra, and in some seats there were *two* people."

The tuning subsided, and Szell came onstage. He was greeted by much less applause than he had received in New York, Salzburg, or Vienna when I heard him conduct the orchestra there.

The rarely performed Mozart Marches for Orchestra, from K. 335 and K. 408, showed Szell and the orchestra at their best. The music was as clear and fresh as spring water, with just the right tempos, dynamic nuances, and tonal shadings. Then came Frank Martin's Cello Concerto, which I thought showed musical taste and erudition but had rather weak thematic material, making the music seem dry and academic. This was the American première of the work, and Fournier and the orchestra played it beautifully.

I wondered how "Don Quixote" would sound to me now, from the box. I had enjoyed it at the first rehearsal I attended, on Tuesday morning, and since I had heard it several more times, I felt that I almost knew the complicated music by heart. Now, as Szell unfolded the great tone painting, I realized how much he and the orchestra had achieved in the past few days. Perhaps the performance lacked some of the happy spontaneity that I had admired on Tuesday, but it was close to perfection. I could hear all the voices in Szell's translucent reading, and once again I admired the virtuosity of the players in all the sections and, at the same time, the magnificent integration of the orchestra into one instrument. Although the attack of the trombones had seemed puzzling to me this morning, it now seemed perfect; their entrance was not delayed, not early, but just right. And the many solo phrases never broke the flow of the musical line; the melodic thread went on and on. The climax of the performance was the Finale, which Fournier played beautifully. It made me think of the death of the noble knight, never of the cello part's technical difficulties.

When Szell lowered his arms after the two final *pianissimo* bars, there was a long moment of silence. It was a far greater tribute to the composer, and to the performers, than a sudden burst of applause would have been. Clearly, many people were deeply moved. I was moved, and I was also surprised that I had been able to enjoy the performance so much—that the rehearsals had not taken the bloom off the music. I mentioned this to Mrs. Szell, and she said, "Yes, but this music is very beautiful, and very close to George's heart."

Downstairs, people began to file out.

In the corridor that leads from the stage to the rooms of the conductor, the soloist, and the concertmaster, Fournier stood talking with a violinist. The two men looked both exhausted and elated.

Fournier said, "I'm so glad we'll do it once more, on Saturday. We'll do it exactly as we did it tonight. Nothing must be different."

We were joined by Szell and Lane. "This is a real red-letter evening," Mrs. Szell whispered to me. "George looks almost pleased tonight."

"*C'était très, très beau,*" Fournier said, touching Szell's arm. "*Merci.*"

Szell smiled and put his arms around Fournier. "Yes," he said. "We've built a cathedral out of pebbles."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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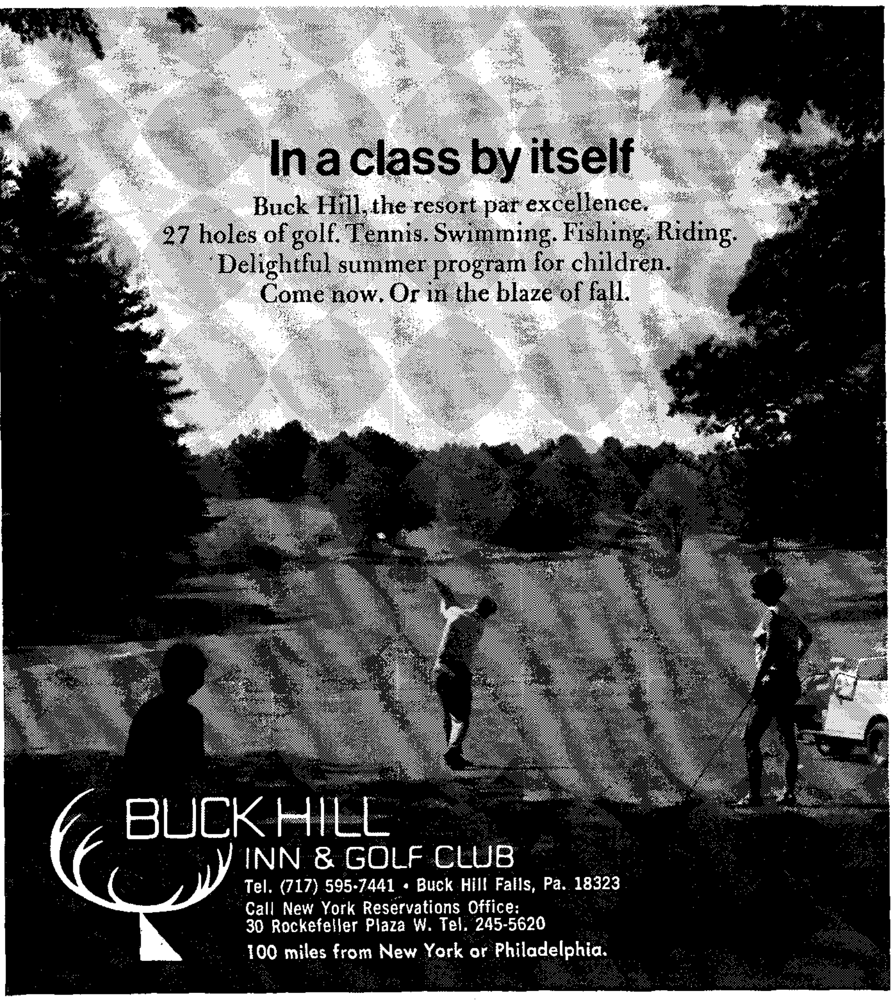
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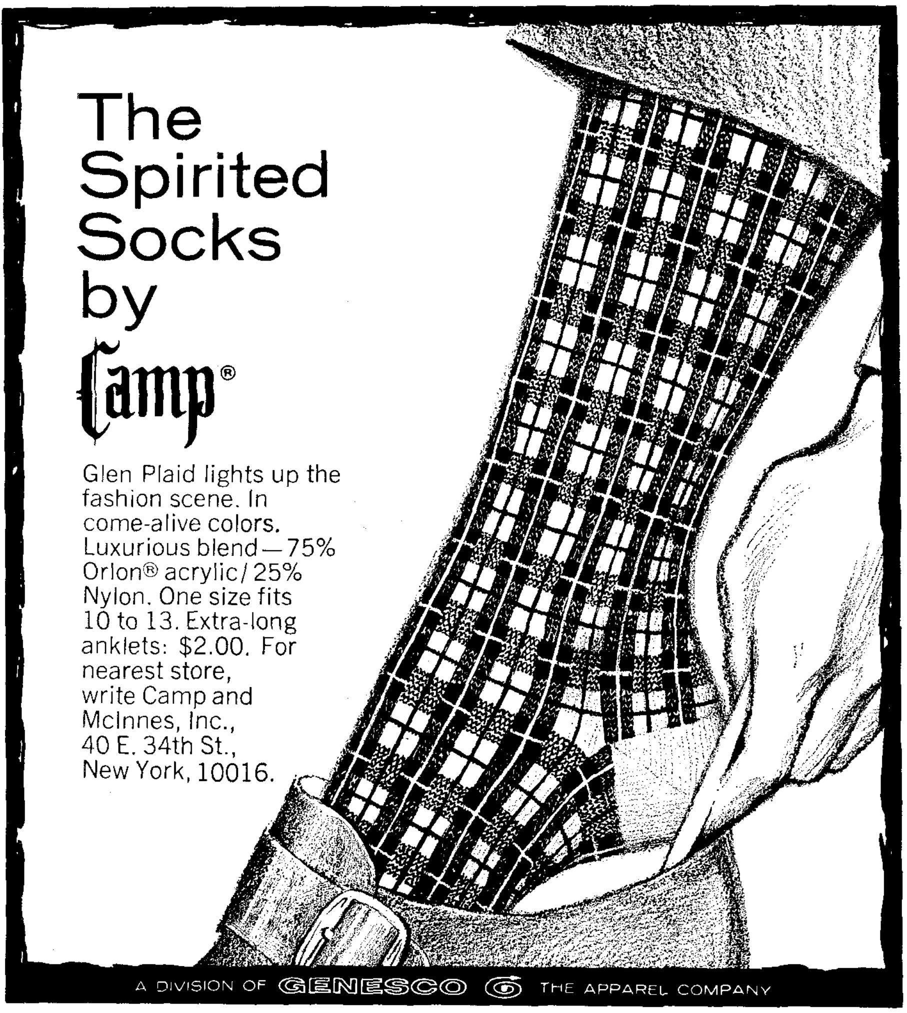
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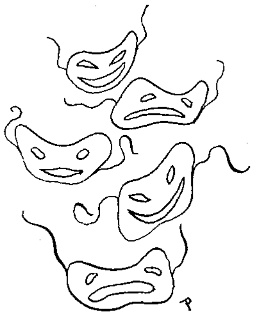
TAMPERINGS

JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT has brought to the City Center, for a limited engagement that ends Sunday, a curiosity that he describes as "a dramatic game in two parts, drawn from the five books of Rabelais." This is to make a mild joke of the double meaning of "*jeu*" as "game" and "play," and it is certainly the case that "Rabelais" is far more game than play. M. Barrault is not only a celebrated actor and impresario but also an international public figure, and it is touching that, at almost sixty, he should have sought to join the younger generation in its pursuit of mind-expansion through mind-blowing, but it was injudicious of him to choose great Rabelais as his means. Borrowing a trick or two from such fun houses of deafening sound and dazzling light as the Electric Circus, M. Barrault forces his audiences to become participants in "Rabelais" by ruthlessly invading their senses as its unruly plot explodes. His purpose is not merely to dramatize episodes out of Rabelais, whose sinewy linguistic anfractuosities prove, in any event, as ready to resist enactment onstage as would those of, say, "The Anatomy of Melancholy" or "Finnegans Wake." His purpose is also, and chiefly, to evoke the particular emotion that M. Barrault believes Rabelais himself wished to arouse in his readers ("Illustrious sots and cherished syphilitics—it is for you that I write, and not for anyone else") by his reiterated adjuration that we seize life: the emotion of joy. Unluckily, what the mannered chaos of the present production aroused in me was not joy but sympathy for the exhausting effortfulness of the large cast of actors, including M. Barrault, whose exquisite visage can assume almost any expression save that of dazed Woodstock abstraction. By the end of the evening, far from feeling eager to seize life, I felt like lying down in the aisle and taking a good, long nap.



The secondary goal of "Rabelais" is to demonstrate how topical the creator of Pantagruelism is. This vulgar, fashionable practice of tampering with the greatest writers who have ever lived in order to make them relevant—odious word!—to our times is one that I deplore with all my heart and with increasing despair. How irritating it is to find a man of M. Barrault's intelligence writing, of the sixteenth century and the twentieth, "The parallelism between our two epochs is obvious"! Now, except in the crudest and least fruitful terms, all such purported parallelisms are not only not obvious but nonexistent, serving to muddy matters in the name of clarifying them. When M. Barrault says that the Abbey of Thelema was the first hippie society, he speaks tiresome nonsense. Nothing could be less profitable for us and more diminishing to Rabelais than to drag that blazing but remote and unfathomable genius into our midst and turn him into some sort of local guru, like Allen Ginsberg.

SIMPLY by opening at all, a play called "The Engagement Baby" lasted much longer than it deserved; that it ran for four performances at the Helen Hayes is a tribute to the sluggishness of its producers and not to any favorable aspect of the work itself, which was written by a radically ungifted playwright named Stanley Shapiro. The play was trash, and trash of an especially repellent kind, filled from start to finish with anti-Semitic wisecracks of a cheapness and viciousness that, if the author's name had been anything less Jewish than Shapiro, might well have caused him to suffer the ancient Wasp punishment of tar and feathers. Such jokes as were not aimed at mocking Jews were intended to encourage blacks, and Mr. Shapiro's ineptitude was equal to the task of making his praise as ugly and unwelcome as his abuse.

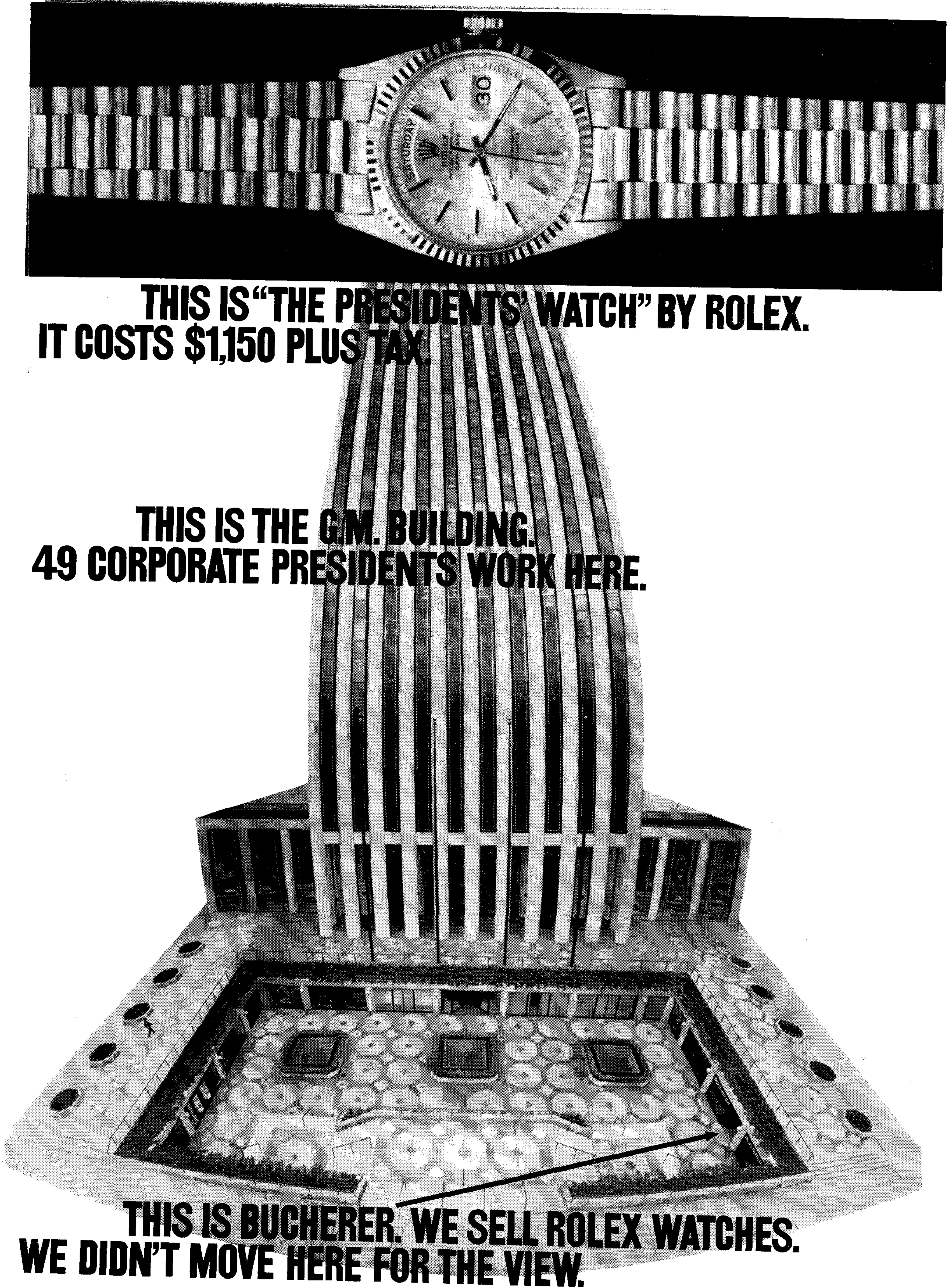
When a good actor appears in a bad play, it is traditional among reviewers to say how sorry they are for the poor fellow. For once, I am reluctant to uphold the tradition. The star of the show, Barry Nelson, is indeed a good actor, and he is also a very busy and, I assume, prosperous one, which makes it hard to understand why he accepted this disgusting role. Also on hand, and looking, under the circumstances, less uncomfortable than I hope they felt, were Clifton Davis, Constance Towers, Tom Aldredge, and Henderson Forsythe. The gimmicky scenery was designed by Robin Wagner, and the play was directed by Gene Frankel.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Rejoice

GARY WILLIAM FRIEDMAN (composer and arranger), Robert H. Livingston (director), Stephen M. Joseph (anthologist), the cast, and everyone else connected with "The Me Nobody Knows" have made an exhilarating, moving, and funny new musical from a collection of poetry and prose by children trapped in the slums of this city. The authors, most of whom are Negroes and Puerto Ricans, range in age from seven to eighteen. Mr. Joseph is a public-school teacher; he is also quite a picker. The show is performed on the stage of the Orpheum by a company of twelve actor-singers of assorted colors and ranging in age from eleven to somewhat over eighteen (but not much), and it is as spirited and professional a troupe as you're likely to see. The show is made up of songs, dances, and recitations, and the weaving of them into a whole is canny and skillful. It opens and closes in darkness—or, at least, in dimness—with the actors lying scattered on the platforms and fire escapes of the triple-decker set. It is night, and they tell and sing their dreams, which are sad and comical and anything but fuzzy. All along, the words deal with the joyful and terrible and boring realities of the children's day-to-day existence, and the combination of imagination, feeling, and utter truthfulness they reflect makes them, at their best, beautiful (old style and new) and strong. The songs, with Will Holt's lyrics, come in all varieties—rock and jazz and quiet, tuneful ballads. Among the best—I list them as much for my own enjoyment as for your enlightenment—are "Light Sings," which is belted out by a bulky child, every ounce of him show business, named Kevin Lindsay; three duets, "What Happens to Life?" (Laura Michaels and Northern Calloway), "How I Feel" (Beverly Ann Bremers and Jose Fernandez), and "Sounds" (Hattie Winston and Miss Bremers); a merry number, "Flying Milk and Runaway Plates," which is sung with high spirit by a small boy in a striped shirt named Douglas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Grant; two harrowing but wonderful rock numbers, "Rejoice" and "The Horse" (Carl Thoma and Mr. Calloway, respectively); and a lighthearted song, "I Love What the Girls Have" (Paul Mace). The singers I haven't mentioned are just as good as the ones I have, and all of them can act and dance just as well as they sing. There are delightful performances by a little girl in spectacles named Melanie Henderson, and a littler girl in a brown pinafore named Irene Cara. The actors who have had considerable theatrical experience—Mr. Calloway, Mr. Mace, Miss Winston, Miss Bremers, Miss Michaels, and Gerri Dean—are helpful to those who have not, and they give the show the firmness and spin it needs. The recitations are clear-eyed and funny and harsh and wistful, and there is not a grain of sentimentality in the lot. Mr. Thoma, a young black man, tells about seeing an old black man who has been mugged sitting on the pavement at Ninetieth and Broadway, and about what happened to him, and Mr. Fernandez recites, from time to time during the evening, the letters of a boy named Carlos, who is shut away in some sort of institution and keeps hearing only from his teacher, Mr. Grady, and for whom everything comes out all right. The second act is angrier and more sombre than the first, but it has its bright moments. The set and lighting, by Clarke Dunham, and Stan Goldberg's colored projections of children's drawings and crumbling tenement walls and arithmetic lessons and history lessons evoke just the right moods. The dances, staged by Patricia Birch, look great. The orchestra sounds great. Criticism is out of the question. How is it possible to *think* anything about "The Me Nobody Knows"?

THE setting of Lanford Wilson's "Lemon Sky," which opened last week at the Playhouse, is a cottage near San Diego, and the play itself is a smattering of the hero's recollections of the months he spent there at the age of seventeen, when he came from Nebraska to visit his father, his stepmother, their two little boys, and the two high-school girls, wards of the state, who boarded with them. It is made up of small domestic scenes, affectionate and amusing, and of small domestic tensions, especially between the boy and his father, which build to a blowup and a parting at the end. There are odd repetitions of lines to denote the odd tricks of memory, there are leaps forward in time, when someone onstage addresses the audience directly or alludes to the play as it is being performed, and all along the way there is a running commentary on every aspect of life—from warm orange juice to sex—in southern California that is clever enough and shrewd enough and catty enough and true enough to give us East Coast chauvinists our money's worth. The play is not very sturdy, but it is certainly more entertaining than anything else of Mr. Wilson's that I've seen. His work always seems to me to have a synthetic ring, but there is less of that here than ever before, and less sentimentality, too. Much of the improvement may be the result of Christopher Walken's splendid performance as the hero. Mr. Walken, a man in his late twenties, gives a remarkable characterization of a bright, thin-skinned seventeen-year-old, and he never misses an opportunity for comedy. The boy he plays is fully explored and made clear, and he is not for an instant allowed to become a routine Sensitive in a Difficult Situation. Everyone else in the cast does well. I especially admired Kathryn Baumann as one of the high-school students—a plain, studious girl, and a worried one, with plenty to worry about. The role of the father is so constricted by the author's hatred of him that it must be very difficult to play, but Charles Durning manages.

"THE PIG PEN," by the remarkable black playwright Ed Bullins, which is running for subscribers only at The American Place, is even more free-form than his wonderful "Clara's Ole Man," of a few years ago, and even more strongly gives the audience the illusion that actual living is going on on that stage, and *not* for purposes of demonstration. The living is of a kind that is unfamiliar to most subscribers to The American Place, and to many of us non-subscribers, too, as was Dublin slum life to most theatre-goers of the world before the Abbey started producing O'Casey's plays. I don't know exactly what Mr. Bullins is driving at this time, but I have total confidence that he does. The play is almost plotless, but there is an underlying design, and the more I think about it, the more evident that design becomes. The action of "The Pig Pen" takes place in February, 1965, in a mountain cabin near Glendale, California, that is owned by an intellectual young Negro named Len and his white wife, Sharon. There are books everywhere, and stacks of records. Most of the evening is devoted to a party that Len and Sharon give to celebrate the arrival of a poet who is a close friend of theirs. All the guests are close friends, too, and their needling and bickering and insults as they get high on pot and wine inflict no real damage to their friendship; that is simply their style. Sharon keeps going off to bed with one or another of Len's friends, and Len even allows one of them to use his bathrobe. There is also a trio of brothers who are jazz musicians, and they play Gene McDaniel's lively music throughout. A helmeted white cop runs in from time to time, thumping his nightstick and racketing around, to no effect whatever. I think that perhaps he is meant to be a reverse Invisible Man. Then the only white guest, who has gone out to replenish the wine supply, comes back with the announcement that Malcolm X has been killed. The party goes on, but there is a difference. All ends with the cop, still unnoticed, leaping with joy, his great white belly hanging out of his unbuttoned shirt. The cast includes Basil A. Wallace, Tony Thomas, and Laura Esterman, among others, and it never occurred to me for a minute that any of them were acting.

—EDITH OLIVER

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—E.M., Centereach

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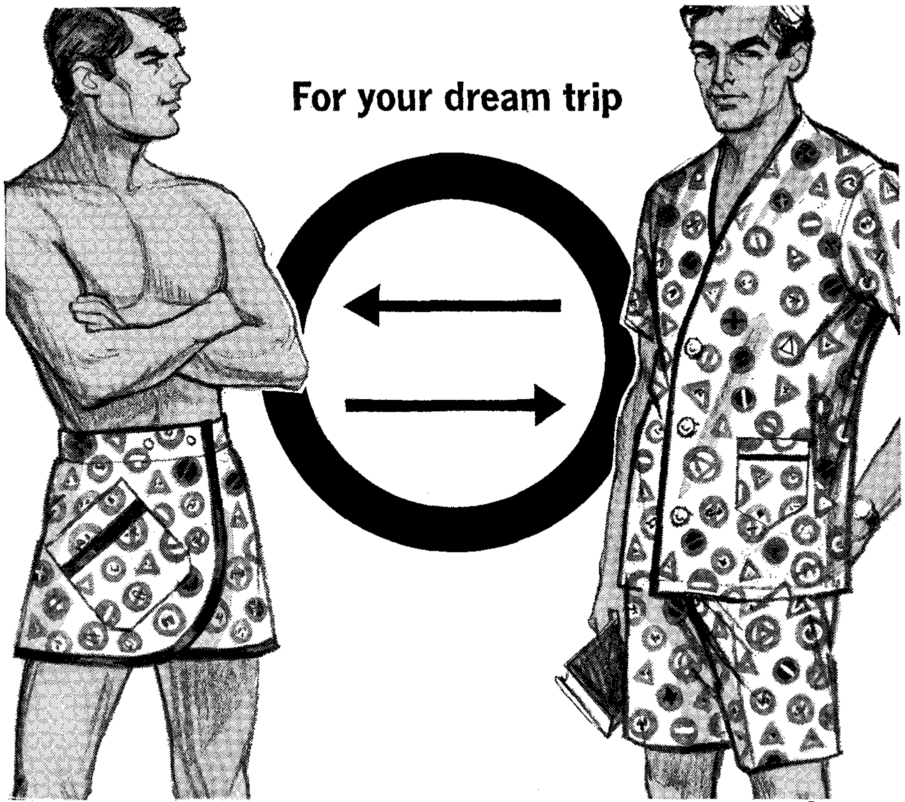

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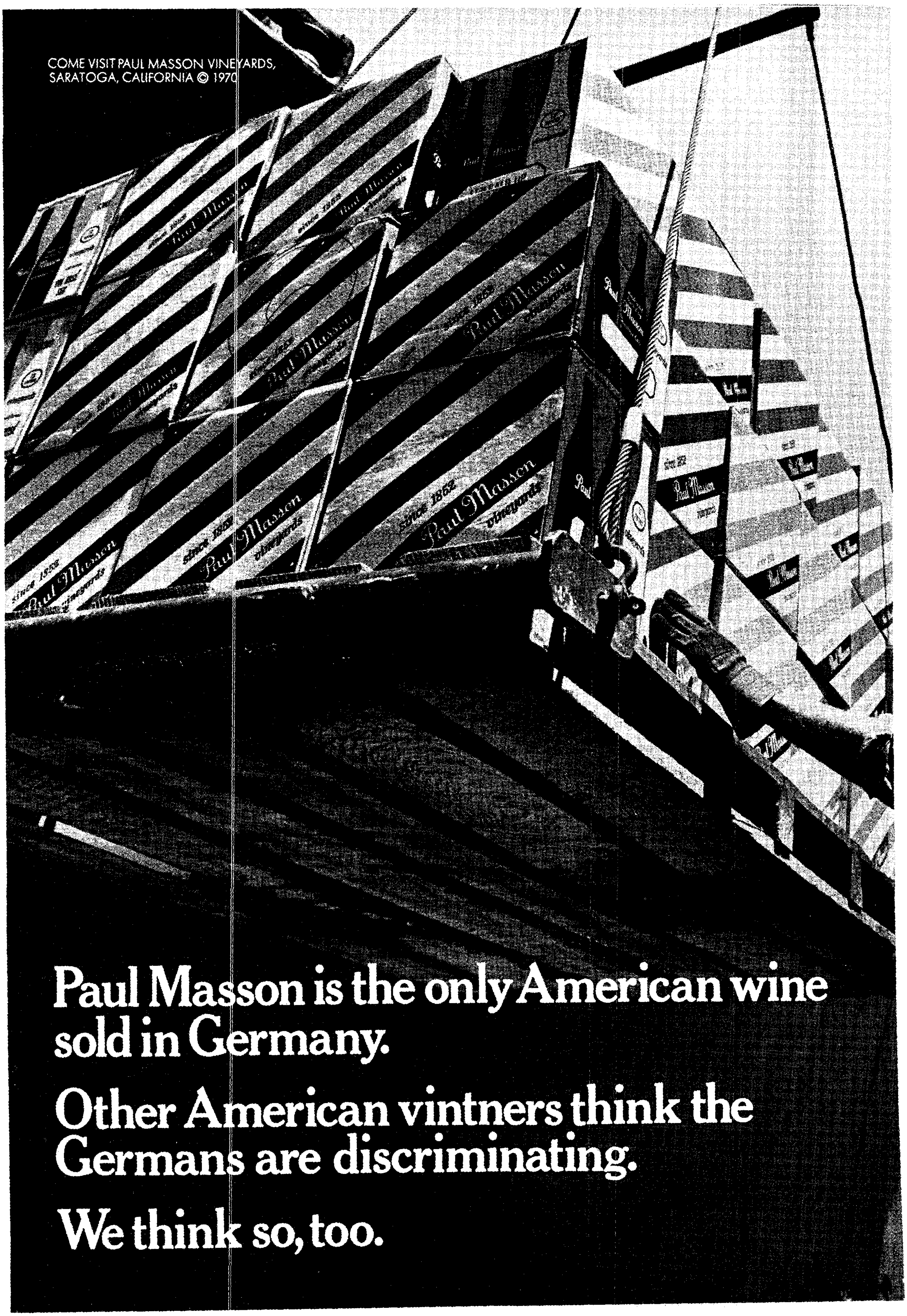
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LETTER FROM LONDON

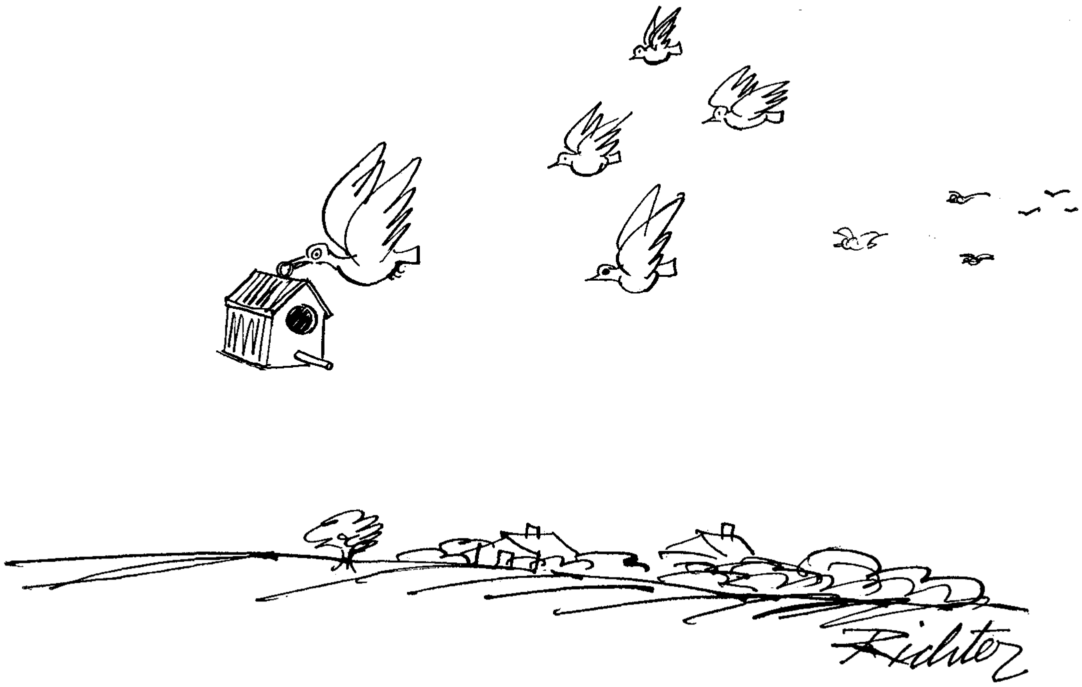
May 21

THE Prime Minister's decision that Britain will go to the polls on June 18th was no surprise to anyone, but what led up to it was astonishing. The political climate here has changed as eccentrically and as disconcertingly as the actual weather of this temperamental spring, which has been serving up chilly slabs of winter alternated with glorious days that brought out the flowers in the city's green spots and the girls in their summer dresses on the streets. The sun seems now to be shining firmly, however, on Mr. Wilson and his party, while Mr. Heath and the Conservatives, who have so long comfortably basked in the certainty of being the next Government, are suddenly in the shade. The speed with which the public's view of them apparently altered was phenomenal and caused violent shock all around, even to Mr. Wilson's delighted supporters. It is true that Labour did dramatically well in the town-hall elections earlier this month, recovering some—but, significantly, not all, by a long chalk—of the ground it had been losing steadily to the Conservatives up and down the country in the past three years. The results looked particularly remarkable because those years were one long, dismal record of the Government's unpopularity and of the irritable whittling away of its votes in successive Parliamentary by-elections. What transformed the whole situation, of course, was the sensational clinching message of the opinion polls, which found that in the space of three weeks since the oracles were last consulted the three sour years had been reversed, wiping out the already dwindled but still respectable Conservative lead and jumping Labour strongly out in front. It was an extraordinary swing of the popular barometer, which, in most people's view, Mr. Wilson would have been unwise to ignore by setting the election date forward to autumn, when the sky may be darker and the economic winds nippier.

While waiting for the word from Downing Street, the press and the public—particularly the shattered Conservative rank and file—thrashed over the question of what, exactly, had caused the sudden summery feeling in the air that Harold Wilson's Government was maybe better than the men they did not know. The main reason was clearly the national satisfaction over the solid good news of Britain's moving out of the red and into a cheerful balance-of-payments surplus. Mr. Wilson's much-heralded economic miracle suddenly came off, though how long it can cushion itself against world shocks and home inflation is being viewed very uncheerfully indeed in the City of London, which has been feeling the tremors from Wall Street and is now reacting gloomily to the sudden collapse of the certainty of a Conservative Government's being put back in business next time. One simplified and maybe valid reason for the swing, in many people's opinion, is that millions of workers won hefty pay increases this spring, when the policy of wage restraint disappeared quietly from view. The bill for these will not be clear to all for some time. Prices are already rising alarmingly, as housewives (who could turn out to be Mr. Wilson's biggest danger) indignantly note when they count the extra pennies marked on more foodstuffs each week, but the rises have not yet mopped up the fatter pay packets. Mr. Heath recently repeated that a major part of the Conservatives' election policy would be their intention, when they return to power, to legislate for a new tough line with the triumphant trades unions. This would certainly be approved by the Tory middle classes, but the hammering-in of the theme was doubtless not regarded by those trades unionists who have come in for the large wage handouts as evidence that life would be better under a change of management at the top.

Though foreign affairs are traditionally not among the subjects on which British elections are fought, it is possible, too, that Vietnam and Cambodia influenced some of the poll answerers who woke up one morning feeling that Labour, after all, was best. To be sure, the Government's refusal to condemn the Cambodian intervention outright sent sixty Labour M.P.s marching into the "No" lobby to vote angrily against the front bench, and caused the unprecedented display of rowdy bad manners in the Oxford Union—that cradle of future Parliamentarians—which refused to allow its eminent guest, the Foreign Secretary, the democratic right to be heard to say what he had come to say in their debate on the subject. Even so, though the deep national worry is not confined to Members of Parliament or the young, many Britons remember that the Conservatives have promised a return to at least a limited defense force east of Suez when they are back in office. This always arouses patriotic cheers at Party conferences from delegates who are not good at doing sums hastily, but voices have already been heard warning less parochial audiences that a Conservative Government would be more likely than a Labour Government to involve Britain in impossibly costly and dangerous commitments abroad.

When it comes down to it, most people incline to equate the startling turnabout in the parties' fortunes with the question of leadership. In this, Mr.



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Wilson seems to hold the high cards. The Prime Minister has lately been making the most of his advantage as the man in possession, keeping himself well in the public eye with television appearances in crackling good form on all sorts of occasions. It is difficult to remember that less than two years ago the press, led by the pontifical voice of the *Times*, was advising him that it would be in the Government's and the nation's interest if he went. Now that he has succeeded in riding out unpopularity and pulling Labour up from the depths to the present euphoric heights, where a third term under his leadership has come suddenly into view, the early belief in him as the infallible miracle worker has picked up sharply. In his television appearances, he has looked markedly sleek and relaxed, exuding confidence and the atmosphere of success to cheer or depress the watchers, as the case might be. In contrast, it is undeniable that the honest, thoughtful, and likable personality of Edward Heath has never made much of a dent on the public critically planted before its television sets. Even when Labour's popularity was at its lowest, and the things that were being said about Mr. Wilson—and are still being repeated bitterly in Conservative gatherings, of course—did not ascribe to that skillful performer any virtues at all, the opinion polls remained perplexingly cool to Mr. Heath. He has aroused large quantities of absolutely nothing, curiously enough—no love and no hate. In spite of all this, many Conservatives think that he will surprise the doubters and pull them through in an extremely close finish, as his predecessor, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, did in 1964. There is some nervous talk, however, about the future of the Party and the leader if the Conservatives lose, some people thinking that the extreme right could then clamor for the enigmatical figure of Enoch Powell to rally them as the exponent of the "real" conservatism—that is, anti-black, anti-union, and anti-student protest, and pro-capital punishment on the statute book again. There is certainly acute anxiety among citizens of all parties on all these issues, particularly the question of law and order. But three months ago, when the Conservative Party unveiled its advance election strategy for dealing with them, moderate Tories felt that the tone was almost too belligerent, too harshly repressive, and too much a nervous bob to the Powellite faction in the country. The sag in the Conservatives' opinion-poll rating dated, many feel, from then. The eighteen-year-olds, who have now

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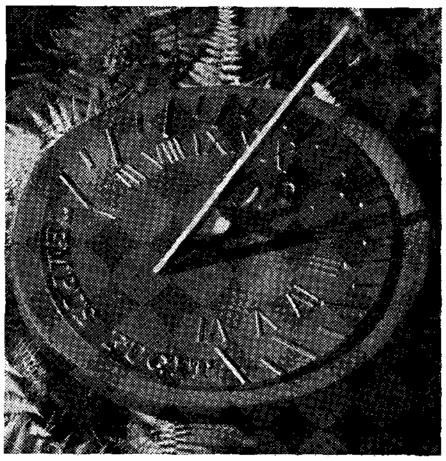

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been given the right to vote for the first time, are one of the big question marks of this election, and the picture of Tory man that emerged from the preview was not calculated to attract idealistic youth—or liberal-minded adults, for that matter. Mr. Heath is now being urged on all sides to be himself in the coming fight, without looking to the right or the left. The thoughtful sections of the British public may well listen to him if he does so.

The future of the Liberal Party—the third force that stubbornly goes on surviving in British political life—does not look bright. Its leader, Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, has just said stoutly that Liberalism offers the only possible home for the radical voter. It is true that many of those who voted Liberal in the past have now drifted off toward one or the other of the big, powerful establishments. All the same, how the liberal (with a small "l"), progressive center in Britain will decide to vote, or whether (as some people fear) it will prefer not to vote at all, will certainly be one of the important unknown quantities on June 18th.

WHICHEVER party is in Downing Street on June 19th will be facing trouble over the violently opposed visit of the white South African cricket team, which is due to play the first of the Test Matches against England at Lord's that week—if it is allowed to, that is, by the anti-apartheid demonstrators, who threaten to disrupt the game by every means, fair or foul. The row began when the South African government refused to admit a colored member of the visiting English team in 1968. The Cricket Council, which has been under heavy pressure to cancel the return 1970 fixture, has just said that the matches will go through as planned. As a token concession to strong feelings here and in the watching black Commonwealth countries, which say that they may retaliate by cutting the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh this summer, the Council added that the tour will not be repeated until South African teams become more multiracial—whenever that happy day may be. Probably the majority of cricket fans want the visitors to come. They are indignant that a minority should try to stop their peaceful enjoyment of a perfectly legal proceeding by force or blackmail, as they see it. Those who urged that the tour should be stopped fear that if the cricket grounds of England become racial battlefields the tension in cities where there are large

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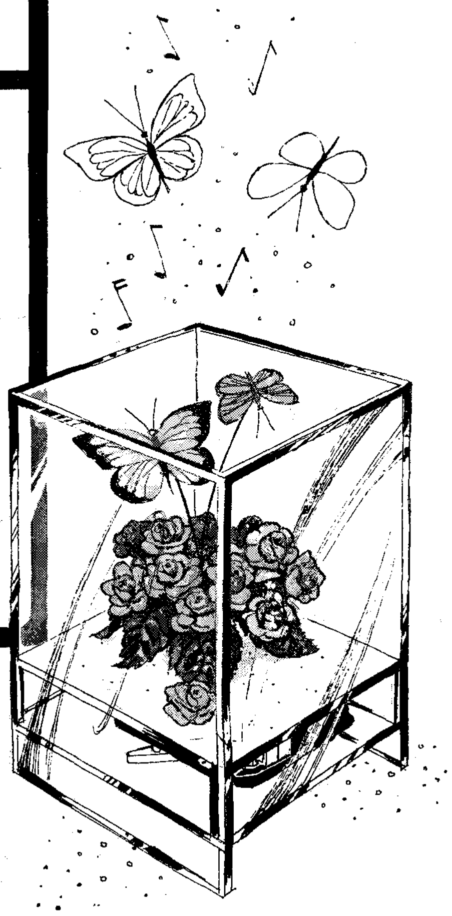

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immigrant populations will become even more serious. Various crackpot suggestions have been put forward by people who intend to disrupt the matches, such as loosing Biblical plagues of hungry locusts to descend upon the sacred turf of the pitch and devour it, or armies of moles to tunnel under it. A bishop—one of several church leaders who have protested vehemently against the tour—has advised appealing to Heaven to send rain as an impartial damper on the heads of all. The hard-pressed police force is facing a long, hot summer one way or another. Though the Government carefully did not throw in its weight officially to stop the South Africans' coming, Mr. Wilson and other Labour Ministers spoke out in favor of cancelling. The attitudes and the passionate beliefs that the controversy is really all about may turn into a noisy side issue of the election campaign when that, too, heats up.

LONDON is so full to bursting of foreign visitors at the moment that the natives complain it is increasingly difficult to move along the pavements in the big shopping streets or to get a taxi or a theatre seat. New hotels are going up all over the place to accommodate this year's tourists and next summer's expected armies of jumbo-borne travellers. To a wanderer around the town these days, new tall buildings and new dust holes in the ground from which familiar old landmarks have vanished are plentiful, and not always a welcome improvement. The tower that has caused the most wrathful outcry is not a hotel, though. The Hyde Park Barracks, in Knightsbridge, designed by Sir Basil Spence, which has replaced a certainly unlovely red brick Victorian military jumble as the home of the Household Cavalry, features an immense tower that peers over the trees like an ungainly giraffe. Modern and utilitarian though it is said to be for the Army and its horses, which presumably inhabit the lower levels, its siting on the edge of the lovely park has aroused a chorus of protest. The monster dominates the landscape in all directions, and Londoners staring coldly up at it feel that it is an affront on this cherished site.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

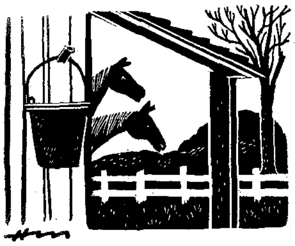
The 34-year-old Bucyk beat the Chicago goalie, Tony Esposito, who was suffering his third straight loss in the East Division on his 27th birthday, twice in the second period.—*The Times.*

Well, that's the way the puck slides.

THE RACE TRACK

Shuvee Shakes a Leg

THIS time last year, Mrs. Whitney Stone's Shuvee was making a clean sweep of the New York Racing Association's Triple Crown for Fillies. Well, she was back in invincible form in the Top Flight Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday. For most of the mile and a furlong, she and Singing Rain put on an enthralling two-horse race; nothing behind them was even close, and at the end Shuvee drew away to win by four lengths. Swiss Cheese was third, seven lengths back. It's not just hindsight to say that Shuvee stood out—cool, calm, and well trained—in the paddock and in the parade to the post. Singing Rain also looked good, and, fresh from her victory by eight lengths in the Gallorette Handicap at Pimlico, she started at odds-on. But this was Shuvee's day; she was the quickest of the ten runners out of the gate, and was never headed. Singing Rain, who got off a close second, joined her as she turned into the backstretch, and the two ran almost stride for stride. From the grandstand, it looked as if they were really flying, but the clockers timed them for the first quarter in 0:24⅖, the half mile in 0:48⅕, the six furlongs in 1:11⅘, and the nine furlongs in 1:48⅗. For Singing Rain's backers, the writing was on the wall when, with two furlongs to go, Lovato began to ride her for dear life, trying to coax something extra from his mount. I thought Baeza's handling of Shuvee was one of his better efforts. His judgment of pace was especially good. Now what I'd like to see is a meeting between Shuvee and Gallant Bloom.



The closest finish of the afternoon at the Big A was in the mile-and-a-sixteenth gallop over the turf course that preceded the Top Flight. A blanket a length and a half long would have covered the first five of the eight runners. The talent thought Charles Engelhard's Ribofilio, who was beaten by a nose in his first start in this country at Aqueduct a couple of weeks ago, was as good as money from home, but he got into close quarters along the rails and finished fifth. His stablemate Larceny Kid saved the day, coming up fast on the outside to beat Eaglesham, Afan, and King of the Castle. It was the last day of the meeting that began on March 10th, and a crowd of 46,462 had a merry time tossing $5,425,198 into the tote. Speaking of that, my statistician tells me that the handle for the entire meeting was $228,876,481. How's that for high?

FOR one reason or another, the better two-year-olds have been slow to put in an appearance this season. Quite the best I've seen is E. P. Taylor's Deceit, who skipped home four lengths ahead in the Fashion Stakes the other afternoon. It was her fourth victory in four starts. Campagna, whom she passed near the furlong pole, was second, and Lady Herald was third, four lengths behind. Deceit is a strapping, well-made dark-bay filly by Prince John out of Double Agent. She's not a Canadian-bred, as one might assume, since Mr. Taylor is the leading breeder across the border. He bought her at the Keeneland yearling sale for $55,000, and so far she's earned $31,707 toward her purchase price.

NOW we have an added starter for the off-course betting shops when they open in September. Or is it October? Last week, Governor Rockefeller signed a bill legalizing quarter-horse racing with mutuel betting. There will be five tracks in New York, one of them on Long Island—in Suffolk County. The races will be run at night, and the mutuel take will be sixteen per cent, but how the state and the tracks will split it up has not been settled. A commission to regulate the sport, set forth a code of rules, pass on sites for tracks, and so on will be named by the Governor, and then we'll have action. I've already seen one eligible starter. Syl Veitch, who trains for George Widener, has a lead pony who is a registered quarter horse.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

BANGKOK (AP)—People of Bangkok can watch a marathon mediator at a downtown temple. Piya Dhammo Bhikku, a 52-year-old monk born in China, has begun a 39-month mediation in a specially built glass cage displayed in the temple. Disciples said he also has mediated in graveyards.—*Roanoke (Va.) Times.*

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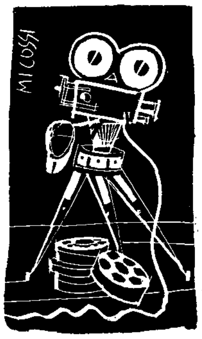
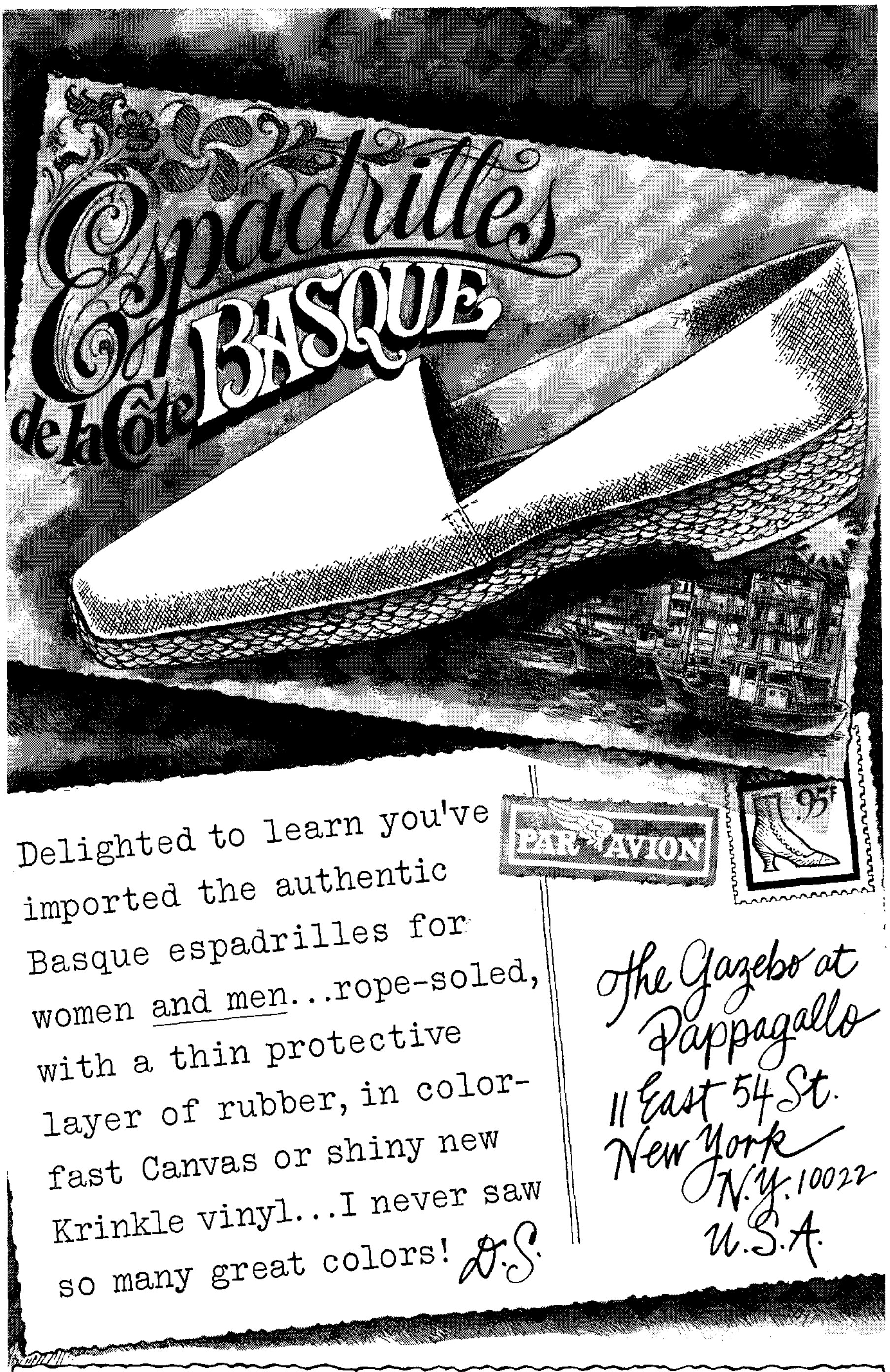


“A DINNER napkin is what distinguishes us from beasts,” says the ramshackle, charity-fed father in Bo Widerberg’s wonderful “Raven’s End,” made in 1964 about the thirties in Sweden. He is an ex-salesman on the way down to being a sandwich man. He tucks the napkin grandly into his collar, owing two months’ rent on a slum place: a weak, doomed man who dreams of cigars and brandies and of carpets up to the ankle, who wears his hair parted in the middle and adopts a flamboyance that foxes no one. This is a provincial town in 1936, before the welfare state. Nazism is in the air, but men feeding at soup kitchens haven’t the energy left to believe that things could soon be mightily bad when they already seem rough enough. The ex-salesman has the unmistakable stamp of Orwell’s poor: white, sickly face, wary features, an air of shame and even guilt about being run-down and out of luck, his suit a shiny pinstripe that is a cheap copy of a rich businessman’s clothes. He tipples hugely, pretending to be gargling, and always behaves as if he were in splendid fettle, like an out-of-work cut-rate Henry Irving who says that he is resting. He is only thirty-nine, but he looks a good ten years older. The attempts at foppishness cover for a life of failure and hopeless ruses, and his son hates him for all of it. “Men and beasts, both eat carrion,” the crumbled patriarch carries on to his family, gleaming napkin now spread on his chest as he prepares for scrag-end stew, “but *we* wipe our mouths after it.” The family watches. It is obviously an old routine. The mother has been laundering in a tenement washhouse—laundering his next dinner napkin, probably, among the rest. The son, Anders, who is a writer, wants out. His energy and his rage to work are about changing things, and he can sometimes barely talk to his father for anger that the decrepit fake grandee is in such trouble and at the same time is such a conservative. “We’ll never get out of here while we owe rent,” Anders says. And: “We’re stuck, Pop, do you understand?” He goes on and on at him. His railing has the real voice of the born writer’s urge to move things, not to comply, not to settle for less. The character of Anders is one of the most believable writers in any film or play I can think of. Because of what he is gifted to do, he remembers the past more accurately and more pressingly than his parents can. He keeps reënacting it, plowing it over and over, sometimes with a heartbreaking fury. He seems to be saying to his father, Why can’t you still be what you were in the days when I thought you were a great man? What happened to that promise? Why can’t I be a kid again, and you cope? “You used to know more about football than the other boys’ fathers,” he says, weeping, suddenly not able to manage on his own. “You told me what offside was. Remember? *You told me what offside was.*” It is a desperate effort to bring something back to the recall of a man who has never in his life recalled anything as it was, never really understood what was happening, never controlled it, and will certainly never again know anything that will truly help his son, although the film marvellously creates the feeling of those moments in the middle of extremity when everything fugitively seems to be going to be all right. Anders gets a publisher’s letter out of the blue, and family life fuses into fun: the mother stops feeling a drudge, the son and the father fool around, sitting on each other in a rocking chair. The occasion turns Father on. Contracts are one of his topics, like cigars. The son has been asked by the publishers to go to Stockholm. “I’ll go with you,” says the father graciously, as if doing a colossal kindness. “They only mean the invitation for one,” says Anders, and it might become a bad moment, although the boy is grinning and excited, but the father can fall back on his usual act of the sophisticated sage. “I’ll go through the contract clause by clause. . . . A contract is like a labyrinth.”

The script is by Widerberg himself, who used to write novels and short stories. The human detail in it is keen. Like the work of a lot of the great Russians, it has a love of bunglers and buffoons, a sense of the moment chasing past, and an acuteness about the long buildup of pressure that there must be in people’s heads when they speak suddenly of lost chances or lam into someone they love or avoid an issue that is simply too much for their natures. Faced by a son more grown-up and more talented than he is, and with enough character to change things, the father retreats into whining grandiosities and into blaming other people. “Is it my fault I’ve never been able to make a success? I’ve never been able to bring business contacts home,” he says, keeping up his spirits with fancies about big deals made at the Savoy, and looking around the place as though the furnishings and his wife’s fatigue were the only bars to business fame. “The trouble with me is,” he will say, driven into a corner, “I’ve got taste.” And he will go on to complain, when the publisher’s letter arrives for his son, that his last cigar is broken. It is hardly possible that he has ever had many whole ones, but he talks about them knowingly. He will say that a cigar band is like a shroud, and then leap away into the simile and say that the cognoscenti carry out the butt of a good cigar as though it were a famous man lying in state. The son will listen, dazzled for the moment by the wit and the airs of a man whose stomach is clinging to his backbone. The uselessness of it all strikes him only when he is on his own—when he is taking his trip to Stockholm, for instance, sitting in a railway carriage thinking, and being grabbed back into the resentment that drives him. “When we get peritonitis, they call it stomach ache,” he says, in a voice laid over the travelling shot. Us and them. The old hierarchic split is what makes him write. He has to shout so that they can hear. A boy born to write, sinewy, unforgetful, often convivial but always a spectator, he is obsessed with how to get his voice through to people. About some of the things he has written and now rejects he knows only that the volume switch must have been turned up too far—that sometimes a man can shout too loud for anyone else to pick out the words.

Widerberg’s film isn’t so much about what happens as about what people know. The members of the family, hammy toff and scarred wife and young writer, speechlessly understand all there is to be understood about pretenses and face and unfulfilled, impossible hopes. Sometimes the knowledge slips out. Son and mother are together, he in a rage after a humiliating time with the publishers, she curling her hair to go to the circus. “Whenever I smell burning hair, we’re off to the circus,” says the boy, slouching in the corner of a chair, furious at being back in the cycle of their lives. “It’s not because of the animals I like it," says the mother, practically talking to herself. "It's because we actually go. Everything else we talk of never gets done." One has the feeling both that the people in the film would still irreplaceably be behaving this way if the camera weren't there and that they know everything about everything, although they generally haven't the tongue for it. They know all about getting old. The mother suddenly talks about old people, saying that they draw the curtains as if they were afraid of the light, and that they have a special smell. The film is pierced with clear flashes of insight about the future, and also with moments when people don't want to look at it at all. Widerberg again and again gently picks up the sound of someone whistling in the dark. For instance, with the news of Hitler's Europe coming over the radio ("The Germans will win these Olympics. When they want a thing, they get it," says the father admiringly), the mother says to Anders, who was born on Armistice Day, 1918, that she always knew there would never be a war in his lifetime. Widerberg directs the actors in a way that is sometimes rather like Renoir. The father yawns slightly at himself in the middle of a histrionic coughing fit. Crucial conversations happen casually, just outside open doors, often with someone eavesdropping. A pretty three-year-old in hideous charity-medicine spectacles potters about on some steps and chats to herself. And as we watch the people talking to each other, making do, catching scraps of party spirit, living in the present and not much relishing the future, there are moments when events of the past stick out from the surface of life, like human bones exposed by a wind in the desert—old resentments, old slaughters of trust—with the father talking to Anders about a time when his wife slept with someone else, or the mother telling the son, half under her breath, about the contempt she feels for her husband because of his not having taken a share in her decision to have an abortion long ago. Widerberg's film is a most beautiful work of realism, celebrating the everyday, re-creating a period without hindsight. This is the way it was, and is, to be poor. At the end of the film, the son leaves, so as to be heard.

GODARD's voice carries. He has finished two new films, "See You at Mao" and "Pravda," each about an hour long, in a style going toward the most didactic and thorny destinations, yet he can't for the life of him suppress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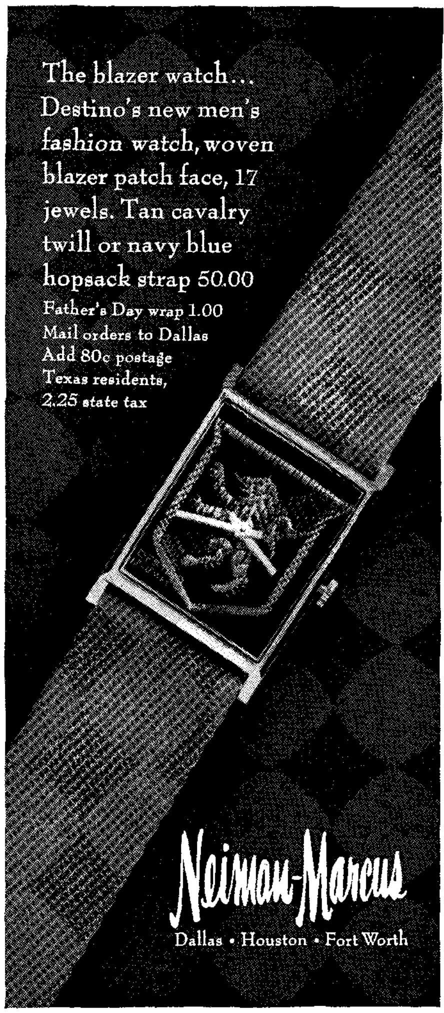

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the force and grace of that singular delivery of his. Even these raw first works of a new stage that is now tough going seem likely in the end to reach the ears of people out of sympathy with his radical politics, not because of the yelling powers of polemics but because of the carrying powers of a poet's voice. Godard can make a silly film or an endearing one, but he can't make an ineloquent one. His path now goes away from narrative completely, and it isn't exactly a paved highway. "It will be a process—a road—eventually leading to fiction, but it's still not a road, it's bushes and trees," he said lately in an interview by the Grove Press film distributors. Some people will have a bumpy ride through these films. But the radical young will recognize a comrade, and other people fond of Godard—of the company of this gifted, taxed man who is always pitted against some difficult new problem set by himself—will sit out the jolts and trust the driver.

The voice of the two films is political and speculative, raised to a pitch of slightly mysterious tension because of Godard's own urgencies. There is a faint trill in the air, the unmistakable upper harmonic of somebody at work on something original and hard to do. Godard is intent now on making "revolutionary films" in which everything will be concrete and nothing suave. He calls himself and his comrades the Dziga-Vertov Group, after the Russian whom he regards as the only true Marxist filmmaker. "We took his name for our group not to emphasize one person but to indicate a program, to raise a flag," he said in April of this year. (Later, with his own half-secret sense of ridiculousness, he said very seriously that there are, for the moment, just two people in this group, the other being a comrade called Jean-Pierre Gorin. Gorin added that there is sometimes only one.) Godard now wants to make films that are as dogmatic as possible. He wants to strip them of the emotionalism that he obviously finds wheedling and mechanical in traditional movies, including his own early ones. He wants to pound people with language. Godard is the most literary of filmmakers, in a sense that is different from the usual one, with his way of plastering words even across images—on posters, in graffiti, on children's blackboards—as well as pouring them into the sound track by the bucketful. In these new movies, it is almost as if he wanted to attack people with so much repetition and so much claptrap that they will be whipped into haul-

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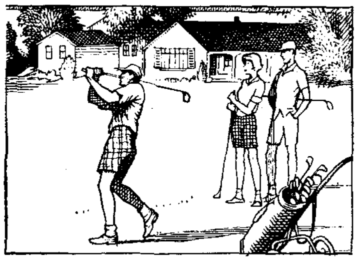

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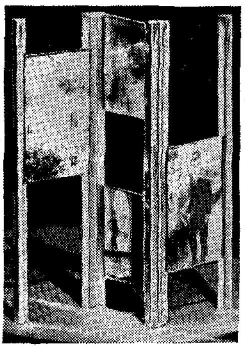

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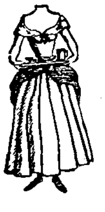

A Silent Woman-how can that be? Patient traveller, do not scoff; Drawn from the very life is she. And mute, because her head is off!

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

ing themselves, bleeding and half-concussed, across some threshold of boredom into another way of seeing things. And yet, in spite of his irate theories and his intentness on creating the texture of a gaudy, comfortless, grainless present where what is to come is somehow more palpable than what is current, he keeps arriving at moments of film that are agelessly composing.

Godard has always been obsessed with the energy that can be released by pitting opposites against each other: kindergarten colors, world-worn reflexes; pious mottoes, godless mishaps; computer voices, real blood; windbag commentaries, suffering people; clever creator, simple-minded creation. This, say his films as they perpetually tug apart in the middle, is what it's like to be living merrily when something is terribly wrong, to be in a jet filled with air-hostess smiles and the sound of the "Wedding March" on the Muzak system when no one in the plane can recover the feeling of what it was ever really like to grin and when no one there believes in marriage. Our jet—capitalism, industrialism, revisionism, the whole shooting match—is going nowhere, say the films, and some expert pilot had better hijack it.

In "Mao" and "Pravda," Godard is pushing documentary to a place it has never been. The sound nearly always plays against the image. "Pravda," a newsreel collage of Czechoslovakia just after the Soviet invasion, has a commentary that sometimes lets slip some unslippable sardonic remark about the getting of the photograph, which has an effect rather like the relief of suddenly hearing a technician being mutinous on the air on TV by accident. Often the "Pravda" commentary goes into an extended pastiche of a conversation between Lenin and Rosa Luxemburg, deliberately unconvincing and batteringly trite: "That's what we've got to do, Rosa," says fake Lenin earnestly. "We've got to organize these causes and sounds along anti-revisionist lines." Which practically makes you want to thump the screen with fury that such a bright filmmaker can talk such garbage to contrary-minded purpose—except that he then goes even further and becomes peculiarly soothing with his morganatic marriage of overbred sound and simple image by linking the high-flying talk to an inexplicable and beautiful shot of a red rose lying in a puddle. Or there will be sermonizing about politically meaningful work, delivered in the most shop-soiled, most politically drained words, but going with touching photo-

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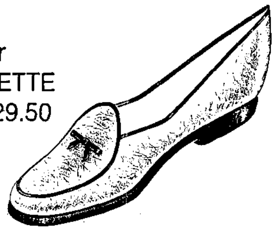

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graphic attentiveness given to a factory worker who is a very evident victim of political meaninglessness, undermined by work done for an unknown boss in the cause of wages, and not of the thing produced. The words are intentionally not acted; they sound generally as if they were being parroted by people who didn't understand what they were saying, often going back over a sentence or mistaking a word. "No, Rosa, no longer be satisfied with true texts over false images," says the enacted Lenin, in this film in which Godard puts a phony-sounding text over images that are unquestionably true: third-hand text, spontaneous images; ungainly text, graceful images; fidgety text, serene images. The commentary will gabble through theories about production and wealth while there is a Gainsborough shot of people loading hay onto a cart. And always there is this Brechtian dislocation somewhere, reminding us that a movie is not real but only an aping of the real, and that while traditional filmmakers are concerned with the reflection of reality, Godard is concerned with the reality of the reflection. In both these films, it is clear that something slightly cracks Godard's heart—mad stranger though he will be in most people's experience of what is saddening—about the ebbing of a man's vital energy when he sells it to an unknown employer and when his capacity for work is a piece of merchandise up for bidding. "Mao," made in England, begins with an amazing tracking shot to the right that lasts about ten minutes through an English car factory. The shriek of saws and lathes is frightful. It becomes more than you can put up with. But it does last only ten minutes. What happens to the men in the shot, who are working a forty-hour week? The commentary mutters, barely audible in the din, that what a car-factory worker produces for himself is not the thing he assembles but money. One grows fond of Godard's way of talking to himself about his political worries. It sounds very like him. A cracked whisper, urgent. Sometimes one that can hardly be made out. "Organize." "Strike." Notes to himself. In "Mao," he varies it sometimes by having a little girl's voice repeat bits of a Marxist history lesson after a teacher. Or there will be theories spouted about Women's Lib, and awkward, groping interviews about it, over a placidly repetitive shot of a naked girl going slowly in and out of doors, and then over an endlessly held closeup of another girl's naked hips and thighs. The tiny shifts in the position of a leg or a fore-

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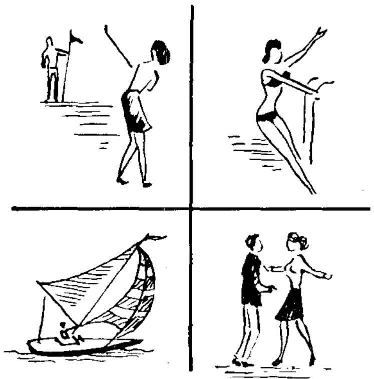

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arm are mesmerizing, and weirdly brilliant in their aesthetic justness. I can imagine that there might be an uproar from some Women's Lib hard-liners about the exploitation of nudity, but Godard is the hardest-liner of them all and he is out on his own. This study of a bit of a torso is classical art, and it's protective of women in some very far-out, moving way. The film ends with a magnificent and, again, endless shot of a bleeding arm feeling with its fingers into the soil, clenching into a Maoist fist, and then groping slowly toward what turns out to be a red flag—half-made revolution—in a slow tracking shot that goes in the direction opposite to the one in the car factory, with its opening study of a blood-red, half-made car. "Mao" is quite a picture, tense and shapely, with Cruikshank's or Hogarth's attention to the bony English face, and torn apart aesthetically in order to reflect a struggle that Godard deeply minds about. The fight he sets up between words and images is a metaphor for political struggle and for our own sense of concrete reality, where there is always a disjuncture between what we say or think and what we experience. You are not a unity, say these films. You are trying to be a unity, but the fact is you are not. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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[*From the Journal of Educational Change, University of California*]

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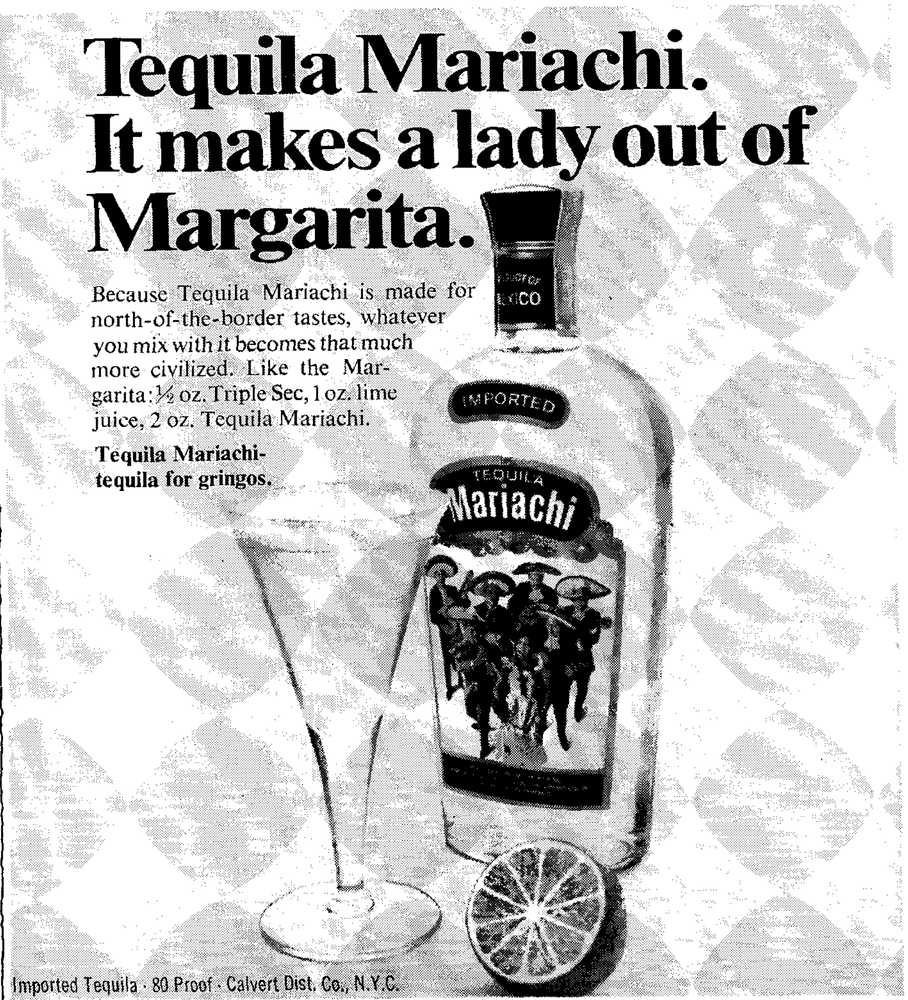

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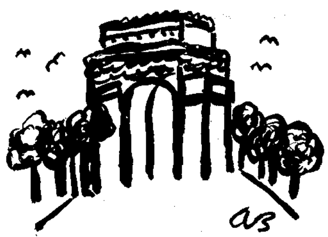
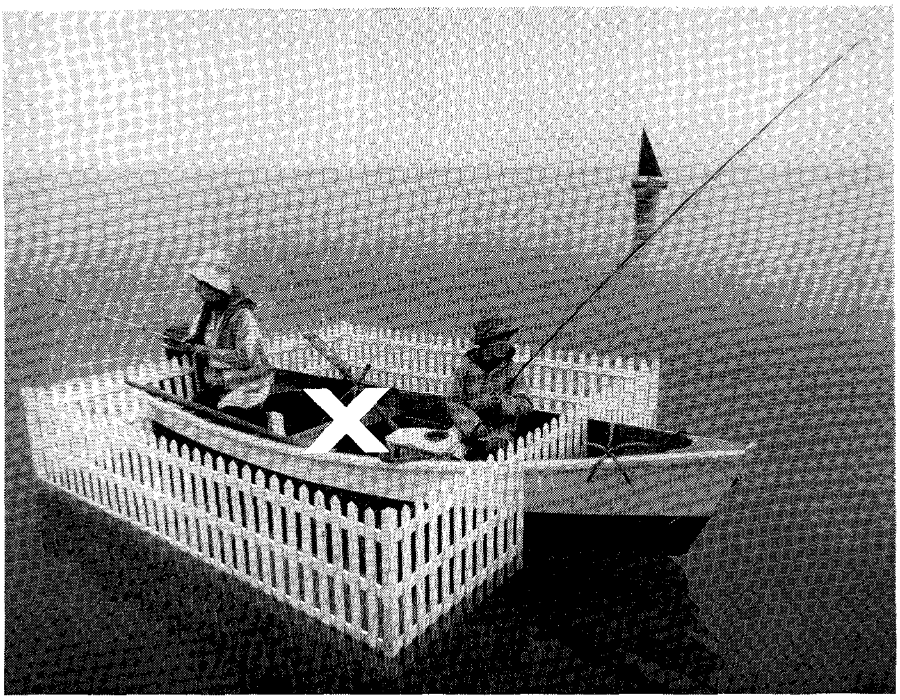


HENRI MATISSE is more than ever regarded here as the greatest modern French painter of his time. Never before has there been seen in Paris—nor is it likely to be assembled soon again—such an over-inclusive, enormous exhibition of his colors and canvases as has just been put on view at the Grand Palais. It was conceived by André Malraux, while still the Gaullist Minister of Culture, as the nation's centenary tribute to the energetic Fauve genius, born on the last day of 1869, his lifework being suddenly interrupted by death at the age of eighty-five. This spring-to-autumn five-month retrospective show of his creations, from April 21st to September 21st, is the major summer art event not only of France but also of Europe. The organization of the collection was aided by his sons and especially by his daughter, Mme. Marguerite Duthuit (usually called Margot on her father's portraits of her). Her private *catalogue raisonné* of his works has, through her youthful remembrances and careful research, clarified and fixed dates and travels connected with his career and pictures. His youngest son, Pierre, the picture merchant of New York, was of particular utility in tracing the whereabouts of early canvases of Matisse, whose first works, though laughed at loudly by the French, were purchased by a quartet of Americans living in Paris or visiting there from California, and were thereafter repeatedly passed from one of the four art-loving Steins to another, beginning with Gertrude and Leo, and continuing with Michael and his wife, Sarah (the couple that ended up with the larger quantity of these increasingly valuable canvases after Gertrude traded off her share of them to Michael for some Renoirs she fancied). The elder son, Jean Matisse, who had often helped his father hang his canvases and well knew the old man's fanatical habit of measuring off the procedure by centimetres, was instrumental in hanging parts of the Grand Palais show, especially the opening section, which he hung as he thought his father would have done it. It has been widely criticized by the public as looking disorderly. The truth is that it is simply too crammed. The exhibition was not chosen, collected, and organized by the staff of official museum art curators trained for such special tasks. Instead, like a palace revolution, it was, at Malraux's insistence, organized by a gifted outsider of his choice, M. Pierre Schneider, foremost among the younger Paris art critics and the regular art commentator for the weekly magazine *Express*. Since Schneider was already writing a definitive book on Matisse, he wrote the Grand Palais catalogue. It is intimate, authoritative, and extremely stimulating to read. Almost every page of text contains inserted quotations from Matisse's conversations with other painters on the troubles of painting, or from his correspondence with them, or from his 1908 document "Notes d'un Peintre," which ranked over time as analytical canon. Among artist friends he corresponded with was Bonnard, whom he always wrote to and wanted to see when troubled about how a new picture was or was not turning out. Another consultant was his elderly neighbor in the South of France, Pierre Auguste Renoir. He also corresponded with a newer friend, Juan Gris. For a painter whose expressed aim in painting was to give joy, Matisse gave himself recurrent bouts of pain in conscientious self-analysis concerning his work. After his temporary entry into Neo-Impressionism (during which he painted "Luxe, Calme, et Volupté," present in this exhibition), he wrote to an easier-going, less important painter friend, Camoin, "I now know better what I am. I know that Seurat is completely the contrary of a romantic, and that I am a romantic with a good half of me scientist and rationalist, which creates the struggle that I emerge from a winner but breathless." Among the most important of these catalogue excerpts of Matisse's own words is one in which he says, "The choice of my colors does not rest upon any scientific theory; it is based on observation, on sentiment, and on the experience of my own sensibilities."

The Matisse exhibition fills three floors of the Grand Palais. It contains two hundred and forty-nine paintings, drawings, and sculptures. One Paris art commentator wrote, with a kind of justice, and perhaps fatigue, that "one dozen of them could sum up Matisse's artistic career," whereupon he chose and named his significant twelve. This correspondent would settle for six. Ranking No. 1 is "Woman with Hat," a portrait of Mme. Matisse painted in 1905. It has major historical meaning because it ranks as the first Fauve painting; from the greens and blues and purples of the hat a new aesthetic style emerged. It is the only sad portrait Matisse ever painted. The Grand Palais catalogue note on it says, "It is known that both Gertrude and Leo Stein claimed to have discovered and acquired this picture at the Salon d'Automne. Leo Stein is supposed to have said, 'It is what I was waiting for without knowing it.' According to Mme. Thérèse Jelenko, who was living at that time with M. and Mme. Michael Stein, and who accompanied them to the salon, 'They fell in love with the woman wearing a hat. . . . I remember that everybody stopped in front of it. The young [French] painters were in paroxysms of laughter. And there stood Leo, Michael, and Sarah Stein, very impressed and very solemn about it. They talked about who ought to buy it, and I think that my side of the Stein family did not have enough money. It cost four hundred dollars, and it was decided that Leo should buy it. It hung on his walls for a few years, and was finally transferred to Michael in exchange for those Renoir paintings' "—really desired by Gertrude, always Leo's partner in the family deals. "According to Sarah Stein, Mme. Matisse posed for the portrait dressed in black and wearing a black hat. . . . Her only note of color was an orange ribbon around her throat." The confusions about the fate and the possession of the portrait only add a sort of lurid charm to its strange Fauve coloring. It is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Haas, of San Francisco—fervid Matisse collectors and followers in the Steins' path.

Choice No. 2 is "Blue Nude," painted in 1907. It is a great composition in Matisse's style of "rhythmic expression," Orientalized by background palm trees, which had become native to his imagination. This was bought by Gertrude and Leo Stein, then sold to John Quinn, then to the Cone sisters, of Baltimore—distant Stein relatives by marriage. Baltimore is still its permanent museum home. Choice No. 3 is "Still-Life with Oranges," painted in Tangier, bought in Paris during the Second World War by Picasso, who had long coveted it and who was always Matisse's devoted friendly rival. It is a solid composition illustrating what Matisse believed to be most significant in modern painting—that it advanced toward the beholder instead of retreating from him, as the vistalike paintings of Renaissance artists did, owing to their discovery of perspective. No. 4 is another portrait of Mme. Matisse, painted in 1912, bought by Serge Shchukin, now owned by the Hermitage Museum, in Leningrad. It is an elegant trick, painted by Matisse as a counterpart to a Cézanne portrait he admired of a chic-looking hatted woman in a *tailleur*, called "Woman in Blue"—this being a chic woman in a green blouse. Both portraits are today in Russian museums. The Matisse work is remarkable as an example of the permanence of his linear style, like a signature on a check. No. 5 is "Portrait of Sarah Stein," painted in 1916, and a stunning, eccentric portrait, unlike Matisse's normal manner, in which the Stein face comes so far forward as to seem to explode with significance—a rare melodramatic Matisse. No. 6 would be any one of Matisse's famous semi-nude houris, of which the exhibition contains half a dozen, all examples of the semi-Orientalism that became Matisse's artistic citizenship after his first voyages to the North African sun.

The public favorites in the exhibition are the two great decorative panels, "Dance" and "Music," never before seen in Western Europe, that Matisse painted for Serge Shchukin's mansion. In them Matisse carried to violent simplification his belief in color as a delegate for composition—with, in one, the scarlet nude bodies of the dancers prancing in a saraband circle against the azure sky and, in the other, the nude male musicians with pipes and viol on a greensward, some of them singing with mouths pursed, like whistlers. The other great exhibition inclusions are "Le Luxe I," which almost caused a riot of disapproval when shown at an early Paris salon ("Le Luxe II," when shown in Chicago as part of the Armory Show of 1913, caused an investigation by the State Vice Commission into the "four-flushing" foreign painters and their "distorted art"); "La Desserte Rouge," a great arbitrary red composition of a buffet table set with dishes and leaned over by a servant; and his succession of studies of the Pont Saint-Michel, which he painted over the years by looking out the window of his cramped little studio beside the Seine, where the entire family lived and where his wife helped out the family income by making and selling hats. The final extraordinary compositions are the panels of leafy designs cut by his scissors out of colored paper, used almost heroically as a means for the thinnest possible sculpture decorations,



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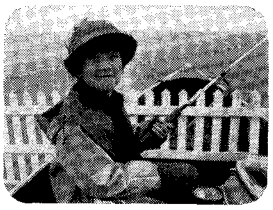

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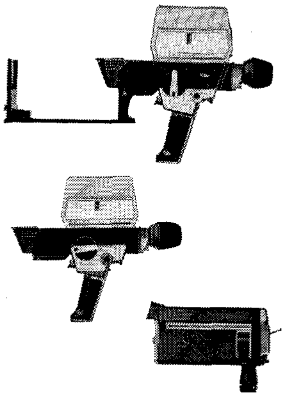

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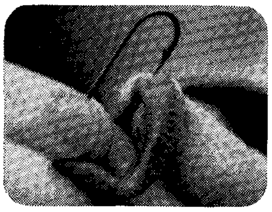

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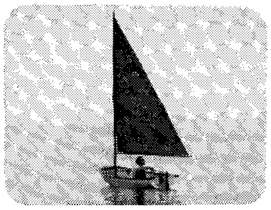

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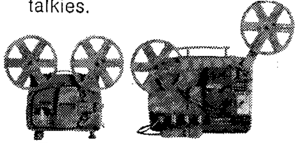

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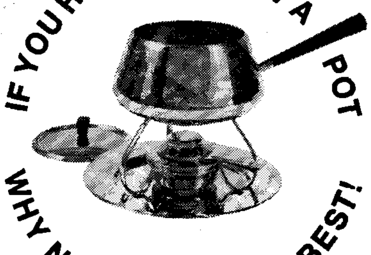
to which Matisse was reduced during the long last years when he was confined to his bed after a grave operation. As the famous master of hedonism or joy, he was indeed modern French art's greatest stoic.

THE Teatro Libero di Roma has been performing out-of-doors here, under the shelter of one of the elegant nineteenth-century wrought-iron pavilions created by Baltard, still intact on the now officially abandoned old marketplace of Les Halles, where the troupe has been giving its medieval version of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," shouting it in Italian over the heads of the standing French crowds cluttered underfoot. Two gaudy theatre curtains, one decorated with paradisaical motifs and the other, opposite, colored scarlet and indicating the infernal regions reserved for wrongdoers and losers, mark the conflicting dramatic action of this classic morality play, still alive today through the vigor of its battle scenes and its street-fair popular simplicities. For the spectators, the most dangerous moments are when the costumed knights, astride splendid tin horses set up on mobile tables, are pushed through the crowds by burly property men, the knights waving their wooden swords and, at close quarters, battling against one another. The crowds cheer especially loudly when two of the belligerents turn out to be ladies in white tights and long fancy wigs. Death and destruction rain on the actors, who never fail to shout their Ariosto text, composed in his customary famed eight-line stanzas. What is even more entertaining is the aerial appearance of monsters and other phantasmagoria running on strings overhead, all of them modelled (according to the program) on the da Vinci drawings—monsters of the popular Italian imagination before zoology supplied or denied proof of their reality. The highly literate producers of this noisy spectacle—Signori E. Sanguinetti and L. Ronconi—have provided a rare and unusual al-fresco entertainment for nightly crowds of sophisticated Parisians, frequently reinforced by credulous happy children shouting with joy from their patient perches on their fathers' shoulders.

The other Italian revival from earlier times has been the Opéra's half-dozen performances of Verdi's "Falstaff," not only sung by the still great baritone Tito Gobbi but directed by him, and with its choruses trained by him, the result being that their Italian diction noticeably improved. The



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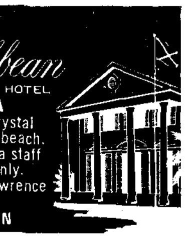

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Franco Zeffirelli décors and costumes were lent to the Opéra here by the Rome Opera. The opening night was a fashionable spring event, and the critics' printed reports on it were sheer damnation. Much of this doubtless could be ascribed to lively French chauvinism, for when some of us less fashionable figures managed to obtain seats, for the third performance, what we saw and heard deserved not only praise but thanks, since "Falstaff" had by then settled into a spirited, even gait, and Gobbi sang admirably, rich and nimble in his opera experience and seeming only slightly fatigued by all the extra burdens he had been carrying. The three Merry Wives of Windsor formed a charming trio, of which the rich and surprisingly deep contralto of Mistress Quickly, as sung by Mme. Fedora Barbieri, was a splendid mainstay. The Paris public was little prepared for the elaborate masque that constituted the last act in this Gobbi production. By the time it was finally peopled, it seemed as if practically the entire Paris Opéra personnel were taking part, settling down on the stage in haste and perfect order: the coryphées, the male dancers, the *grands rats* and the *petits rats* of the Opéra dancing classes rigged out as small and larger red devils, and the general chorus disguised as gnomes, with a sprinkling of gauzy adult female fairies—a really extravagant collection of fantasy creatures and theatrical citizens in the Shakespearian tradition, in which the masques throve. It was a pity that the Paris critics had the disadvantage of attending "Falstaff" on the opening night. —GENÊT

•

The shabby treatment of Arnheiter and Alexander is responsible, in part, for the low morale that afflicts the Navy, causing junior officers to leave the service as soon as their basic commitment expires. The situation became so critical among the submarine corps last year that the Navy was compelled to offer a $15,000 bonus to young officers who would agree to stay for an additional hour.—*Laramie (Wyo.) Boomerang.*

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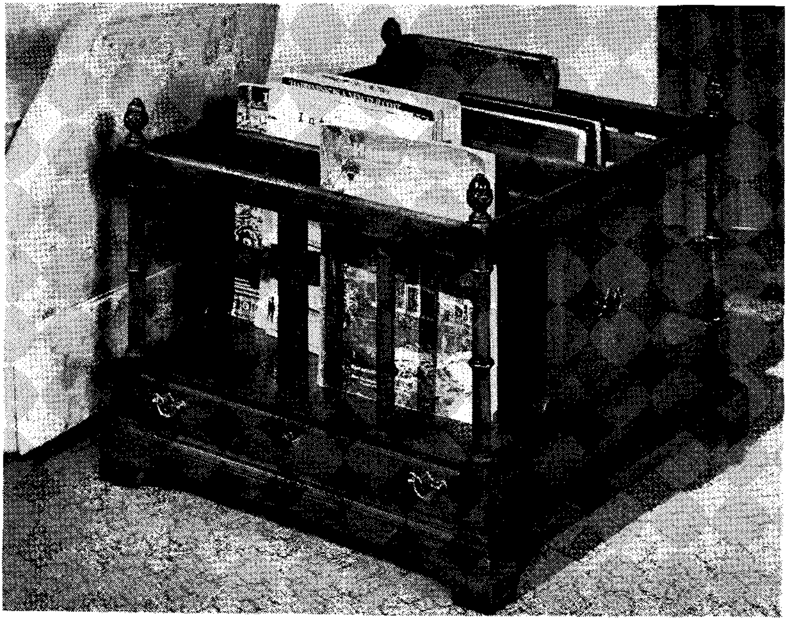

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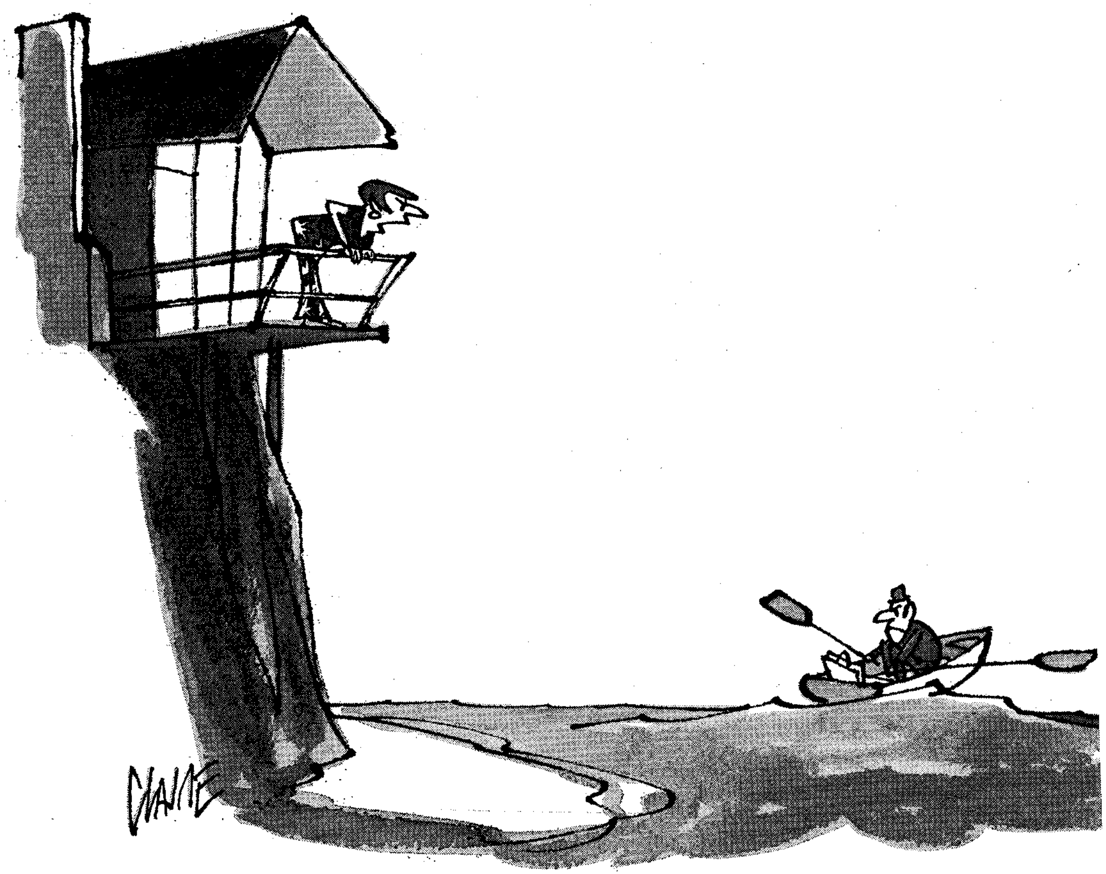
ONE of the major mysteries that have puzzled Oriental scholars for the past couple of centuries is the identity of a drink called Soma, which was offered to the gods and drunk by the priests in the religious ceremonies of the early Aryans. The only records of it, which are more than three thousand years old, call it the juice of a plant that is highly inebriating and productive of godlike states of mind. The Aryans brought it with them to India, or to the borders of India, during their migrations between 2000 and 1500 B.C. They also brought with them the branch of the Indo-European system of languages known as Sanskrit. They were by all their own accounts a hard-drinking, hard-fighting, meat-eating, cattle-raising, horse-breeding, and chariot-driving people, who subdued everyone in their path, and, according to recent conjectures based by archeologists on carbon dating, they probably destroyed Mohenjo-Daro, the great city of the Indus River civilization, around 1500 B.C. Like most conquerors, they were eventually absorbed by the conquered, who were more civilized than they, but their language remained dominant and eventually proliferated into the ocean of poetry and prose known as Sanskrit literature. Along with their language they brought their religion, to which they were fervently devoted and which concerned a number of nature gods: Indra, chief god and thunderbolt-hurler; Agni, god of fire; Varuna, sustainer of universal order; the Sun god; and many lesser deities—a pantheon somewhat resembling that of the ancient Greeks. The Aryans' hymns to these gods became an important part of the ancient literature known as the Vedas, and in the Rig-Veda, the oldest of the Vedas, there is a large group of hymns devoted to the Soma, which apparently had acquired the status of a god. In fact, an entire book of the Rig-Veda—a hundred and fourteen hymns—is wholly devoted to the god Soma. According to these Vedic sources, the Soma was a plant that had a stalk but very few leaves, that grew only in the mountains, that was red in color, and that was associated with the sun and moon. For the Vedic sacrifices, its stalks were pounded with stones to extract its juice, which was then strained through filters and mixed with curds, milk, and barley water, or perhaps with honey. Some of this was poured on the sacrificial fires, and the priests drank some of it. Under its influence, the Vedic poets expressed themselves in expansive terms, and it is referred to throughout the Rig-Veda, sometimes with a fervor that might be considered hallucinatory. Witness Hymn 48, from Book VIII of the Rig-Veda:

> We have drunk the Soma, we have become immortal, we have arrived at the light, we have found the gods.
>
> What now can the enemy do to harm us, and what malice can mortals entertain, O Amrta [Soma]?
>
> Enter into our heart, while being drunk, O Drop, like a kind father, O Soma, to a son,
>
> Like a wise friend to a friend, O Expansive One. Amplify, O Soma, our lives for the purpose of living.
>
> These splendid waters, granting much, protecting, binding together our joints like the straps of a chariot,
>
> May the waters guard my foot from slipping, and may the drops preserve us from sickness.
>
> Like fire produced by friction, may the waters inflame us! May they cause us to see afar and to have increasing welfare.
>
> When intoxicated by thee, O Soma, I think as a rich man; proceed toward prosperity!
>
> With the enlivened spirit of thy juice, may we share, as it were, ancestral wealth.
>
> O Soma, King, prolong our lifetimes, as the sun prolongs the days in spring.

Then, even as the last part of the Rig-Veda was being composed, the Soma plant disappeared from the literature, and it did not reappear throughout the period of the Vedic commentaries known as the Brāhmaṇas (around 800 B.C.). It was still reverenced, but substitutes for it began to be used, and there are records of these substitutes. Apparently, the commonest of them was one form or another of the plants Periploca, Ephedra, and Sarcostemma (the last related to our milkweed)—plants that, in a vague way,



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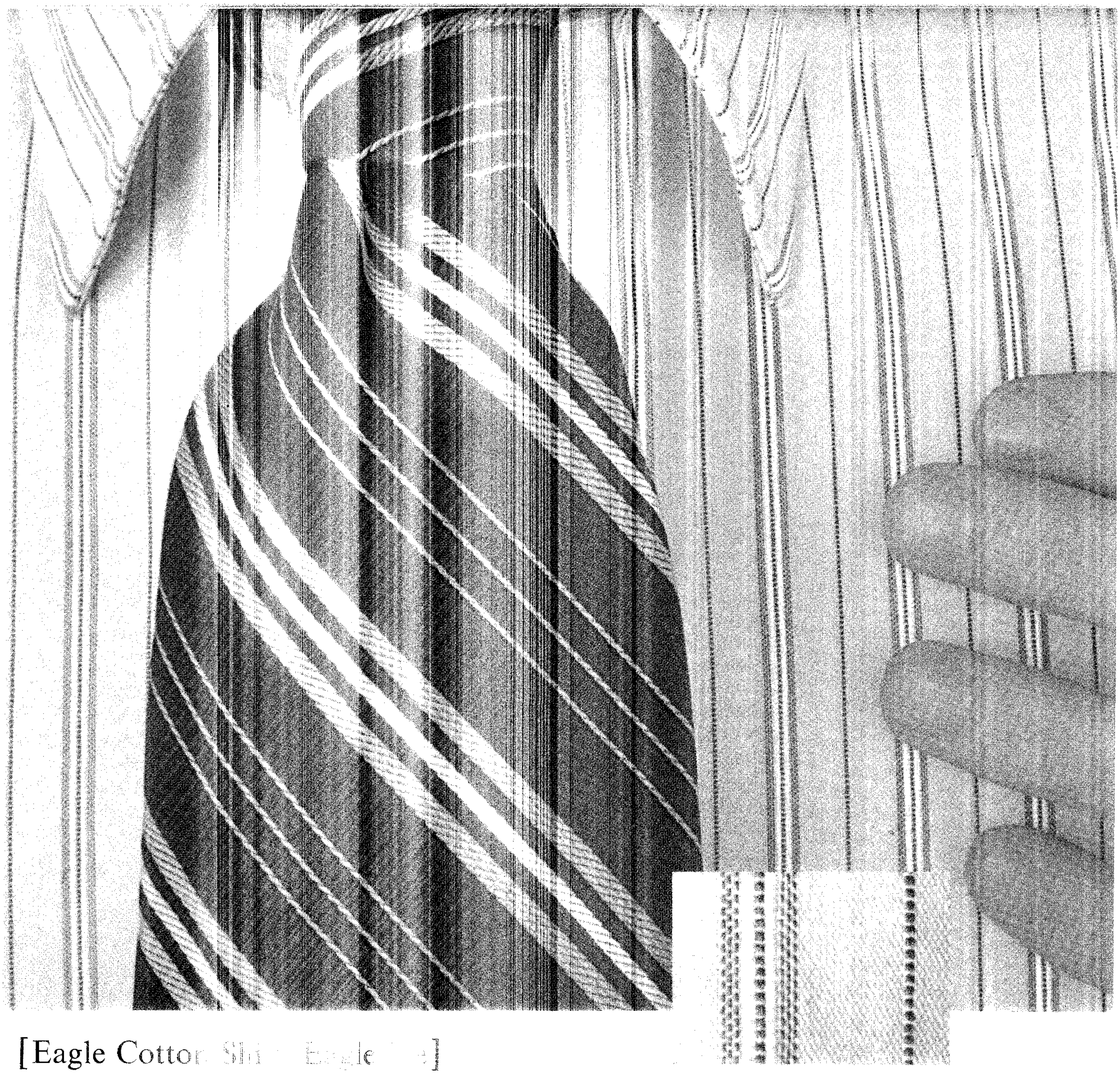

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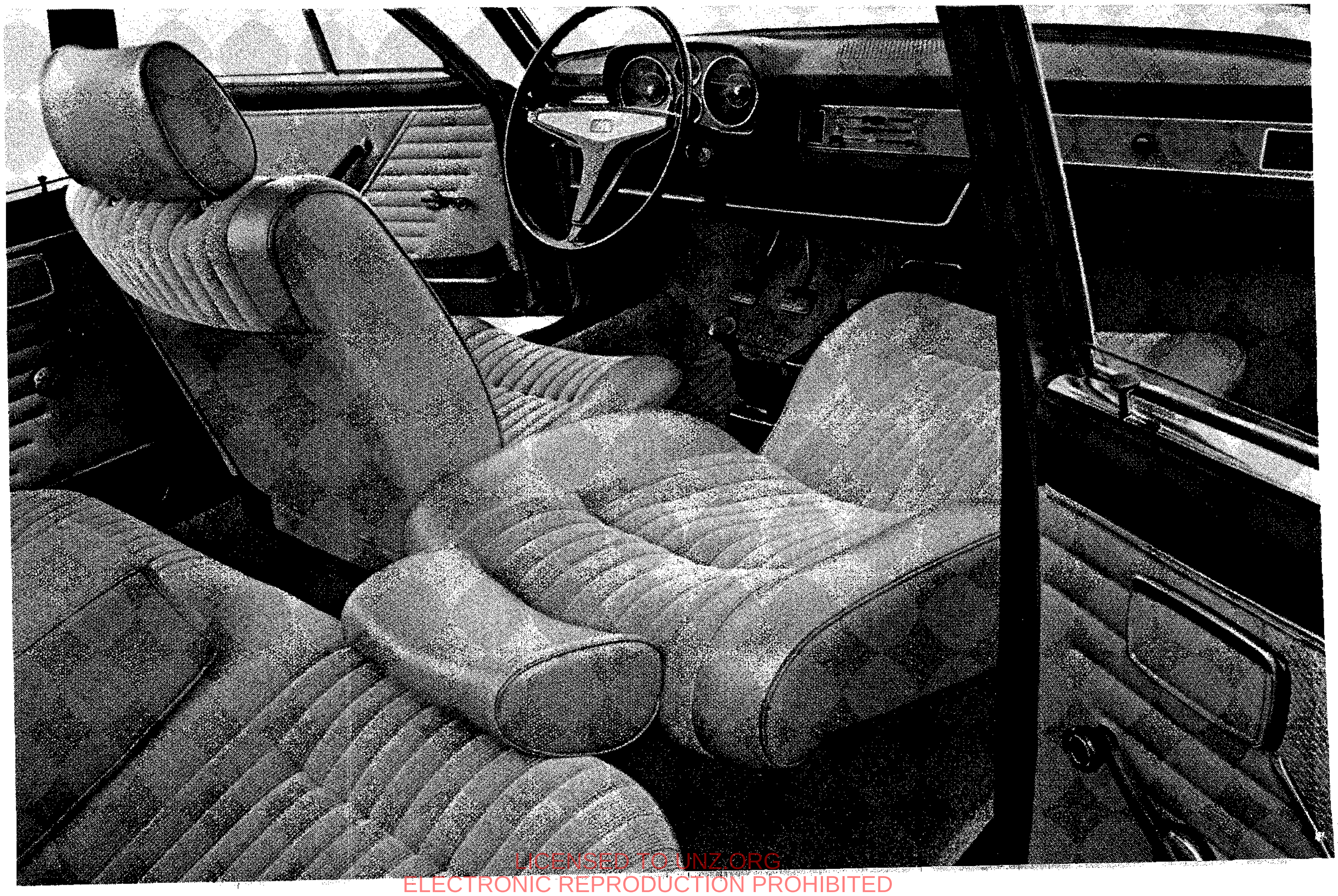
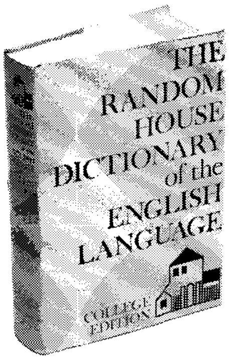


correspond to the description of the Soma in that they are practically leafless and have juice and "nodules." (The Soma plant was often described in the post-Vedic writings as a *vallī*, or creeper.) Other substitutes were grasses, flowers, the sap of trees, the fruit of the sacred banyan, and cultivated millet. None of these were inebriating, and their use was probably purely ceremonial. Shortly after 1000 B.C., the Soma was no longer being employed in the ceremonies, but it had not been forgotten. In present-day India, the commonest substitutes are the milkweed-like plants and a fragrant grass known as *kusá*.

When the Vedas were discovered by European scholars, in the nineteenth century, there was a great deal of puzzlement about the Soma plant. It was thought by some to have been merely a flavoring, like hops, that was added to a fermented drink, like beer. Others thought that it might have been mead—fermented honey. The wild Afghan grape and mountain rue were suggested. The noted British archeologist Sir Aurel Stein advanced the theory that the Soma plant might have been wild rhubarb, a plant that fitted the descriptions in that it was red, had fleshy stalks, and grew only in the mountains. But rhubarb juice is not inebriating and its properties are not of the sort that would have aroused the Vedic poets to their rapturous praises. The hypothesis was also favored that it was a drink like the present Indian *bhang*, a concoction of hemp somewhat similar to marijuana and still used in sacrifices to the goddess Durga.

The mystery remains unsolved. But in the middle nineteen-fifties it came to the attention of R. Gordon Wasson, an amateur mycologist and a persistent one, who had long been interested in hallucinogenic mushrooms. Wasson had been a journalist and then a vice-president of J. P. Morgan. All during his banking career, he had studied mushrooms, having been introduced to the subject by his Russian wife, Valentina, who, like most Russians, was acquainted with and enthusiastic about the edible varieties. Wasson pursued his hobby, or his second career, eagerly. He went to Mexico during the rainy season for ten years in a row to study a mushroom cult in the remote mountains of the interior. He found, and tried, the sacred mushroom of that region. It was hallucinogenic, all right. It produced a state of wakeful calm in which visions appeared, and then a deep sleep. He had read anthropological reports about northern Siberia,



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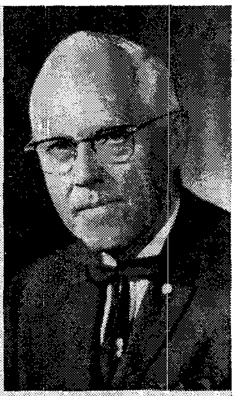

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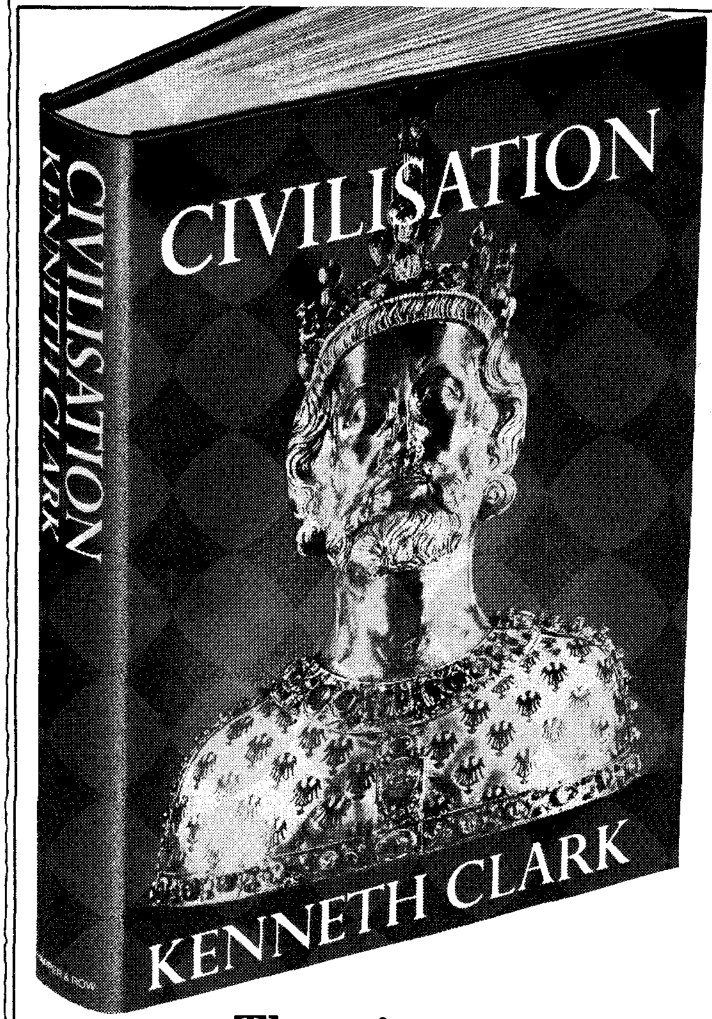
where the native shamans almost universally drank the juice of the *Amanita muscaria* to induce trances. But the Mexican mushroom did not belong to the *Amanita muscaria*, or fly-agaric, family. Wasson became acquainted with Aldous Huxley, who had experimented with the Mexican mushrooms, and they had many talks about them. Huxley apparently thought that the Soma might have been a hallucinatory mushroom. In "The Island," a novel he wrote just before his death, he described an earthly paradise, rather resembling India, where everybody was happy and everybody drank the juice of a yellow mushroom. But the idea that the Soma might have been a mushroom had not yet occurred to Wasson. When it did, a few years later, a great deal that he had learned dropped into place. Through friends who knew Sanskrit, some of them Vedic specialists, he undertook an exhaustive study of the Vedas, especially the Rig-Veda, with its many references to the Soma. He hired Dr. Wendy Doniger O'Flaherty, of the University of London, to make an abstract of Vedic references to it, and he consulted the late Louis Renou, the great French Vedic expert. When Wasson had finished his researches, he had a mass of information suggesting that the Soma was not only a mushroom but was precisely the *Amanita muscaria* that is still being consumed among the primitive tribes of northern Siberia.

The proof—or the evidence—for the hypothesis was complex, and it drew Wasson into many fields, including linguistics. This evidence was made up of these facts: In the Vedic descriptions of the Soma—which are meagre, though the poetic effusions about it are strikingly large—there is no mention of the leaves, seeds, fruits, flowers, and roots that belong to any chlorophyll-bearing plant. There is no mention, either, of its being green, black, gray, dark, or blue—the colors of vegetation. The most common Vedic color epithet for the Soma is *hári* (also an epithet of Vishnu). *Hári* is cognate with *hiranya* (golden) and with a number of words in various Indo-European languages used to describe the color yellow or golden or red, including the German *gelb* and the English "gall" and "yellow." *Hári* has been used in Sanskrit literature to describe the color red or light yellow, always accenting its dazzling and resplendent character. The mythological horses of the sun god in Vedic India were *hári*. When the Vedas refer to the Soma as a bull, it is sometimes a red bull. ("Bull" is the equivalent in Sanskrit of anything that is noble and anything that assumes a position of leadership.) Other passages describe the Soma as *aruṇá* (anything from bright brown to the red of the dawn), *arusa* (color of the sun), and *babhrú* (reddish brown or tawny). The juice of the *Amanita muscaria* is, it happens, reddish brown, and the mushroom itself is bright red, once it has sloughed off its embryonic envelope. The Vedas also relate the Soma to the sun: "He [Soma] shines together with the sun," "He [Soma] has made the sun to shine," "He [Soma] joins forces with the sun's rays," "[The Soma's flowing juice] like the rays of the sun," "Thine, O Pávamána [Soma], are the lights, the sun," and so on, through many references. A passage in the Vedas (Rig-Veda IX, 71) seems to give some of the *Amanita muscaria's* life history: "Aggressive as a killer of peoples he advances, bellowing with power. He sloughs off the asurian color that is his. He abandons his envelope, goes to the rendezvous with the father. With what floats he makes continually his vesture of grand occasion." The reference, Wasson thinks, is to the extraordinary strength with which the mushroom forces its way to the surface of the ground and then sloughs off the whitish envelope that is peculiar to the immature *Amanita muscaria*, and the "vesture of grand occasion," he believes, refers to the white scales that adhere to the mature plant. There are other references to the sloughing-off process: "Like a serpent he creeps out of his old skin," "[He has] the hide of a bull, the dress of a sheep." The Soma plant suggests an udder to the poet: "Approaching his mother, he [Indra] cries for food; he looks toward the sharp Soma as toward the udder," "When the swollen stalks were milked like cows with [full] udders," "Milking the dear sweetness from the divine udder," and so on. The stalk (*aṁsú*, or "shoot") of the plant is often likened to a teat: "The priests milk this *aṁsú* for you both [Varuna and Mitra] like the auroral milch cow; with the aid of stones they milk the Soma, with the aid of stones," "The ten fingers, the two arms, harness the pressing stone; they are the preparers of the Soma, with active hands. The one with good hands [the priest] has milked the mountain-grown sap of the sweet honey [Soma]," "the *aṁsú* has yielded the dazzling [sap]," and so forth. The Soma plant is also occasionally referred to as having an eye: "The sun [Soma] looks with the eye toward the dear places and the highest place of Heaven," "[The Soma] who has for eye the sun," etc. Another epithet for the Soma is "mainstay of the sky": "Mainstay of the sky, well laid, the full *amsu* runs throughout everything," "He has spilled forth, mainstay of the sky, the offered drink, he flows throughout the world," "Father of the gods, progenitor of the moving force, mainstay of the sky, foundation of the earth." Wasson points out that it is not likely that any creeper or vine or plant of the milkweed variety would be described this way. But the *Amanita muscaria* has a fleshy pillar stalk and, as I have said, is bright red. A young *Amanita muscaria* looks rather like an eye, especially at night, when it glows because of some odd faculty of radiation. The fleshiness of the Soma's stem is continually referred to in the Rig-Veda. Most of *Amanita muscaria's* rivals for the post do not have such a stem; the stems of the creepers are generally woody, like the stems of marijuana. To Wasson, the *Amanita muscaria* theory looked pretty good.

But he had a long way to go before he could bring all his evidence together in "Soma the Divine Mushroom," published by Harcourt, Brace & World and elegantly printed by Giovanni Mardersteig, of Verona, at a price of two hundred dollars a copy. (The book contains an important contribution by Dr. O'Flaherty on Vedic and post-Vedic references to the Soma.) Wasson has spoken of a cheaper, paperback edition, but he considers it a problem because some of his argument rests on color illustrations that would be difficult to reproduce on less expensive paper. First, he had a geographical theory to be advanced. The *Amanita muscaria* has never been successfully cultivated, even in the laboratory. It grows only at the foot of pine, fir, and particularly birch trees. Most authorities agree that the Aryans came from northeastern Europe, settled for a considerable period on a plateau near the Caspian Sea, and then invaded the Indus Valley and India proper. There is linguistic evidence that they lived for a time in close contact with a Finno-Ugric-speaking people, who borrowed certain words from them. The homeland of the Finno-Ugric languages is northern Siberia, but there is historical evidence that speakers of Finno-Ugric came in contact with Indo-European-speaking people near the Caspian Sea around 2500 B.C. The *Amanita muscaria* grows at sea level all



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the way from Kamchatka to Norway. But in India, which the Aryans invaded, it grows only in the highest mountains, eight thousand feet and up. It is still found on the mountaintops in the Hindu Kush, and it grows in the Himalayas. In all these places, birches, pines, and firs are plentiful. But they are not found in the valleys south of the Oxus or in the Ganges plain, and neither is the *Amanita muscaria*. Wasson's theory is that the Aryans must have run out of supplies of the *Amanita muscaria* when they invaded northwestern India; this would explain the absence of the Soma and the reported use of substitutes in the late Vedic hymns and the Brāhmaṇas. The mystique surrounding the Soma persisted for quite a time, however. There is no mention in the Vedas of a *vallī*, or creeper; that term appears only in later literature—written, Wasson believes, well after the *Amanita muscaria* was no longer being used.

There is a distinct difference, say the Vedas, between the effects of the Soma and of alcohol. The ancient peoples of India knew alcohol in the form called *surā*—possibly a wine or a beer. The Vedas generally disapprove of the consumption of *surā*, which, they declare, produces muddleheadedness and bad after-effects, but the consumption of the Soma is praised because it leads to godliness. The ancient Iranians—Aryans whose language is very similar to Sanskrit—had what they called *haoma*, which must have been the Soma, but they apparently had strictures against drinking it—anyhow, drinking it in quantity.

If the Soma was to be used for sacrifices, it had to be preserved for some time. It was dried after it had been harvested; later, the dried stalks were soaked in water and then pressed between stones, or between a stone and a board. The Vedas mention three filters through which the juice was passed before it was drunk. One of them was of lamb's wool. The first filter was thought to be the sun itself, and Wasson quotes passages from the Rig-Veda, among them this: "The clear rays of the sun spread over the back of Heaven, the filter, O Soma. . . . Monarch of everything that sees the sunlight, Soma cleanses himself. Triumphing over the prophets, he made the Word of the Way to resound, he who is cleansed by the Sun's ray, he the Father of poems, Master-Poet never equalled. . . . The filter of the burning [Soma] has been spread in Heaven's home. Its dazzling mesh was spread afar." The third filter was the priest. Wasson

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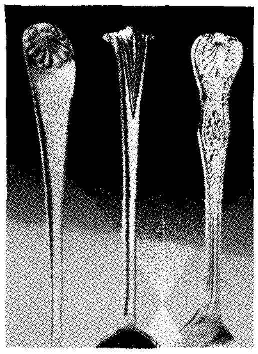
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found, in his study of the shamanistic practices of northern Siberia, that the shaman often ate, or drank the juice of, the *Amanita muscaria*, and then offered it to the faithful in the form of urine. (The urine evidently retained the inebriating properties of the mushroom.) This practice has been attested to by many reputable anthropologists. Wasson believes that the same thing happened in Vedic India. The proof of this is scanty—a single phrase in one of the more than a thousand hymns of the Rig-Veda (IX, end of verse 4 of Hymn 74). This phrase has been translated by Ralph Griffith, one of the eminent Victorian scholars, as "So, cleansed by the sages, O best giver of delight, grow sweet for Indra." Louis Renou, in a recent translation, rendered the passage as "*Les seigneurs* [Maruts] *à la vessie pleine compissent* [the Soma] *mis-en-branle.*" (The Maruts are wind gods, and the passage describes the flow of rain from the clouds to the earth.) But the Sanskrit is specific, or as specific as Sanskrit can be: "*Tám náro hitam áva mehanti péravah*," meaning, "the men with full bladders urinate it [the Soma], quick with movement." *Tám* means "it," *náro* means "men," *hitám* (accusative to go with *tám*) means "impelling" or "fast-running," *áva mehanti* means "they urinate down," *péravah* (plural to agree with *náro*) means "passing through," "delivering," "drinking," or "swollen." Alternative translations are possible, but the essential meaning would be the same. It is interesting that the Monier-Williams Oxford Sanskrit Dictionary translates the verbal root *mih* (from which comes *mehanti*) as both "to urinate" and "to pour out (as Soma)," but for the latter definition gives as a source only this passage of the Rig-Veda. Böhtlingk's abridgment of the great St. Petersburg Lexicon—the first exhaustive, and still the most authoritative, Sanskrit-European dictionary—gives just the first definition. Wasson considers all this unmistakable evidence that the strange practices of the northern Siberians were adopted by the Aryans. He also presents a large amount of other material, about the eating of mushrooms by the Manichaeans in China and about a legendary mushroom that the Chinese believed could revive the dead. He has eaten the *Amanita muscaria* without noticing any effects, but a Japanese friend of his who toasted the caps before a fire (analogous to drying it) and ate them got a terrific high.

Mythology, too, has things to say about the *Amanita muscaria*. Wasson

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Wasson's hypothesis is bound to cause controversy in academic circles. Nobody really can say what the Soma was. There is, it appears, no Vedic Sanskritist who knows anything about mushrooms and no mycologist who knows anything about Vedic Sanskrit. So a positive assessment of the hypothesis is not likely, except by future scholars who make the subject their specialty. As Wasson presents it, the hypothesis that the *Amanita muscaria* and the Soma are identical is quite convincing. Less convincing is the theory that the Siberian practice of taking it in the form of urine prevailed among the Vedic Indians, for the evidence rests on a single phrase in the whole corpus of the Rig-Veda. If it were a common procedure, one would expect more frequent references. Wasson believes that there is a mystery about the central ceremony of most religious rites, and that therefore this one was not written or spoken about; the single phrase in the Rig-Veda was an accidental revelation of what every participant knew. Moreover, the fact is that the Vedas are highly symbolic in their references and that their language is often obscure even to Vedic specialists. There is room for a great deal of further investigation as well as speculation. Still, Wasson has given us the only persuasive hypothesis about the Soma that has yet appeared.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

BRIEFLY NOTED

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AS TOWNS WITH FIRE, by Anthony C. West (Knopf). Mr. West has captured an astonishing number of full-length personalities here, but his uncontrolled garrulousness dilutes each character in turn, so that the color is removed until only outlines

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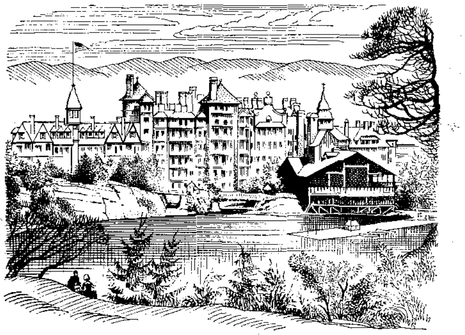

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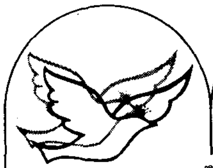

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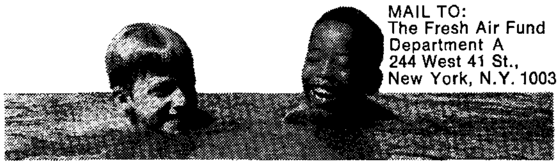

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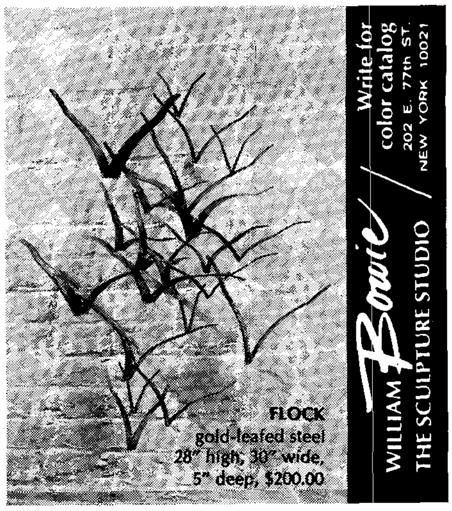

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remain, and his hero, the blustering Irish poet Christopher MacMannan, is not really enough of a man to carry off the bold, adventuring manner his role demands. Christopher is too busy being a mad and moody Irishman-in-England to do much except talk, talk, talk in a windy, fluty Irishy jargon that is the current version of the "begob"s and "begorra"s and "top o' the mornin"s that characterized the capering stage-Irishmen of yesteryear. Mr. West is a sharp observer and a faithful and sensitive recorder, and it is a pity he doesn't give his talent a chance—give it his patience and let the natural discipline of the artist gain control. The story starts in London a few months before the beginning of the Second World War and closes not far from the R.A.F. field headquarters in Lincolnshire at war's end. Two scenes that stay in the mind: Tom Spence's confirmation and the clothes he wore for it, especially the boots, and the death of Jane. Other scenes are very good, and some are splendid, but Tom Spence and Jane are attended by the Saving Graces.

THREE, by Sylvia Ashton-Warner (Knopf). Here is a nice short novel that has been expanded into full-length meaninglessness. The scene is London, where Julian, a thirty-two-year-old New Zealander, is in a hospital, lingering between death and the start of a long and difficult convalescence. His mother, recently widowed—an independent lady who is also a highly responsible and affectionate mother—has flown from India, where she had sought refuge from grief, to be at his bedside. She sends for his estranged wife, Angelique, twenty-five years old, a glamorous but loving and good-hearted French girl whose bad housekeeping drives everybody, including Julian, up the wall. The story, narrated by the mother, describes the muted, agonizingly tactful life that develops among these three extremely aware, articulate, anxiety-driven people. The action hesitates between Julian's hospital room and his apartment until, with his return home, it concentrates in his large but, of course, not large enough apartment.

GENERAL

THE MAKING OF AN EX-ASTRONAUT, by Brian O'Leary (Houghton Mifflin). The author, a planetary astronomer, volunteered as a scientist-astronaut for NASA in 1966. He passed one test after another, joined the training program in 1967, and resigned seven months later. His memoir of his experience is frank and entertaining. It is also critical of our space program, because, Mr. O'Leary believes, it is not paying enough attention to research. The men we have sent into space so far have all been test pilots; the scientist recruits, like him, were told their missions will have to wait. Mr. O'Leary thinks that such a program is lopsided, and mentions some tasks he believes that scientists on the moon might have done better. He does not sound like a man with a grievance—his approach is gossipy and now and then self-disparaging. He has a light touch with weighty problems.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, by Fitzroy Maclean (Viking). Two thousand years embraced in a scant two hundred pages and as many illustrations. This native thriftiness compels Sir Fitzroy to a jog-trot review of the endless succession of ill-fated kings and impulsive border battles that led Scotland into the relative peace and prosperity of the nineteenth century, but he manages to indicate in passing an occasional unconventional sight. One of these is that Scotland was once called Alban. Another is that the early rulers included Aidan the False and Eochaid the Venomous. A third is that the version of the English Book of Common Prayer that Charles I attempted to force upon Presbyterian Scotland was rejected by the Kirk as "heathenish, Popish, Jewish and Arminian." He also manages to avoid any reference to either golf or Scotch whiskey.

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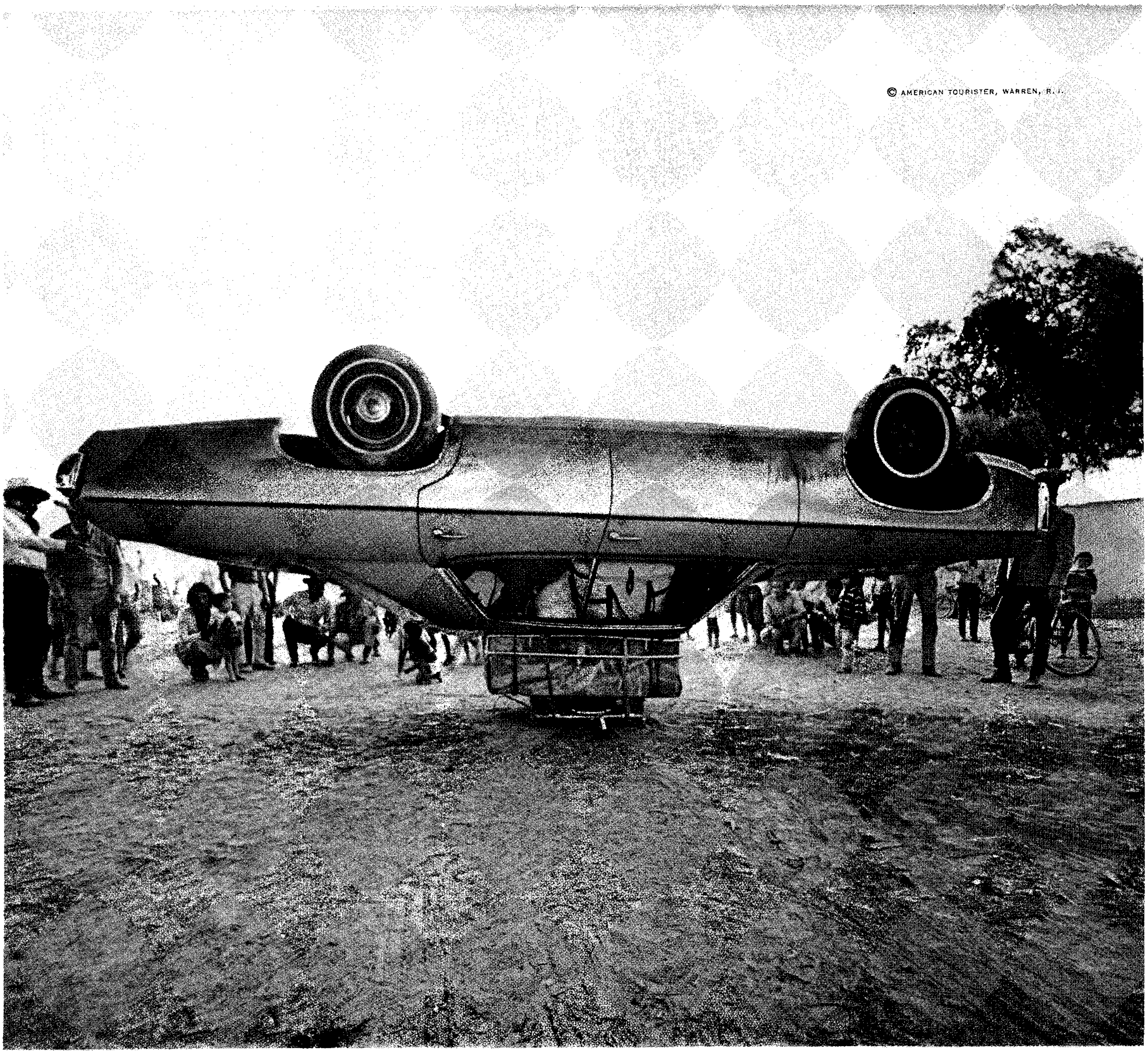
Kick it . . . leave it . . . fence it . . . file it . . . dynamite it . . . build on it . . . But, whatever you do to a piece of land, you can't change the fact that it probably is going to keep on going up in price every second, minute and hour of each year. There is a basic reason why this happens. It's called "the law of supply and demand." We aren't making more land, but we are making more people, and Southern California seems to be where most of them would like to live. That's why we feel that California land is the best investment in the whole wide world.—*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times.*

Except maybe a donation to Planned Parenthood.


© AMERICAN TOURISTER, WARREN, R.I.

"Dear American Tourister: You'll never believe this one."

We believe it, we believe it.

Because every time we build an American Tourister suitcase, we prepare for the worst.

So into every case we build 16 different strong materials. Enough to keep it from smashing when it flies off a car doing 70 mph.

We reinforce it with fiber glass all over, not just on the corners. To protect it when it falls from your fifth floor hotel room window.

We wrap the whole thing with a tough stainless steel frame. And give it nonspring locks that won't spring open on impact.

So when people like the H. H. Dammes of McAllen, Texas go traveling in Mexico and their two-ton car overturns on top of their American Tourister luggage, and they can't get it off for 10 hours, everything inside will stay perfectly okay.

We've even had a letter from some people in Pennsylvania whose home was completely demolished by a gas heater explosion. Under all the wreckage they found their American Touristers. Intact.

But that's another incredible ad.

American Tourister

Authentic.

Dewar's
50 Gold and Prize Medals
50 Gold and Prize Medals
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS, PERTH SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART 86.8° PROOF
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
Schenley Import Company, New York, N.Y.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Won at International Expositions held throughout the world for over 40 years.

Instead of shocking the single whiskies by dumping them all together at once, we let them rest quietly. Only then do we bring them together. Result? Greater uniformity and more dependable consistency to the blends. That's why Dewar's never varies.

In 1846, John Dewar, 40 years old, went into business for himself as a spirit merchant at 111 High Street, Perth, Scotland

The Scottish city of 40,000 people on the Banks of the River Tay. Nothing much has changed. The castle is still there. And *every year from January to December,* when the air is chill and pure and the water is cold, the people of Perth make Dewar's "White Label."

Another gold medal won at the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904.

Son Tommy Dewar took a booth at the 1885 Brewer's Show in London, to find new markets for his father's blend. He used a bagpipe to entertain. (The first commercial use of music?)

Sir Thomas Dewar became famous for his terse comments, among them, "Do right and fear no man, don't write and fear no woman."

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label." Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat. Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

Dewar's never varies.

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

About $7 50 FIFTH (PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES.)